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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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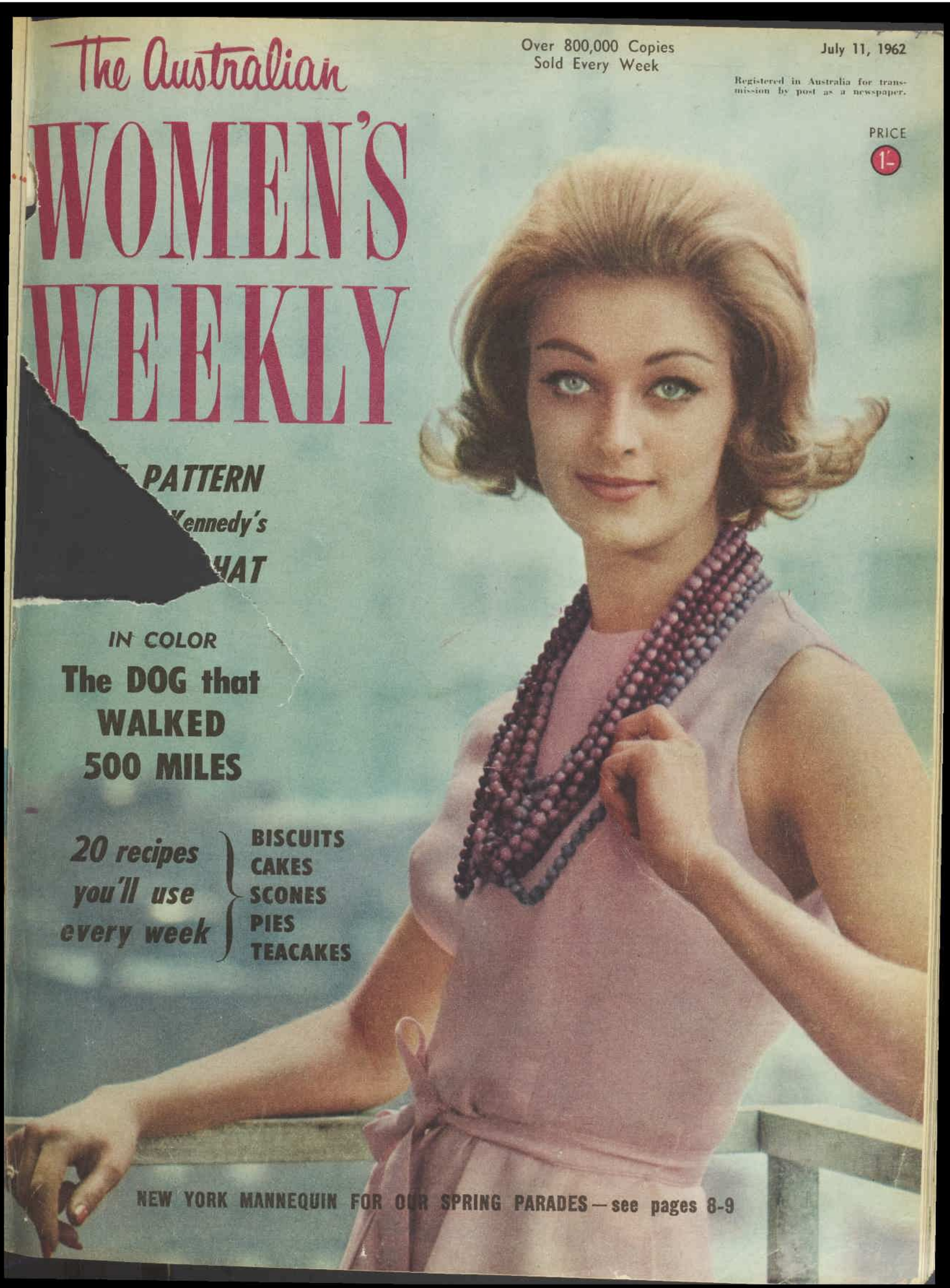

PATTERN
Kennedy's
HAT

IN COLOR
The DOG that WALKED 500 MILES

20 recipes you'll use every week
BISCUITS
CAKES
SCONES
PIES
TEACAKES

NEW YORK MANNEQUIN FOR OUR SPRING PARADES — see pages 8-9

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"The way I stay slim is no secret!"

...says lovely Margo McKendry

Internationally famous top-fashion model, Margo McKendry, says she finds it easy to stay slim, healthy and attractive.

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The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Jill Stinchcombe, the London model in our All-Australian Fashion Parades (pages 8, 9), was determined to grow up into an attractive woman.

SHE said: "I had two pretty sisters, and my parents were always saying to me, 'Darling, you may not be as good-looking as your sisters, but you have got a brain.'

"I didn't want a brain," Jill said, "so I was determined to make the best of the looks I had.

"When I left school I chose to go to a modelling school instead of a university as everyone thought I would."

French mannequin Emmanuelle Gassion has made her home in what was originally a maid's room and which Paris calls a "pigeonnier"—a roost under the eaves.

It is on the seventh floor of a big block of flats. From her window she can see the upper part of the Eiffel Tower.

She has decorated it herself and furnished it with "treasures" for which she has searched in the Paris junk market.

In one corner is a guitar which she likes to play as a relaxation. "I can only play well enough to amuse myself," she said.

★ ★ ★

AS well as working on stories and a new novel, Dorothy Eden, whose short story "The Hopeful Traveller" begins on page 24, has been redecorating her London flat.

"It looks charming," she said in a recent letter, "and I'm glad to say it's far more springlike in my living-room than it is outside.

"I have been longing for some hot sun, but just now it seems useless to hope for even a few watery rays."

★ ★ ★

WE did appreciate letters from several Western Australian readers who wrote to tell us that one of our signs had appeared in a picture published recently in a Perth newspaper.

The picture illustrated a story about a bursting water main that poured into a newsagent's shop.

It showed the water spurting high toward a sign saying The Australian Women's Weekly.

So our thanks to the readers who sent us newspaper cuttings of the picture.

Our cover

● Carol Ashmont, American representative in our All-Australian Fashion Parades (pages 8, 9), photographed in an easy-fit day dress at her New York apartment. Picture by Art Schiffer, of New York, who took the color picture of Carol on page 9.

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THE DOG THAT WALKED 500 MILES

Family gave their long-lost collie a hug and a shampoo

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

● The story of Duke, the collie who walked alone the 500 miles from Melbourne to Adelaide, has the makings of another "Lassie Come Home" epic. The difference is that Duke's trek was very real. You've only to feel the pebble-smooth pads under his feet to know that it happened.

DUKE made the journey to find his owners, the Tassanyi family.

The family had been moving from Adelaide to Sydney, and he was travelling on the same train. At the Melbourne station the confused and bewildered dog slipped his collar.

"He got away from the guard," said 18-year-old Kathy Tassanyi. "We looked everywhere for him but couldn't find him. And then we had to catch the train again."

Brother Peter, who is nine, said that Kathy and their mother cried all the way to Sydney. They had had Duke since he was a three-week-old puppy, and now he was four years.

"In Sydney everyone said we could get another dog," said Kathy, "but I didn't want another. I wanted my Duke. I didn't and wouldn't give up hope that he would turn up again. It was the only thing to do."

So, while "Mama" Tassanyi was busying herself making the new home comfortable for the arrival of her husband, Joseph, from the B.H.P. works at Whyalla, S.A., and cooking for Kathy, Steve (25), George (21), and young Peter, Kathy wrote to all their old neighbors in Adelaide for news of Duke.

"He hasn't arrived yet," the neighbors telegraphed back to her.

The weeks passed slowly, and one day Kathy heard from the police in Melbourne that Duke had been found. He was being sent up on the train the next day.

Wrong dog

"I was so excited I couldn't sleep that night," said Kathy. "But when we went down to the train we couldn't find Duke. They'd sent up another dog — a ginger one, and not even a collie like Duke."

Then, three months after Duke's disappearance, Kathy saw his photo in one of the Sydney evening newspapers.

Neighbors in Adelaide had found him sniffing round the remains of a house, now demolished, where he and the Tassanyis had lived two years ago.

"It was funny," said Kathy. "He must have gone first to the house we had just left, and when he found we weren't there he remembered the other house."

Kathy sent £10 to the neighbors in Adelaide and instructions to put Duke on the first plane to Sydney. Apparently it was easier to get a booking on a train, so the Tassanyis waited a long three days for the train's arrival.

"I got time off from the office to go and get him," said Kathy, who is a clerk in an assurance firm. "I upset the whole firm that day."

At the reunion at the railway station Kathy burst into tears of joy, but Duke was very unemotional. He didn't seem to know the family he had gone so far to find.

"He seemed very tired and upset," said Steve. He was very thin. His eyes had sunk. His nose, which had been golden, was grey. He was black with dirt.

"He wouldn't eat. He didn't recognise Hungarian" (the native language of the Tassanyis—the family came to Australia 14 years ago).

But later that evening, as the family gathered in the sitting-room after dinner, he suddenly jumped up and barked and cried.

It was as though something in his memory had clicked.

He stood in front of each of the family in turn, wagging his tail and crying.

The next day he drank a little milk, ate some mincemeat, and played with his old plastic ball and cried a lot.

After his bath — in the bathtub with a shampoo of fine soapflakes and then a special dog shampoo—Duke was a new dog.

"Rough crowd"

"Look at the way his coat is standing out from his body," said Kathy. "He looks nearly the same as he did before."

"But he has forgotten his manners," said Steve. "He must have been with a pretty rough crowd. He sometimes even nips at us — which he never did before. He won't shake hands or do any of his old tricks. He gets on beds——"

"But, oh, it's good to have him back," said Kathy. And everyone agreed.

DUKE has learned how to grin again, back with Kathy Tassanyi after the ordeal of his three months' search for the family, during which he walked from Melbourne to Adelaide. When found he was starving and badly upset and his pads had worn thin.

LEFT: With Steve, Kathy, Mrs. Tassanyi, and Peter. The family originally came from Hungary.

● *Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.*

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THE KENT BABY

By ANNE MATHESON, in London

● The birth of a baby son to the young Duchess of Kent makes Princess Marina the world's most glamorous grandmother. "Her Royal Highness is absolutely thrilled at being a grandmother," said her lady-in-waiting.

● *The young Duke and Duchess of Kent at their wedding in June, 1961.*

THE young Duke of Kent, who was at Coppins, his home in Buckinghamshire, when his son was born there, ordered the traditional champagne all round.

The baby arrived at three in the afternoon.

At Hovingham, in Yorkshire, where the Duchess of Kent, formerly Miss Katharine Worsley, lived before her marriage, the villagers gathered in the Worsley Arms to "wet the baby's head."

Squire Worsley had ordered all drinks to be "on the house."

Drinks were free also in the Red Lion at Iver, the village near Coppins. Peals of bells rang out, and the local Women's Institute summoned a hasty meeting and drank the baby's health in cuppas.

They had a decision to make — whether to follow custom and endow the baby with a £1 bond. His mother is their newest member, so the vote was in the affirmative.

The Duchess of Kent, whose son is tenth in the line of succession to the Throne, had an easy birth.

"Cricketer"

"She looked so pretty and perfectly relaxed and happy," said one of her friends who was allowed into her bedroom at Coppins to see the new baby. His title is Earl of St. Andrews.

A 45-year-old edict of the late King George V makes it impossible for the baby to have the title of His Royal Highness. Nor, by the same edict, may he be a prince.

However, even at this early age he is higher up in Debrett's than Princess Margaret's son, Lord Linley — although this cousin is fifth in the Royal line of succession.

The Earl (6lb. 4oz.) slept happily through his first round of visitors. They included Sir William and Lady Worsley, who were staying in London at the Bath Club.

Sir William couldn't be more delighted to have a son as his first Royal grandchild. "I'm sure he'll want him to be a cricketer," said a family friend, because county cricket has been played at Hovingham Hall and Sir William is himself a famous cricketer.

Princess Alexandra, the baby's aunt, who has been suffering from a throat infection, donned a gauze mask before making a right Royal inspection of her first nephew.

The Queen telephoned to Coppins to congratulate Katharine and Eddie. She sent flowers and regretted she couldn't go down right away, because she was having a cocktail party for 50 people.

This cocktail party was the first of a series which the Queen has inaugurated. They are for a cross-section of people, in much the same way as the luncheon parties which have been a feature of semi-formal entertaining at the Palace.

The Queen was dressing for the party when she put her call through. Katharine has a phone at her bedside.

The young Earl is in the care of Sister Gwendolin Howell, who has been maternity nurse to many of Katharine's friends and some of her relatives, and was recently to the Marchioness of Tavistock in America for the birth of her son, Lord Howland.

The Royal baby-doctor Sir John Peel, who attended the birth, assisted by the family doctor, Stafford Saint, left before the champagne corks popped. At a family luncheon later they drank a toast with the baby's father.

. . . When father Edward was 1

● *The Duke was a year old in the first two pictures, 14 months in the third.*

NEXT WEEK...

● "Scruffy"—new serial by Paul Gallico

Beginning "Scruffy," the liveliest story of the year, by best-seller author Paul Gallico.

Scruffy is a malevolent Barbary ape who rules his fellow apes on Gibraltar. The time is World War II.

Despite all his faults, Scruffy is loved by two men to whom is entrusted the task of seeing that the apes survive on Gibraltar.

According to the old legend, if the apes should disappear, British rule on the "Rock" will end.

You'll really enjoy "Scruffy," so don't miss the first instalment next week.

● One-course meals —soups, snacks

Recipes for soups and savory snacks for fireside eating are in a four-page cookbook.

Each is easy to prepare and is the answer when hearty winter appetites demand something hot to eat when you have already served the day's main meal.

Recipes include savory beef soup, seafood bisque, continental medley.

● Orchids—in the air

Many orchids will thrive—without soil—on trees and walls. An expert tells how you can have an orchid "air garden," with hints on the care of orchids grown by the more usual methods.

● Tommy Hanlon, jun. —color pin-up

In our four-page television section, a color pin-up of Tommy Hanlon, jun., plus color pictures of Tommy at home with his wife, Murphy, and daughter, April.

● "Architecture Through The Ages"

Following the very successful "Art Through The Ages" and "Australian Painters," a new series, "Architecture Through The Ages," begins next week in Teenagers' Weekly.

By Morton E. Herman, it will trace the development of architecture from ancient Egypt to the present day.

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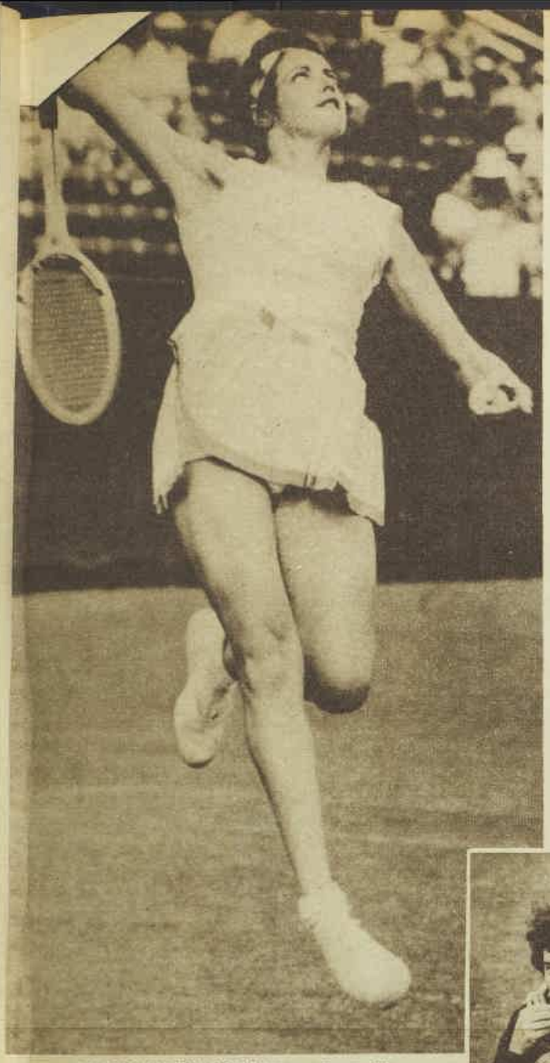
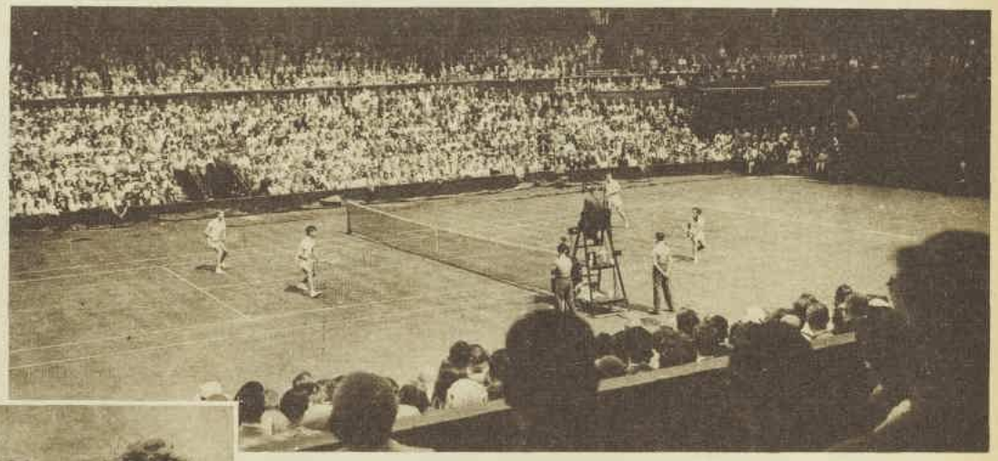
Australia shared Margaret Smith's shock at Wimbledon, but—

IT'S ALL IN THE GAME



MARGARET SMITH — she will have plenty more chances.



CENTRE-COURT nerves? It's not easy to keep cool at Wimbledon in the centre-court "aura of tradition, almost mysticism."

REMEMBER the dropping of the baton in the 1952 Olympic relay? Verna Johnston (top left), Marjorie Jackson, Winsome Cripps (lower left), Shirley Strickland.

● Australia's tennis idol Margaret Smith wasn't merely mouthing a cliche when she said after her Wimbledon defeat: "It's just one of those things."

By ROBIN ADAIR

SPORTING records are studded with "those things"—illogical, seemingly impossible defeats of favorites.

The shock loss by the 19-year-old world's top woman player to unseeded American Billie-Jean Moffitt has many parallels.

Obviously there would be little thrill in sport — and few competitors — if champions couldn't be toppled by underdogs.

The reason for champions' "surprise" defeats are as many as the occurrences themselves.

There is the inevitable meeting with the better player. The off-form day. The psychological advantage held by the challenger, with nothing to lose, everything to gain, which was Billie-Jean Moffitt's attitude to her match with Margaret Smith.

Other torments

In Margaret's case there was the added strain of her dispute with the Australian officials.

Wimbledon, of course, has its own very special torments for players.

One is the overpowering aura of tradition, almost mysticism in which the centre court is steeped.

A less-known but equally fascinating pressure there seems to apply only to women players.

This is the demand the tournament makes on women to be not merely proficient at the game but also constantly **feminine.**

Jennifer Hoad, wife of Lew Hoad (Australian Davis Cup star and Wimbledon men's singles winner in 1956 and '57, who became a top professional player), believes this is one of the heaviest burdens on women competing at Wimbledon.

Mrs. Hoad, who played at Wimbledon in 1955, '56, and '57, told me:

"For women it's almost as much a fashion parade as a tennis tournament. I don't mean girls go there just to dress up—they all want, and try, to win.

"But there's a garden-party atmosphere among women spectators, and this has spread to the courts."

Mrs. Hoad said players such as America's "Gorgeous Gussie" Moran and Italy's Lea Pericoli and designers such as England's Teddy Tinling have set the fashion pace.

"Most girls are vain enough (I mean that in the nicest way) to feel obliged to keep up with the standards of prettiness set," she said.

"It can be just an added worry.

"They have to think about petticoats and frilly panties as well as their tennis strokes.

"Many girls also feel they have to wear elaborate make-up, which is impractical in the heat of a hard match.

"Some go in for fancy hairdos.

"A fancy tennis outfit can take a girl up to half-an-hour to get into.

"But with photographers and **fashion** writers, as well as sporting ones, what can a girl interested in looking her best (and who doesn't!) do?"

Whatever the reason was for her defeat, Margaret Smith is certainly in good company.

Other Australian tennis favorites had upsets in the 1958 Brisbane fight against America to retain the Davis Cup.

Alejndro Olmedo Rodriguez (better known as Alex Olmedo), a Peruvian playing for the United States, mowed down Australia's Wimbledon champion Ashley Cooper and Malcolm Anderson (rated, respectively, best and second-best amateur players in the world).

Olmedo also teamed with Ham Richardson to win the Cup doubles.

Dropped baton

Three months later "one of those things" happened to Olmedo. The champion was thrashed in the Californian championships by a man seeded 21.

Another celebrated reversal of Australian sporting fortunes was the baton-dropping incident in a relay race at the 1952 Helsinki (Finland) Olympic Games.

The Australian women's 400 metres relay team—Shirley Strickland, Verna Johnston, Winsome Cripps, and Marjorie Jackson—was "unbeatable."

Marjorie — "The Lithgow Flash" — was the fastest woman athlete in the world. She had just won two Olympic gold medals for 100 and 200 metres.

Shirley Strickland had won a gold medal for a record 80-metres hurdles run.

In its heat, the relay team had won in the world record time of 46.1sec.

In the final, Winsome Cripps was in the lead when she came to Marjorie Jackson, the team's last runner.

Marjorie had virtually only to take the baton to win.

As she received it, however, Winsome's knee hit her hand and Marjorie dropped the baton, losing too much ground to make up.

Squash recently provided yet another case of an Australian "certainty" beaten.

Last January the Sydney squash star Ken Hiscoe made an elementary mistake which he could not explain — and lost a chance to win the British amateur title, the Wimbledon of squash.

In a title semi-final Hiscoe was leading Ibrahim Amin, of Egypt, 9-6, 9-7, 3-9, 7-7.

Suddenly he hit high and out of court, giving Amin a chance to recover and win.

Boxing has provided its share of fallible favorites.

When American negro heavyweight Joe Louis (the "Brown Bomber") met Germany's Max Schmeling in New York on June 19, 1936, Louis was thought to be invincible.

Schmeling, however, battered him unconscious in the 12th round.

Then, in 1951, five months after he had won the world middleweight title from Jake LaMotta, "Sugar" Ray Robinson went on a boxing tour of Europe, mainly to keep in shape.

He shocked the sporting world by losing his championship in London on points to England's Randolph Turpin.

Sydney boxer Jimmy Carruthers' first-round knockout of South African world bantamweight champion Vic Toweel in November, 1952, was another sporting surprise.

Last month America's Arnold Palmer, hailed by many experts as the greatest golfer in the game's history, was a clear favorite for the U.S. Open.

However, 22-year-old Jack Nicklaus, a professional for only seven months, beat him by three strokes!

At the 1960 Rome Olympics there was even the strange case of a champion swimmer badly beaten because she "forgot" how to swim!

Race rescue

Caroline Wood, 14, was a crack member of the American squad.

But she broke down at the turn in the 100-metres butterfly final, floundering and swallowing water. She draped herself over guide ropes before continuing the course freestyle.

An official dived fully clothed into the water to help the hysterical girl.

Margaret Smith has vowed to return to Wimbledon next year.

She can draw encouragement for her quest from the centre court experiences of six other famous Australian tennis players.

It took Jack Crawford, Frank Sedgman, Lew Hoad, Ashley Cooper, Neale Fraser, and Rod Laver each five years to win Wimbledon.

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"But Daddy, what about protecting us?"

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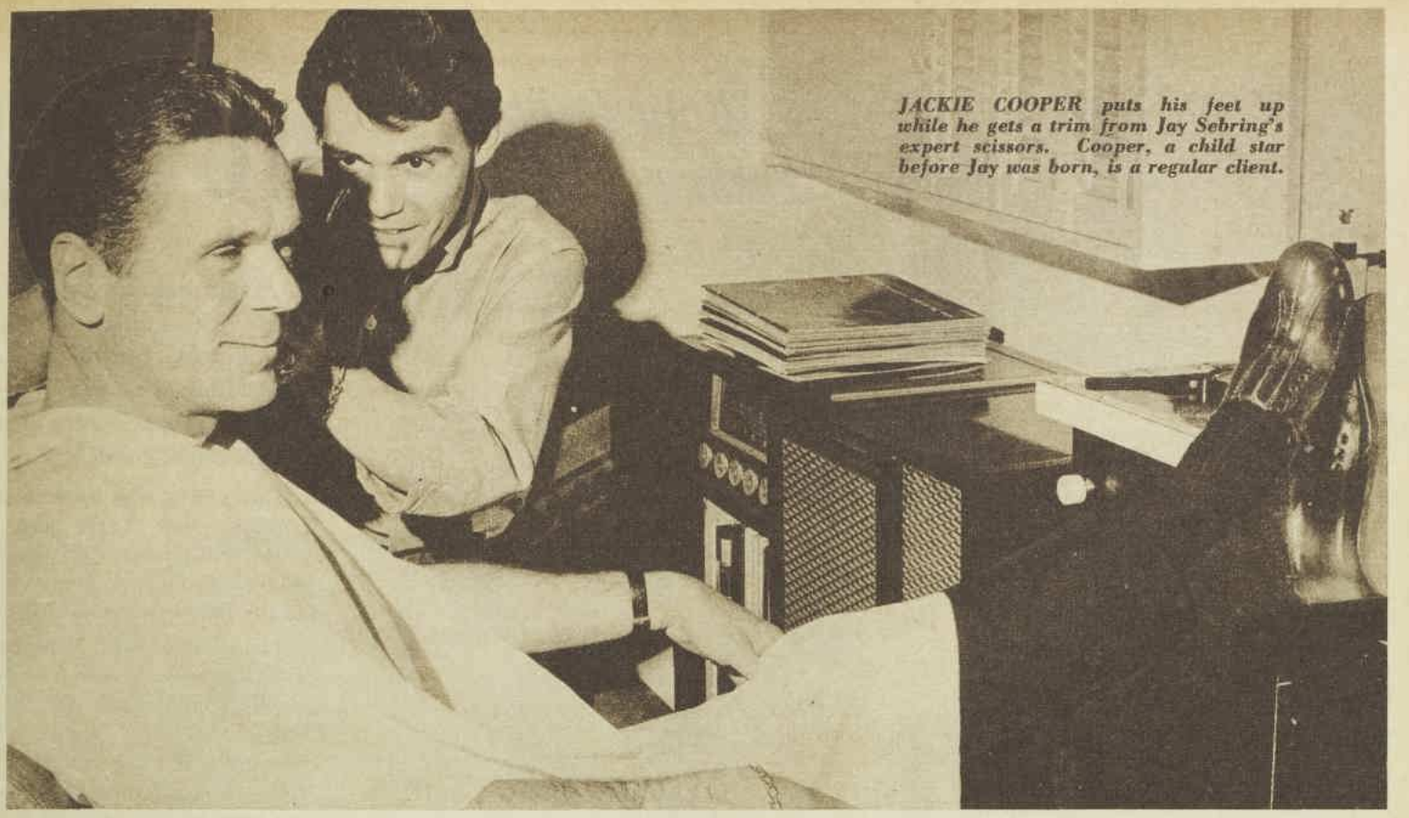


JACKIE COOPER puts his feet up while he gets a trim from Jay Sebring's expert scissors. Cooper, a child star before Jay was born, is a regular client.

50 DOLLARS FOR A HAIRCUT!

● Jay Sebring, a tiny, wasp-waisted young fellow, is treasured hairstylist to stars like Brando, Elvis, and the Sinatra "clan."

From PAULA WALLING, in Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD barber Jay Sebring is flown all over America by famous clients — from bullfighters to movie stars —in need of a haircut.

Such egocentric, demanding, tantrum-filled guys as Marlon Brando and Frank Sinatra wait until Jay is free to snip at them. They wait, of course, for him to come to them — they make just this concession to their star status. They do not set foot in Sebring's Fairfax Avenue tonsorial parlor.

He goes along carrying his executive-type briefcase holding all the necessary equipment, and charges them 50 dollars (about £A25) a crack.

You may think that's a shocking price for a little old trim. Not at all—when put in line with other fees at this singe-and-scissor establishment.

Let us take, for example, a man of 40 who has been going to just any old barber.

Frankly, his hair is a mess. It's just been cut.

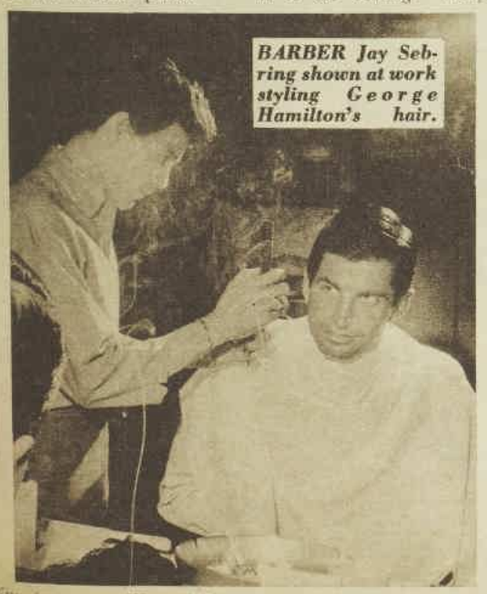
So this same fellow comes in to see Sebring. Well, he doesn't just come in, he makes an appointment, and considers himself lucky to nab one two weeks hence.

Sebring looks at him and shudders. The hair has just been "cut." Absolutely nothing has been "created" for him. It does not match his personality in any way.

The artist (and, believe me, Jay Sebring is an artist) sighs and goes to work, undoing all that previous barbers have wrought over the years.

For this the client is handed a bill for 25 dollars. This is true! Twenty-five dollars for the first Sebring haircut—or design, as he prefers to call it.

Standard price for a hair-trim in the U.S. is one dollar 25 cents (about A11/6).



BARBER Jay Sebring shown at work styling George Hamilton's hair.

Proud to pay

But nobody screams. The men who go to Sebring — and they are waiting in line —are rather proud to pay this bill. They preen a little and ask, "Like it? Well, matter of fact, so do I. Something Sebring snipped up for me, you know."

This same fellow will go back every two weeks for a touch-up. That costs less, of course. The tab will be a mere 15 dollars (£A7).

Recently top Mexican bullfighter Jaime Bravo telephoned Hollywood and made an appointment with Jay to fly to Tijuana to trim his hair so that he would be "just right" when he strutted into the Tijuana bullring.

Jay, an "aficionado" (bullfight fan), brought back a picture of the matador.

The inscription reads: "Two ears, the tail, and a hoof to Jay—for the 'hair-cut'—tu amigo y admirador —Jaime."

One Saturday afternoon I found Jay in his shop clipping away at the abundant head of black hair belonging to George Chakiris, who won a 1961 Oscar as best supporting actor ("West Side Story").

Waiting patiently for his turn was pop singer Andy Williams, who grinned at me and said, "Jay is absolutely the greatest."

Jay was in a hurry as usual. He had to go to Eddie Fisher. Fisher, he says, is a fanatic—must have a haircut once a week.

Sebring's clients include many doctors, lawyers, bankers, and just men.

All the young singers are his boys: Paul Anka, Bobby Darin, Presley, Fabian.

Vic Damone is one of his earliest and most faithful clients. Jay flies to Vic whenever possible to cut his unruly, curly, black hair. When he is through with him, the hair has lost its kinkiness, looks full but almost careless—Jay's desired effect.

Another regular client is Henry Fonda, whose hairline had receded to the middle of his scalp before Jay began treatments. It grew back in eight weeks.

The same goes for Sinatra, who is everlastingly grateful.

HENRY FONDA with the diminutive barber in Hollywood. Fonda threw away his false hairpiece after Jay's treatments cajoled new growth from his receding hairline.

When Britain's Peter Sellers arrived in Hollywood recently, he called Sebring and pleaded with him—successfully — to come to his Beverly Hills hotel.

Marlon Brando is a regular customer, but as he is usually working, the studio at which he is shooting puts Sebring on its payroll. When Brando is idle he is not so fussy about his looks.

Sebring told me he was looking forward to making Cliff Robertson resemble John F. Kennedy for "PT 109," a film of the President's war experiences.

It will be a challenge because Cliff's hair is dark, fine, curly — exactly the opposite of Kennedy's.

The entire atmosphere of "Sebring's Men's Hair Designing" is friendly and informal. The nine barbers and Jay himself wear clean, pressed, casual, tight-fitting slacks of dark blue denim, and open-collar sport shirts.

I remarked that they all seemed to have unusually long hair. Jay replied with a grin: "We are so busy, we never seem to have time to give each other haircuts.

"It's the old story, I guess, of the shoemaker's children never having a pair of shoes to wear."

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All-Australian Fashion Parades

OUR SIX

● What makes a fine mannequin? The stories of the six girls chosen for the first All-Australian Fashion Parades show that there's a lot more to it than good looks.

These girls, who work in Paris, London, New York, and Australia, will present 70 Australian-made high-fashion models based on the Paris spring fashions.

The parades, with glamor treatment previously given only to overseas collections, will be presented by The Australian Women's Weekly and the Myer Emporium in four capital cities in August and September. The three girls from abroad — Emmanuelle Gassion (Paris), Jill Stinchcombe (London), Carol Ashmont (New York) — are "Vogue" models. They will fly here by Qantas, and the party will travel within Australia by T.A.A.

ENERGY

KAIA STANFORD, 24, blond, brown-eyed, slim, came from Estonia when she was 11, and is now one of Sydney's top models.

"I work a full eight-hour day," she said, "and modelling, in spite of what most people think, is really hard work. I average round £60 a week — and spend about £20 of it on taxis and lunches."

Rushing from one end of Sydney to the other, standing for hours under hot lights doing TV commercials, and rushing back to look after a home and husband takes a lot of energy.

"I get mine," she said, "from eating right. I'm a real health-food fanatic. I don't eat sugar or white flour — no cakes or sweets, but wholemeal bread, plenty of fruit and vegetables, and I'm a great believer in honey.

"Another model told me about this health diet two years ago, and my husband, Colin, and I started it as an experiment. We both noticed a terrific difference in the amount of energy we had, so now the diet is part of our lives."

Kaia trained for three years to be a nurse after she left school. When she married she looked round for a part-time job. Someone suggested modelling, so she started doing a few small parades—"and somehow the whole thing snowballed."

FLAIR

JOAN GREEN, 28, of Melbourne, who came from England 11 years ago (33-25-36), is reed-slim, tall (5ft. 10in.), casually elegant.

"I always wanted to be a model," she said. "I love clothes. I believe that to be able to wear them well is a gift you are born with, and no amount of training gives that little bit extra that sets a really chic woman apart.

"There has to be something of the actress in every model. Every garment has its own personality. It's necessary, too, to see that the people watching you enjoy themselves. You make them believe that they are part of the illusion you are creating."

Joan enjoys classical music and French and Italian songs, furnishing and decorating her flat in Melbourne, and eating. "French and Italian foods are my favorites, and I'll often spend all afternoon preparing a special dish.

"Although most of the things I cook are heavily spiced and often oily, I can eat whatever I like without putting on weight. I suppose my full eight-hour — and often longer — working day keeps me slim."

(Picture shows her preparing a salad in her kitchen for a small dinner party.)

GUSTO

JANICE WAKELY trained to be a cosmetician after she left St. Catherine's Church of England School for Girls, Waverley, N.S.W., but drifted into mannequin work at 18. Eight years and two world trips later she's still hard at it and loving the work.

Jan (5ft. 7in. and 33-23-35) has done most of her modelling work in Melbourne. She lives near the Fitzroy Gardens, where she is often seen strolling with her pup Charlie Brown.

The ten-month-old poodle and a scarlet-lined grey car are her most recent leisure-time acquisitions. As casual as they come when not working, she likes nothing better than to slip into slim slacks and bulky sweater she's knitted herself and relax with her dog, her car, or her camera.

But on the job she is the trimmest, most business-like person you could meet, with all her keen intelligence focused on the demands of the photographer and the garments.

Most weeks she works all day every day and one night as well, and on other nights is mostly working on keeping her clothes and accessories in order. ("This takes an awful lot of time.")

In 1958 she freelanced in London, and in 1960 she made a photographic fashion tour in Asia, Switzerland, and London.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4914870

MANNEQUINS

WHERE TO SEE THE PARADES

SYDNEY: August 4 to August 15, at Farmer's.
BRISBANE: August 18 to August 28, presented by Myer Stores, Qld., at Lennons Hotel.
MELBOURNE: September 1 to September 12, at the Myer Emporium.
ADELAIDE: September 15 to September 21, at the Myer Emporium.

TYPE

EMMANUELLE GASSION, 26-year-old Parisienne, is typical of the new-style mannequin favored by Paris designers in the past few months. She is pretty rather than sophisticated; soft, gentle, feminine. She is very much the *jeune femme de bonne famille*, a type greatly admired in France.

She left university to become a mannequin and has travelled widely in Europe presenting Paris fashions. She has to work hard, for she has a four-year-old daughter to bring up and is separated from her husband. The child, Olivia, lives with Emmanuelle's aunt.

When Emmanuelle is modelling in a fashion house she leaves home without breakfast, but has a hefty French-style sandwich, a foot of crisp roll enclosing a large slice of ham, with her morning tea.

She is 5ft. 7in. and 34½-23¼-35½, statistics which apparently match those of Queen Farah of Persia, as Emmanuelle was used as a model for Paris couture houses to show gowns to the Queen when she visited Paris for her wardrobe for Queen Juliana's twenty-fifth anniversary party.

Emmanuelle is fond of antiques, decor, classical music, riding, and swimming. She hates to be idle, and is famous for knitting in models' dressing-rooms during slack periods.

MOOD

JILL STINCHCOMBE, 23, 5ft. 8in., of London, has worked for some of the leading English fashion designers, and she smiles, pouts, or scowls from almost every fashion magazine.

She can wear young, jazzy clothes or sleek, sophisticated ones with equal aplomb. "I like to look different for every job," she said.

"And it's easiest to slip into the appropriate mood with the help of a record. If I want to feel tragic and forlorn for a fashion picture I play a sad Peggy Lee song as I pose; or for a mad, gay feeling I put on a twist record."

One of the first things Jill learnt in the modelling world was to fit in with the location when being photographed.

For example, when she's out boating on the Thames, modelling summer fashions, she projects so much life into the pose that anyone would think she was a born sailor and typical outdoor girl. But in fact she's terrified of water.

Jill's one regret about flying to Australia is that she will have to leave her terrier, Trevor, behind.

"He'll stay with a friend of mine," she said, hugging the fluffy pup.

"While I'm away I'm hoping Trevor will get a job modelling, as so many of his friends do. He's got to earn his keep, you know!"

WORK

CAROL ASHMONT, 21, with her own outsize eyelashes and a total absence of affectation and temperament, earns 40 dollars (£18) an hour in New York (due to go up to 50 dollars, or £22, on her return from Australia).

She seldom goes out at night during the week, but spends the evenings preparing for the next day's work.

She must wash the spray and coloring out of her ash-blond hair, dry it and set it, and get her make-up ready for the next job.

And be in bed by 10 to get a full 10 hours' sleep. Without this she is sure she wouldn't have her flawless complexion.

Even on weekends Carol is apt to think of business first, spending hours in a photographic studio trying new facial expressions, poses, make-up techniques.

"Even the very top mannequins do a surprising amount of experimentation in their own time," Carol said. "We are all groping for our identity, or our multiple identities, always testing for the best angle, lip line, shading of the nose, intensity of eyelashes."

To maintain her natural weight of 8st. 8lb. (on a 5ft. 8in. frame), she simply eats the same diet she has always preferred—with a taste for fruits and proteins and a distaste for sweets, potato crisps, and nuts.

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STILL BEST IN EVERY WAY...

Australia's Most Economical Floor Wax

Fisher's Polishing Wax covers more space, gives a longer-lasting shine and costs much less than fancy polishes.

It's best value by far.

F24/HP

For that Fisher's "Sparkle" use —

FISHER'S SILICONE WAX — For Lighter work – brighter shine

FISHER'S WAXTANE — For all dark woodwork

FISHER'S LIQUID POLISHING WAX — Cleans as it polishes

Mary Coles' SOCIAL

INGENIOUS Mrs. David Harries will combine Sheffield silver with tinfoil to enhance the glossy decor of her "Silver Wedding Dinner Party" setting at the display of table arrangements by noted Sydney hostesses at the Camellia Grove Exhibition, to be held at David Jones' Art Gallery.

She plans to cover ordinary, heat-resisting table-mats with tinfoil to emphasise the "silver" theme, which will mainly be carried out with lovely old silverware, including a pair of decorative silver pheasants. They'll fit into the scene, "sipping water" from small bowls of flowers on the table. Another attractive touch will be shiny silver cardboard stars as place-cards.

Lady Davidson will revive memories of Edwardian gaieties with a "Tete a Tete Supper Party" setting of that period. She'll capture the atmosphere with cigars, liqueurs, and bunches of violets with maidenhair fern on a cream French-lace-covered table lit with violet candles in lovely silver candlesticks. The candlesticks were a wedding gift to her late husband, Sir Colin Davidson.

One of Mrs. Roy McCaughey's treasures —a Georgian silver urn—will be used as an ice-bucket for champagne in the "After The Opera" setting she is doing with Lady Morshead.

A garniture of Georgian lustres will give sparkle to Lady Lloyd Jones' "Formal Dinner For Six" setting. The table will be laid with famous Danish silverware and exquisitely embroidered white organza place-mats fitted over quilted green velvet.

The Countess Pietrasanta Sauvaigue will do a setting for "Prima Colazione" (a late-breakfast-cum-early-lunch meal in Italy) served on a shuttered terrace gay with pots of geraniums and carnations.

Mrs. A. H. Chartres will turn the clock back to midnight with an intimate "Supper For Two In Paris" setting. The table will be spread with a white voile cloth with a dainty frilled "skirt."

The exhibition, which will also feature arrangements by Ikebana International, has been arranged by the Women's Auxiliary of Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

Stage star Richard Wordsworth will open it at a preview afternoon tea on July 9 and it will remain on view until July 13.

★ ★ ★

AFTER the wedding of their attractive dark-haired daughter, Joanna, to Peter Fleming at St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse, on July 28, Mr. and Mrs. Ken McCathie will entertain friends at a small reception at their home, "The Priory," in Vaucluse Road. Joanna will be attended by her little nieces, Sarah and Judy Chapman, and Mrs. Richard Jago, of "Haddon Rig," Warren. Joanna was a bridesmaid to Mrs. Jago, formerly Denise Arnott, at her marriage last month. A few days after their marriage, Peter, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fleming, of South Yarra, Melbourne, and Joanna will sail in Oceania for several months' honeymooning abroad.

ONE of June Ross' thrills during her stay in Ireland with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ross, of Ballymena, was visiting Vincent O'Brien's famous racing stables and meeting the English Derby winner, Larkspur. June, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Ross, of "Mullingar," Gunnedah, is now in Naples doing a job as a Karitane nurse in the household of an Italian shipping magnate.

★ ★ ★

I HEAR Mr. and Mrs. Dick Cohen, formerly of "Fairacre," Bowral, have just moved into a lovely new home they've built on a hilltop overlooking the ocean at Currumbin on the Queensland Gold Coast.

★ ★ ★

MRS. NEIL HUTCHISON, wife of the executive director of the Elizabethan Theatre Trust, will be one of the mannequins modelling spring bonnets at the Elizabethan Ball Committee's hat parade luncheon at Caprice on July 24. Incidentally, the Hutchisons hope to move to the "dream home" they've built at Turramurra at the end of the month. A 5ft.-square abstract painting by Leonard French will provide inspiration for furnishings in the living-room. The painting is in vivid jewel colorings resembling a stained-glass window.

★ ★ ★

FROM Melbourne comes news of the engagement of Marshall Hyams to Louise Stivala, daughter of the Commissioner for Malta in Australia, Captain G. Stivala, and his wife. Marshall, who has given Louise a sparkling diamond ring, is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Hyams, of Balmoral.

★ ★ ★

MR. AND MRS. STEVEN RICH, of Bellevue Hill, have named their infant daughter Nicolet. "This means we now have two Australians and two Americans in the family," her mother points out. Their small son, John David, who is always called Jodee, was born in the United States. Nicolet will begin her travels soon, first visiting her maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Grigg, of Ballarat, Victoria, and then going on to New York to make the acquaintance of her father's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Rich, before taking in Europe to greet friends of her parents, who are non-stop commuters abroad.

★ ★ ★

LAW STUDENT Peter Kuner is searching for cupids! They're to give a romantic air to the high-walled Spanish courtyard he is planning for the little terrace house he has just bought in Woollahra. The old house is lavishly ornamented with wrought iron, and when renovations are complete Peter will furnish it with period and antique pieces.

JUST WED. Mr. Gavin Pike, of Trangie, and his bride, formerly Miss Rosemary Rush, of Newcastle, pictured with their attendants on their arrival at reception at the Hotel Metropole after their wedding at Barker College Chapel. From left are Mr. Jim Macalman, Miss Susan Rush, the bridal couple, Mr. Mark Gavel, Miss Helen Davies, Miss Prudence Rush, and Mr. Jim Firth. The bride is the daughter of Canon F. W. Rush and Mrs. Rush, of St. John's Rectory, Newcastle, and the groom is the son of Mr. Philip Pike, of "Tara," Condobolin, and the late Mrs. Pike.

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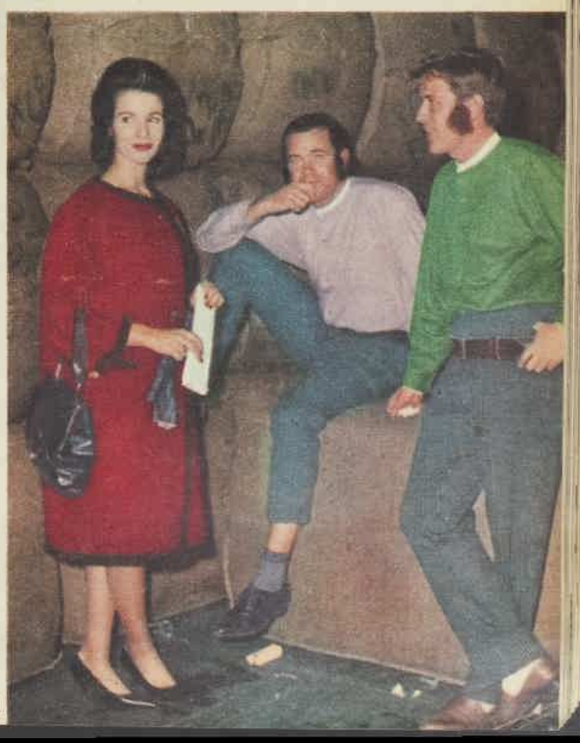
ROUNDABOUT

FROM England comes this picture of Miss Rosemary Grundy (at left) and her sister, Miss Chrystobel Grundy, snapped at Royal Ascot with Mr. John McSweeney, of Randwick. The girls are now visiting England with their mother, Mrs. Arthur Grundy, of Roseville, after spending several months touring the Continent.

ABOVE: From left, Mrs. Ron Rosenberg, Mrs. Sam Terley, Mrs. B. Ninyo, and Mrs. M. Katz at morning-tea party at the home of Mrs. Warwick Fairfax at Bellevue Hill to arrange a luncheon to raise funds for the Dr. Fanny Reading War Memorial Council House. The function, which is being planned by the National Council of Jewish Women, will be held at Chevron Hilton Hotel on July 30. Guest speaker will be famous entertainer Miss Sophie Tucker, who will be presented with a giant 6ft. boomerang autographed by the 100 hostesses arranging the luncheon.

ARRIVING at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron for reception after their wedding at H.M.A.S. Watson's Naval Chapel, Lieutenant Matthew Taylor, R.A.N., and his lovely bride, formerly Miss Kathy Murrell, with flower-girl Vivienne Winn. The bride is the daughter of Mr. Bill Murrell and the Baroness Just de la Paisieres. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Taylor, of Southport, Queensland.

COLORFUL sari was worn by Mrs. J. S. Sareen, who, with her husband and Mrs. V. K. Syngal (at right), was among guests at cocktail party given by the Council of Management of the India League of Australia to welcome the new Indian Press Attache, Dr. Barakat Ahmad, and his wife. The function was held at C.W.A. Auditorium.



AT RIGHT: Miss Sue Bookullil with Mr. Jim Kay (centre) and Mr. Jorgen Andersen at the Australian Wool Bureau's preview of new knitwear colors and luncheon party at a Sydney wool store. Mr. Kay and Mr. Andersen took part in the parade, which had a "wild colonial" theme. Guests were received by the chairman, Sir William Gunn.

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For the woman who could weep because her skin beauty is drying out . . .

If you've tried creams and heavy moisturizers with only fleeting results, it's because most moisturizers merely sit on the skin. Too soon, the moisture evaporates . . . and back come the lines and the dryness. And after 25, the skin that needs moisture most can hold it least.

But now from Revlon comes the first positive, round-the-clock way to moisturize against ageing dryness . . . the 'Moon Drops' Moisture Method. What is it? A remarkable treatment programme: four different moisturizing formulas to replace your ordinary skin creams and lotions. Together, the four 'Moon Drops' formulas work day and night to help your skin store and hold natural moisture inside.

Once you've tried the 'Moon Drops' Moisture Method your skin need never know another dry spell.

'MOON DROPS' FACIAL FRESHENER 'wakes up' your skin.

'MOON DROPS' MOISTURE FOUNDATION treats your skin all day under make-up.

'MOON DROPS' MOISTURIZING CLEANSER removes make-up while it replaces vital moisture. And even as you sleep, the deep moisture benefits continue with 'MOON DROPS' MOISTURE BALM.

THE 'MOON DROPS' MOISTURE METHOD

by Revlon

Worth Reporting

If when walking down the street
A chimpanzee you chance to meet . . .

and you want to be friendly, say, "Ugh, ugh."

If he's feeling happy he'll likely answer, "Huha, huha."

Invite him to lunch and he'll scream, "Ach, ach, ach"—he's hungry.

If the lunch is poor, and very dear, he'll sympathise with "Ooh, ooh, ooh."

If in real distress he'll scream in a very human way.

These are some of the findings of Dr. Desmond Morris, curator of mammals at the London Zoo, who has done tremendous research on communication among animals.

"By watching the way one chimp greets another, and what effect it has on their meeting, you can get to know their language," Dr. Morris explained.

Don't be misled if friend chimp grins widely at you. He's very unhappy, and is baring his teeth in distress.

And don't expect a friendly handshake. A chimp will press his hand gently against the mouth of any human he is greeting.

Similarly, on being introduced, a human should let his hand rest gently and limply across the chimp's mouth to indicate friendship.

● ***"Huha, huha," says the chimp, meaning, "Life's good!"***

But the elephant . . .

IF you prefer an elephant to an ape, you can adopt one, you know, from the Regent's Park Zoo in London. It will cost you £1 a week.

In fact, you can adopt any of the Zoo's 3000 inhabitants at varying weekly charges—a python or a crocodile is a measly 6/-. But you needn't take your "ward" home. It still belongs to and boards at the zoo. You pay for its maintenance and upkeep.

Before the war, when your name would be displayed outside your ward's cage, adoption at the Zoo was quite the thing. Nowadays, it's rarer, but a pair of Australian black swans were adopted recently by an R.A.F. squadron.

The swans are identical with those on the squadron's insignia.

★ ★ ★

THE Press sheet sounded inviting. The gist of it was that at East Sydney Technical College U.S. chef John Brefini would demonstrate an oven that can cook steak in 17 seconds—and those attending could sample freely.

He found that radio waves are the trick — and almost anything can be cooked in minutes, even seconds.

The steak (fillet) was delicious, but to be honest just a little raw. A well-done steak may take as long as 22 seconds.

A three-pound chicken takes nine minutes, a baked potato two minutes.

We'll have to save to get the stove. It costs £1250.

Equal rights — to be gay

A SURVEY of comments by Frenchwomen shows that they think their men are now less gallant, less attentive, and less chivalrous.

The Frenchmen themselves say that Frenchwomen are now less dutiful, less loving, less feminine, too argumentative, too free in behaviour.

Why this change in women?

Equal rights, apparently, have ruined everything.

A typical man's comment: "Women have equal rights, so I keep my seat on the bus."

BUT, shows the survey, women are much happier.

They are more youthful, gayer, better dressed, better paid, less tied to the home, less worn out by housework.

Tea-towel goes chic

POSTSCRIPT to our "Weird Mob" tea-towel story (June 20 issue) from Mr. I. D. Fielding, tea-towel buyer at a Sydney store:

"The humble tea-towel has been elevated from its position in the kitchen by interior decorators who often use it, framed, in their decor schemes. They like the coarse, loose-woven linen texture and brilliant colors.

"One set of tea-towels — flower arrangements by Julia Clements, reproduced from her book 'A Hundred and One Ideas for Flower Arrangements' — are very much in demand.

"One decorator told us she planned her most successful cocktail bar round a framed 'abstract' of burgundy cocktail glasses on a pink, lemon, and white ground.

"For unusual tea-towels there is the Mother-in-law Towel (not very complimentary to that poor lady), the Crying Towel, and the Cocktail Bar Towel, with recipes for cocktails.

"And there is one we privately call the Teetotaller Towel. It has pictures and recipes for drinks like Tomato Frost and Limeade.

"My favorite towel is naturally any which sells well."

And the public's favorite utility towel?

"A neat multi-stripe," says Mr. Fielding.

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TELEVISION PARADE

THE BIG CHANNEL SWITCH

By NAN MUSGROVE

● This is the week of the big changeover of channels for many of commercial TV's most popular shows.

FAMILY differences, ranging from small tiffs to shouting matches, have been raging in viewing families not aware that many of their favorite shows have switched channels.

The only channel in Sydney whose programmes are unaffected is Channel 2.

Even here the issue was confused. In an unprecedented step, Channel 9 last week ditched their regular "Hawaiian Eye" and telecast simultaneously with Channel 2 the Michael Charlton interview with the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, about the Common Market.

Regular "Hawaiian Eye" fans thought their TV sets were playing up.

Channel 9's Chief Executive, Mr. Ken Hall, explained that he felt the Prime Minister's interview was of such national importance that it transcended all other considerations.

It was but a foretaste of what happens this week when many shows swap from one commercial channel to another.

The reason behind all this is that ownership of Melbourne's Channel 9 changed some time ago, and the contracts for various sessions showing at the time of the sale have only just run out.

Now the various shows concerned are on the channels chosen by the station from which they originate.

For instance, Melbourne's Channel 9, the home of Tommy Hanlon and his show, have designated the Four Nines Network—Channel 9 in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Brisbane—for "It Could Be You."

This show is now seen every day from Monday to Friday on Channel 9 at 12 noon.

Similar thinking on the part of Melbourne's Channel 7 has taken "Consider Your Verdict" from Channel 9 in Sydney and put it on the opposing Four Sevens Network.

Important for younger viewers is the changeover for the "Tarax Show," which will now be seen from Channel 9 Mondays to Fridays at 4.30 p.m.

I'm not joking about the family rows, either. One started over Michael Charlton being on Channel 9. An irate father, refusing the evidence of his eyes, said it was absolutely impossible for "him to be on Channel 9."

Remember, don't have family fights about what channel various shows are on for a while, and if you live alone don't think you are getting peculiar when you could have sworn "Consider Your Verdict" was on Channel 9. It was; it isn't any more.

It will be easier in the long run. And there is an extra good bonus for viewers—a brand-new show, "Mrs. G. Goes To College," on Channel 9 on Mondays at 9.30 p.m.

Mrs. G. (short for Green) is written and played by Gertrude Berg.

Author-actress Gertrude Berg is, in real life, a middle-aged Jewish mother who did just as the series says—go back to college when her family grew up.

The professor who struggles with Mrs. G. is that excellent actor Sir Cedric Hardwicke.

GERTRUDE BERG, as a college freshman, with her professor (Sir Cedric Hardwicke) in the new Channel 9 comedy series, "Mrs. G. Goes To College." (Mondays at 9.30 p.m.)

"FLY BY NIGHT" scene showing, from left, Peter Morris, Stewart Ginn, John Ewart, Dorothy Dunckley, and Sophie Stewart.

"FLY BY NIGHT," A.B.C.-TV's recent live play, was a most enjoyable TV surprise. The surprise was its standard—miles above the general standard of A.B.C. live plays in acting, production, and story.

The story, described as a comedy with a difference, was not so darned comic. It was too real.

It told of the revolt of a middle-aged couple, at the end of the husband's retirement dinner, against the respectability and responsibility of their life.

The small cast (and I am convinced that the smaller the cast the better the TV) really excelled themselves.

I'd give the acting palm to John Ewart as the taxi-driver. Ewart is one of our non-hamming actors, who apparently is oblivious of the camera.

Close on his heels in excellence of performance, though, were Sophie Stewart and Dorothy Dunckley. They both had difficult roles that they handled with the greatest sensibility.

I found "Fly By Night" a delightful TV hour.—**N.M.**

FILM REVIEWS AND GOSSIP

With Miriam Fowler

★★★ POCKETFUL OF MIRACLES

Wisecracking fun along Damon Runyon's Broadway sets the pace for this breezy comedy. Gang boss Glenn Ford, in a big-hearted moment, backs tattered beggar Bette Davis in a masquerade to impress her daughter's uppercrust fiance and family. Ford ropes in his hoods for the job.

Bette Davis, in the rich role of Runyon's "Apple Annie," works a miracle in skilled make-up. — **Regent, Sydney.**

In a word . . . LIVELY.

★ THE YOUNG DOCTORS

An ageing pathologist losing his grip, Fredric March gives dignity to the tedious dramatics of young internes in this hospital melodrama. A new arrival in the pathology department, Ben Gazzara has some of the brashness of TV's "Ben Casey." Tension builds up with the conflict of his modern ideas and March's dated methods. — **Century, Sydney.**

In a word . . . DRY.

ROBERT WISE, Academy Award-winning director for "West Side Story," will shortly arrive in England to make "The Haunting" with Julie Harris. Miss Harris will play the role of a woman whose life is affected by a strange psychic experiment in her youth. Before he leaves for London, Mr. Wise will complete his current project, "Two For The Seesaw," with Shirley MacLaine and Robert Mitchum.

★ ★ ★

ANN-MARGRET seems to be sweeping handsome Hugh O'Brian, Hollywood's most eligible and chronic bachelor, off his feet. The two have been going out three or four times a week to dinner and plays lately. Before O'Brian left for Europe and his starring role in "Champagne Flight" he said Ann-Margret might fly over for a visit—at his invitation.

★ ★ ★

BOB HOPE'S latest picture, "Road To Hong Kong," will bring him in at least 1,000,000 dollars, according to the first box-office reports from theatres around the world.

Husband, daughter have to "calorie-count." Mealtimes quite a problem. Tired old menus. No sweets. Nothing "different." No excitement. ***Me? Exasperated!***

Then; discovery! SUCARYL Non-Caloric sweetener. Boiled. Baked. Frozen. Natural-tasting sweetness. Tea. Coffee. Lemon drink. Can't tell the difference. Experiment—Chocolate Cake Dessert. No "Bitter" taste. No after-taste. No extra calories. Family delighted. ***Me? Excited!***

Now—indulgence of sweet tooth! Feast of cakes. Desserts galore. Cookie jar full. Sweet tea and coffee. And no extra calories! Family completely spoilt. ***Me? Thankful!***

If your family's calorie-conscious—why not try SUCARYL, too?

SUCARYL non-caloric sweetener is available from your family chemist in Liquid or Tablet form. Ask for your free copy of the Sucaryl Recipe Book, or write to "Sucaryl Recipes," Box 3698, G.P.O., Sydney.

Sucaryl REG.

ADDS NO CALORIES

Abbott non-caloric sweetener for diabetic and low calorie diets.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

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First made for baby's tender skin, Johnson's is the one powder for every member of the family. Johnson's is absorbent — it absorbs moisture to keep the skin smooth and fresh . . . neutralises irritants . . . lets the skin breathe naturally. Buy Johnson's — in the real economy size — for your family . . . Johnson's Baby Powder.

NEW FOR BABY AND COSMETIC CARE

Made specially for baby's delicate cleansing needs, Johnson's Cotton Buds are wonderful, too, for cosmetic and first aid use.

Johnson's COTTON BUDS

BEST FOR BABY
BEST FOR YOU

JJ1020

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FATHER

"Seven-minute egg, burned toast, and weak coffee."

MOTHER

"What sort of sickness? . . . sick of school?"

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

— here learning how to hold stocks. The instructor is Helmut Pfister.

THE news that I had been invited on a one-day trip to Thredbo in the N.S.W. snow country could not have aroused more interest in the office if it had been an assignment to go into orbit.

The addicts responded with the exalted look that enthusiasts wear when they are trying to explain what the snow is like. (I had never seen it.) They also lent me ski clothes.

The others were cautious. Some of them hadn't been so sceptical since the time I was dicovered reading a book called "Dinghy Sailing Made Easy."

One colleague recited:

"Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
"Lie scattered on the Alpine mountain cold."

"What's that?" I asked suspiciously.

"It's not relevant," he said, bursting into fresh laughter. "It's from Milton's sonnet 'On the late massacres at Piedmont.' It just popped into my head."

"I do not intend to break my leg," I answered stoutly. "They tell me the risk is negligible for a beginner."

The fact that I didn't break or sprain anything is not surprising, since I confined my first attempt at skiing to ten-foot slides on imperceptible slopes.

Around me braver types were crashing all over the place. You learn quicker that way, some say.

★ ★ ★

"MY husband was promoted to the next class straight away," one pretty, fair girl said disconsolately as we collided. "I can't get the hang of it at all.

"No, he'd never done any skiing before. This is our first morning here."

I tried to console her by saying: "Think how much worse it would be if it were the other way round."

"I suppose so," she answered. But she sounded unconvinced.

Memo to intending snow honeymooners: The problem of differing aptitudes in skiing is one, like money and mothers-in-law, that should be faced before marriage.

★ ★ ★

INCIDENTAL intelligence gathered during the day's outing:

By hearsay: The trout in Lake Eucumbene have grown so fat and lazy because of an abundance of food that they don't bother to put up a struggle. Some caught have weighed 19lb.

By observation: People of so many nationalities visit Thredbo or work there that a notice on one door at Thredbo Lodge is printed in 15 languages. In English it is spelled "Ladies."

THE Thredbo chairlift, said to be the biggest in Australasia, is a mile and a quarter long and rises 1800 feet. The journey takes 14 minutes.

"Oh, I'd love that," I had said in my ignorance. I hadn't realised that you embark and disembark while the chairs are moving.

Practised characters wear their skis. The novice, with skis and stocks clutched under one arm, and with the unaccustomed weight of ski boots, has her agility reduced by half. I was shoved on and wrenched off, but the experience was worth it.

At its highest points your chair is 80 feet above the ground. Coming down, which was more alarming than going up, I tried to admire the pretty shadows of the trees on the snow below. It helped a little.

You are supposed to fasten a chain across the front of the chair. It's a darned good idea, if you're game to use the one free hand with which you hang on. I wasn't.

★ ★ ★

THE trip was provided by Kosciusko-Thredbo Pty. Ltd. and Airlines of N.S.W., who invited a Press party to sample their one-day snow excursions.

You fly from Sydney at 4 a.m., returning at 7 p.m. The deal includes breakfast, hire of boots and skis, and a lesson.

This costs a paying customer £14/14/-, so I suppose my hosts will think it ungrateful of me to mention broken bones in the first paragraph.

Against that, I can state that, though it would be better to learn to ski when young, I believe that it would be possible at a more advanced age to acquire enough skill to enjoy yourself.

I think I could, anyhow, in spite of the look of patient puzzlement on the face of the instructor at my initial inability to grasp where to place the stocks.

★ ★ ★

When you see something (like snow) that is both common and strange, for the first time
You feel that you ought to be able to do it justice in words more majestic than rhyme,
And then, when you examine your conscience closely to find what you have to report,
You realise that if you want to be truthful about what you thought
You have to admit that what snow resembles is cake-icing (but not sweet)
And that apart from that observation you spent most of the time watching your feet.

Job-hunting in Rome

● The sudden appearance of a dark and handsome man in a girl's life is usually interpreted as romance. Franco was even more welcome — he gave me my first job in Rome.

TREVI FOUNTAIN (above), one of the musts in Rome for Kathleen Wiseman's tourist parties. A Melbourne girl, she fell in love with Rome during a Continental holiday from her job in London last year and decided to stay. Here she writes of her difficulties before landing a job as secretary in the Italian branch of a U.S. film company.

By
KATHLEEN WISEMAN

FRANCO wasn't really the tall, handsome variety of dark stranger, but a swarthy, short Sicilian with a mop of curly black hair sprouting from beneath a cap which he kept jammed on his head, even in his photographer's darkroom in the heat of Rome's summer.

"Five o'clock shadow" with Franco was a round-the-clock affair.

I had almost given up hope of being able to stay in Rome when I met him.

When Franco asked me to work for him in his photography business for a few weeks I accepted gladly, although the salary was very low and the hours very long.

He was a fashion photographer and his studio was always full of tall, glamorous Italian models and piles of beautiful clothes waiting to be photographed against typical Roman backdrops.

Apart from making appointments, my main job was to fend off the would-be models who used all sorts of ruses to see Franco. I was sorry when the regular receptionist came back from holidays and I was once more looking for a job.

Two weeks in an architect's office seemed very dull and I was glad when an offer came my way for what seemed an ideal job in Rome in the summer — meeting small groups of English tourists at the main station and conducting them safely to their hotel.

This, theoretically, left most of the day free, but if I managed to get everyone across the city and to the hotel without finding that at least one piece of luggage had been mislaid and without having to stop 20 times while the enthusiasts took photos which just couldn't be taken later, I could really congratulate myself.

If I then managed to say goodbye and get away, it was almost a miracle.

I usually found myself mapping out tourist routes or writing out phonetically a few necessary phrases; or when the girls realised that their pastel-colored cottons and rather sensible English-style sandals just weren't right in Italy's stronger sunlight, directing them to Magazzine Standa, the Italian equivalent of the popular English chainstore Marks and Spencers.

During this I applied for a secretarial job, and to my delight was told to start work on the following Monday. When I got there I found two other girls waiting to start in the same job!

When the situation was sorted out — that three of us had been hired for one job — there were cries of anguish from two of us.

The third, an American, refused to be put off by the receptionist's explanation that the manager had gone away for a few days.

She walked into his office to discover him sitting at his desk waiting for the row to finish.

Alas for him—surrounded by three irate females, for whom the American acted as forceful spokeswoman, he eventually paid us a week's unearned wages.

Back to the tourists, my shoes wearing thin and my bank account thinner.

When the one and only secretarial agency in Rome rang to ask if I would be interested in working for a famous American film company on a permanent basis, I thankfully said goodbye to my last party of tourists.

Now I work a fairly normal Italian office routine from eight-thirty to one, a three-hour lunch-break, then from four to seven-thirty.

I meet film stars, writers, and directors.

I take notes from the stars as they work on location, trying to concentrate despite all the distractions of make-up and wardrobe people busy getting ready for the next shot and the crowd of onlookers who always gather, some just to gape, some armed with cameras to record their own shots of a forthcoming epic.

And at last I feel like a permanent resident of this wonderful city, Rome.

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Too good to miss!

Arnott's

FAMOUS

CHOCOLATE BISCUITS

CHOCOLATE MONTE

There is no Substitute for Quality

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FEMININITY is the keynote in the bedroom for actress Googie Withers by Leslie Walford. Floral wallpaper, a chiffon-draped ceiling, chartreuse couch, and silk bedspread express lightness and sophistication. A Victorian-style round table draped in apricot gives a delightful "old world" touch. Roman-style striped blind, American carpet and wallpaper, Spanish and Italian ornaments give the room an international feeling and great variety.

• Mr. Walford said, "I tried to express Miss Withers' wistfulness, wit, charm, and femininity in the room. It is a room for a woman of fashion who likes comfort and is used to attractive things."

GOOGIE WITHERS

The best-dressed rooms of 1962

• Imagination, color, beautiful fabrics, and furnishings have been used in the eight rooms shown on this and the following three pages. They were designed by leading Sydney interior decorators for a group of well-known personalities.

THE rooms were arranged as an exhibition at David Jones' Sydney store by the Silver Lighthouse Committee for the Royal Blind Society. Ten public figures from the worlds of sport, theatre, literature, television, fashion, politics, and art were chosen by the decorators as people they would best like to design settings for.

A great deal of variety in decorating styles is shown in the rooms as each decorator set out to express the taste and personality of his or her "client."

The ten rooms were "Bedroom for Googie Withers" (above) by Leslie Walford, "Sitting-room for Dame Pattie Menzies" (page 19) by David Jones Ltd., "Outdoor Pavilion for Richie Benaud" (page 18) by Mary White, "Town House Sitting-room for Anne Baxter" (page 21) by Decor Associates, "Study for Sir Garfield Barwick" (page 19) by Deric Deane Pty. Ltd., "After Five with Judy Barraclough" (page 21) by Merle Du Boulay, "Living - room for Digby Wolfe" (page 19) by Cabana, "Breakfast with Gordon Andrews" (page 18) by Marion Best, "Library for Morris West" by Stuart Low Studios, and "Nursery for David Lloyd Jones" by Thomas Gillies.

The two last settings are not shown here. The library for author Morris West expressed masculinity in the tan leather lounge and chair, abstract painting, and rows of bookcases. A leopard-skin design Tai Ping carpet covered the floor. Decorator Stuart Low designed the room as "a retreat where the writer could relax or entertain. A functional room of neutral background, highlighted by pieces of sculpture, paintings, and books."

The nursery for baby David Lloyd Jones has gay horse-patterned wallpaper and a red-and-white-striped blind. Toys make the room every inch a little boy's hideaway Some of the features are an antique leather rocking horse, a tiny chair, and toy soldiers set in glass on the wall. Thomas Gillies designed it as "a happy room where laughter should be heard."

MORE ROOMS OVERLEAF

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HEINZ
BABY FOODS 57
every meal...every day

THE GOOD THEY DO YOUR BABY NOW . . . LASTS A LIFETIME

EXOTIC color and abstract forms are features of the breakfast-room for Gordon Andrews. Curtain is of colored-glass pieces; enlarged photograph of bamboos and wall of tightly stretched white silk add oriental touch. Tabletop is marble and the chairs are covered in strikingly colored wool.

GORDON ANDREWS

● ***Marion Best comments: "Breakfast may be any time before or after dawn. This one could be about three or four in the morning. Mr. Andrews has an instinctive feeling for the oriental. He designed the furniture and carpet and I arranged them to create a mood of elegant warmth typical of Mr. Andrews."***

SPACE is created by the clever use of mirrors, sparse but functional furniture, and light airy wallpaper treatment on ceiling in the room for cricketer Richie Benaud. Floor is of Italian ceramics; interesting cabinet covered with wallpaper houses tape recorder. Books and photographs are the only suggestion of sport in the decor.

● ***Mary White describes her setting: "After meeting Mr. Benaud I realised that he is a writer and a thinker as well as a great sportsman. I thought of him in a room which combined the feeling of the outdoors with an atmosphere of books and music. The answer was a summer-house."***

RICHIE BENAUD

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BEST-DRESSED ROOMS

DIGBY WOLFE

RESTFUL atmosphere has been created in the living-room for Digby Wolfe by use of simple lines and quiet colors. A Judy Cassab painting, Siamese 17th-century woodcarving, Indian copper and silver hunting horn, and brass lantern add character. Furniture is lacquered to stimulate interest and sofa is covered in rich wool. Lovely coffee table has a white marble top and curtains are draped in a very graceful triple arch pelmet.

● *Joyce Tebbutt, of Cabana, explains her ideas: "It is a room designed for the leisure hours of a busy man. I wanted to make it restful and have concentrated on a single color theme to do this. I chose straight, simple lines in the furnishings, as I wanted to create a background for a sparkling personality. It is a room for a bachelor, made for entertaining, as dramatic as a stage."*

DAME PATTIE MENZIES

FRESH and cheerful morning-room for Dame Pattie Menzies has chintz coverings on walls, lovely sofa, chair and stool coverings repeating wall theme. Desk is 18th-century French piece, clock and silver are valuable antiques. Carpet gives a feeling of unity with sofa, lamp, chintz on wall. Fireplace, familiar photographs and ornaments add comfort and friendliness to a charming room.

● *John Bown, of David Jones Ltd., says: "I have tried to strike a balance between Dame Pattie's private and public lives by making her room a place where she can attend to official correspondence and also entertain visitors. I wanted it to reflect her interests and her personality as well as make it a suitable room for the Australian Prime Minister's wife. It is a room that I would like her to be happy in. It is not a simple matter to create a room representing the taste of such a well-known public figure which will satisfy everyone."*

Pictures by staff photographer DON CAMERON

Continued page 21

SIR GARFIELD BARWICK

TRADITIONAL-STYLE study for Sir Garfield Barwick has muted colors and furniture selected to give a rich but mellowed effect. Walnut desk, hunt-scene picture, fireplace, and bookcases reflect a studious personality. Armchair and footstool add warmth and color and give the room a feeling of comfort.

● *Malcolm Forbes, of Deric Deane Pty. Ltd., comments: "I see Sir Garfield as a poised man of solid and traditional background, a man of many interests and wide knowledge. I have tried to create a room to which he would like to retire to read, work, or receive friends. I wanted to express his quiet strength, love of paintings and gardens, and to infuse with those things a feeling of well-being and a measure of tasteful conservatism."*

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GIVE YOURSELF A "COFFEE-BREAK"

NOTHING IN THE WORLD LIKE THE ROUSING GOOD TASTE OF COFFEE

Whenever you have to think more clearly, give yourself a coffee-break! At home or at work coffee cheers you up. Gives you a little extra get-up-and-go. And see how you spark to the hearty, rich taste of it! Coffee is mighty good company—and it makes you better company. Ideas flow and friendships grow over a cup of coffee. Drink it often! Enjoy coffee at mealtimes! Relax over coffee at your favourite restaurant! For lively satisfaction, nothing else comes close.

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BEST-DRESSED ROOMS

SOFT ELEGANCE is keynote of sitting-room for film star Anne Baxter. Velvet settee and chairs combine perfectly with silk armchair and unusual padded hall chair. Hand-carved Italian wall plaque and American metallic wallpaper add interest to the furniture, which is pickle-finished silver ash.

ANNE BAXTER

● *Warren Harding and David Lorimer, of Decor, agreed that their setting for Miss Baxter must express her international personality. "She is tremendously sophisticated, warm, vital, and intelligent," they said. "We thought she should have an especially comfortable and luxurious town house, and have tried to give her just that."*

SOPHISTICATION is conveyed by a mink slung over a silk settee, long black evening gloves and bag, and bucket of champagne on early Georgian papier-mache tray in setting for model Judy Barraclough. Judy Cassab painting adds color to the Regency chair and early Georgian writing-bureau.

JUDY BARRACLOUGH

● *"Miss Barraclough is such a fantastically sophisticated person," said decorator Merle Du Boulay. "I have tried to capture this in a room which is elegant and vibrant, but not hard. I particularly liked the touch given by the matching chartreuse couch and the telephone beside it."*

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Vistas of romance and adventure stretched ahead . . . a story

The HOPEFUL TRAVELLER

By DOROTHY EDEN

WHEN Aunt Adelaide's small holding of apparently worthless mining shares, left her by her husband, suddenly skyrocketed in value, she decided there was only one way to spend such an unexpected windfall, and that was to take her long-planned trip back to England.

She did not, however, mean to travel alone, and being a generous person instantly decided on two things. She would invite her sister Ruth and her niece Claudia to accompany her. Ruth would be a congenial companion and between them they would contrive to give Claudia, who was inclined to be a little too serious, the time of her life.

Being a person of impulse, she lost no time in summoning Ruth and Claudia to her home. Claudia, who was not so impulsive — somewhere, over the years, a good deal of caution had crept into her nature — listened in astonishment to the conversation of her two excited aunts.

"We'll sail on the Corinthian," Aunt Adelaide declared. "Deck cabins and lots of clothes. We must begin shopping. Claudia, you must ask for three months' leave. If they won't give it to you you must leave your job."

"Leave," gasped Claudia.

"Why not? You can get another. I never was very happy about the one you have, anyway. Nothing but pictures and statistics. It tends to mummify a young girl."

"But, Aunt Adelaide, I love my job. I love the pictures. I'm an authority on Rembrandts . . ."

"That's what I'm saying," Aunt Adelaide went on smoothly. "What you need is a cultural tour abroad. And not only cultural. Make notes for me, Ruth, make a heading: Claudia's Wardrobe. Start with dance dresses."

"But, Aunt Adelaide, if I travel with you two — oh, I'd love it enormously. You know I adore you both — but who do I dance with?"

"Ah-ha!" said Aunt Adelaide, beaming, "that's the crux of the matter. You'll be having a delightful sea trip. It's up to you whom you dance with. I scarcely need to remind you that both Ruth and I met our husbands on board ship. Your Uncle George was assistant-purser on the Leander and your Uncle Eric fourth-engineer on the Duchess of Carlyle. Fateful trips, weren't they, Ruth?" Aunt Ruth nodded in happy retrospect.

Claudia leaned forward. "Aunt Adelaide, this is terribly sweet of you, but what makes you think the same thing will happen to me?"

"I agree one can't be sure. But you'll have everything on your side, pretty clothes, romantic music, moonlight over all those vast miles of ocean, time . . . If ever you're to fall in love, Claudia, it will be then."

"Why not right here in Boston?"

"Well, my darling child —" Aunt Adelaide's expressive eyes spoke the story of Claudia's lack of a successful romance.

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"It's rather fun here," James said to Claudia as gallantly he helped to remove her coat.

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New Formula Persil

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Thanks to its new-type oxygen formula — with bubbling action — Persil washes as white by washing machine as by boiling. New Formula Persil is the first and only powder specially made for all washing machines.

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Sleepyhead mother

A NEW father, I always wake to baby's first cries at early morning feed time. My wife slumbers blissfully unaware until I rouse her. When business forced me to stay away overnight recently, two alarm clocks, ringing simultaneously, failed to wake her. It took the woman from an upstairs flat to do the trick. All suggestions of how to rouse my sleepyhead will be gratefully tried.

£1/1/- to "Husband of Sleepyhead" (name supplied), Fulham, S.A.

Too many bridal showers

SURELY pre-wedding functions are overdone these days. I've been invited to four "kitchen" evenings for the same bride, and consider one such evening should be sufficient to set up any bride's kitchen. As it is, the same friends are usually invited each time and are expected to take along a gift to each party, resulting in the bride being inundated with more goods than she knows what to do with, and the guests being out of pocket.

£1/1/- to "G.M.K." (name supplied), Auckland, N.Z.

Difficult foreign surnames

OUR surname is rather a long one which Australians find difficult to pronounce and spell. There are several short names that could be derived from it, and, as we are naturalised and prepared to make Australia our home, I feel we should do so for our fellow citizens' convenience. Do other "foreign-namers" agree with me?

£1/1/- to "To Be Or Not To Be" (name supplied), St. Kilda, Vic.

No music while she works

MUSIC while you work may be all right for some housewives, but I find I work much better without the distraction of radio. When I tried listening in and working at the same time, I found my pace slackened considerably. I had even resorted to carrying a transistor set around the house with me rather than miss a favorite programme. Nowadays when I'm busy the radio is switched off.

£1/1/- to "Portia" (name supplied), Wycheproof, Vic.

The dog courts death

I HAVE a deep-water frontage, and I know for a fact there are sharks out there, yet my dog either doesn't realise this or enjoys flirting with death. She thinks nothing of swimming several hundred yards after boats. I've told her repeatedly how dangerous her favorite pastime is, yet she refuses to listen.

£1/1/- to Miss M. Ward, Orange Grove, N.S.W.

Empty hours

"WHAT'LL I DO" (Vic.), living alone in a flat, has touched on a fairly common problem—how to fill those lonely evenings after a busy day at work. Those with spare time can be a treasure in the community. They can lighten many charity burdens. Boredom is a waste of time and talent.

£1/1/- to Miss L. Allen, Casino, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

JOIN a dramatic club and be caught up in the excitement of the current production. Our club has outings to other club plays or to shows in town. If you have no leaning to acting, you can help with the costumes, scenery, etc. There's never a dull moment.

£1/1/- to M. Smith, Dandenong, Vic.

★ ★ ★

THERE'S no need to be lonely—apply to your nearest Girl Guide headquarters and offer your services as a Guider. With meetings and training, you'll have very little spare time on your hands. Camps and other activities occupy the weekends.

£1/1/- to "Guider" (name supplied), Rockhampton, Qld.

★ ★ ★

JOIN an adult education class in something which interests you. Living in the outback, I've taken on a correspondence course, and have surprised myself with the interest it gives me.

£1/1/- to Miss R. Landquist, Kununirra, W.A.

★ ★ ★

"WHAT'LL I DO" should seek out some equally lonely woman to share her flat. There are plenty of them around. An alternative is a comforting dog; lots of folks turn to dogs when lonely.

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. Amos, Eltham, Vic.

★ ★ ★

INVEST in a TV set or join a local library. At the age of 38, an aunt found herself alone in the world, and decided to take a course in Italian. On a later overseas trip she found bi-lingual ability helpful.

£1/1/- to "Mrs. J.T." (name supplied), East St. Kilda, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

THERE GOES THAT YARN AGAIN

MY friend Jack T. has a reputation as a teller of funny stories.

He was telling one at a party the other night.

A friend of his, he said, got into a bus and saw a man in the next seat with two pigeons perching on him. One pigeon was on his shoulder and the other on the top of his head.

Unable to control his curiosity, the friend said: "Excuse me, sir, would you mind telling me why you carry these pigeons on you?"

"Them?" the man said. "I don't know. They must have got on at Market Street."

It wasn't a bad story, and everybody laughed, with one exception—the teller's wife. Mrs. T. gave a faint smile.

I thought: "I wonder how many times she has heard that story before."

In most families it is accepted that funny-story telling is something only the husband does, like carrying out the garbage tin. A story-telling wife is a rarity.

But the average man has only a small stock of stories. His wife hears most of them during the courtship period. After that they lose their freshness for her.

My own case is typical. I know nine stories, seven of which are suitable for telling at parties.

I was telling one of them, my "Mean Man" story, a few nights ago.

I used to know this Mean Man at a place where I worked. One day a chap came up and asked him for the loan of a penny for a telephone call. The Mean Man refused. Turning to me, he muttered: "He owes me one already."

It is a story of only moderate quality at the best of times. I noticed that on this occasion it got less reaction than usual.

Afterwards I mentioned the fact to my wife, and she said: "You've told all your friends that story before. I don't know how many times *I've* heard it."

My wife has put up with my stories in the past, but this remark was a danger signal. She can't stand them much longer. Neither can my friends.

I find it hard to learn new stories. Probably the best thing would be to stop telling them altogether.

Most women do a loyal job as listeners. A few even burst out laughing when their husbands tell a story, as if they hadn't heard it before. More usually the wife gives a kindly smile, as if to say: "I always enjoy that story, however often I hear it."

But now and then a wife must rebel. You can imagine the scene.

Husband says to a group of guests: "Stop me if you've heard this one," and begins his story about the Irishman and the Scotsman playing golf.

Wife shouts: "Stop! *I've* heard that twenty times. What about *me* telling one for a change?"

And, though I play for the opposing side, I can't blame her.

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A lighthearted, amusing short story

By WILLARD TEMPLE

The love seat

DISASTER walked into the Jones' house in the elegant presence of Mr. Elliot Arnold. Slim and patrician and soft-spoken, he made Bud Jones feel even larger and more lumbering than he was. "You have a charming home," Elliot Arnold said. "We built it four years ago," Nancy Jones said. "It cost more than we anticipated. I guess houses always do. We didn't have a dime left for furniture, which is why it looks so dreadful. A modern house with a hodgepodge of furnishings. I didn't want to improve it piecemeal, Mr. Arnold. I wanted to do it all at once. Now Bud says I can."

She smiled fondly at Jones, who was getting up from his favorite chair. He shook hands with the interior decorator, noticing how Arnold responded to Nancy's mercurial charm. Men always did, and each time it happened Jones spent a moment wondering why Nancy had married him.

In his own field of endeavor he did not lack confidence. Behind his desk or on a construction site he was every inch the boss. But while Nancy knew nothing of building bridges or highways, she was the one who had conferred with the architect when they had built their house. And now she had sought out Elliot Arnold, whose shop had one simple chair in the window under its chaste, one-word sign: "Interiors."

Nancy and Arnold chatted conspiratorily and Jones retreated to his chair. His turn would come when it was time to open the cheque book. Nancy did a little dance step. "Oh, Bud," she said, "it's going to be wonderful. I had some ideas and I was afraid Mr. Arnold would laugh at me, but he thinks they're good."

"Your wife has impeccable taste," Elliot Arnold said, flashing his teeth at Jones. "I promised Nancy a free hand, Mr. Arnold," Jones said. "She can get rid of anything in the house she wants to. All I want to keep is this chair."

His wife was happy and therefore Jones was happy. He leaned back in his reclining-chair until it was virtually horizontal, blissfully unaware of the look that passed between Nancy and the interior decorator.

"Bud," Nancy said, "that chair has to go." The chair shifted to an oblique angle. "This chair stays," Jones said amiably. "I have behind me, Mr. Arnold, a history of wrecked furniture. I am probably the heavyweight chair-smashing champion of the State.

To page 28

Nancy frowned as she looked at her husband. "You must admit that chair is ugly," she said.

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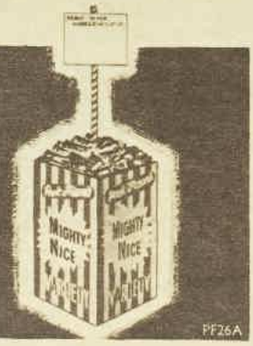

PF26A

Continuing . . . THE LOVE SEAT

from page 27

"I bought this chair myself in my bachelor days. I'm six two and a half and weigh fourteen stone, and this chair is as solid as the day I bought it. They don't make 'em like it any more."

Recumbent once again, he was completely unaware of any cloud on his marital horizon until Elliot Arnold had departed. Nancy returned from the door and studied her husband, a wife coping with a domestic problem. "Bud," she said, "I know your chair is comfortable. But you have to admit it's ugly. And the color's impossible. Mr. Arnold agrees."

"Not a bad guy, Arnold," Jones said. "I couldn't think of anything to say to him myself, but I'm glad you hit it off. I bet this chair will last for another twenty years. Fellow who designed it must have been an engineer. Or else he weighed fourteen stone."

Nancy started to say something, but changed her mind.

The chair was not mentioned again, and Nancy went to work. Elliot Arnold scoured the city for items for the house. There were long telephone conversations between Arnold and Nancy, conferences in his shop and in the Jones' home. She went with Arnold to look at furniture and material, and gradually the house began to bloom like a garden in May.

The reclining chair remained; the new room was, in effect, built around it. And finally there came a day when the last lamp was placed, the last ashtray was in position, the last picture was hung, and Jones came home from work and was stopped in his tracks when he opened the door.

"I want you to look at our living-room with me," Nancy said proudly, tucking an arm through his.

"It looks great," Jones said, taking in the new pieces and the color scheme. He crossed the room and sat in his chair. "Why don't we have a party and show it off?"

"I'd love to," Nancy said, "but there's just one thing. Darling, you can see how dreadful your chair looks. I counted on your good taste."

"I don't have good taste except in bridges and girls," Jones said.

"I was counting," Nancy said, "on getting the room done and then having you realise your chair is impossible. I was trying not to be a shrewish wife. Elliot and I decided this was the best way to handle the situation."

"When did you start calling him Elliot?" Jones said, settling in his chair. "Who do you want to invite to the party?"

"I've seen Elliot almost every day," Nancy said. "It seemed silly to go on calling him mister. You're evading the issue."

JONES said simply, "I like my chair. I intend to sit in it and admire everything you've done. Let's discuss the party."

"I won't have a party with that chair in this room."

"Well, you could move it out for parties," Jones said, "as long as it came back when the party ended. At parties, I don't get a chance to sit down, anyway." Fondly, Jones kissed his wife. "I don't mind your calling him Elliot," he said. "Do you like your house?"

"I'm going to love it," Nancy said, making a distinction Jones did not observe.

Three days passed. On the third evening, when Jones came home, his chair was gone. In its place was something else. Jones regarded it stonily. Nancy, who in the preceding hour and a half had gnawed two pretty tapered fingernails to the quick, said, "Before you say anything, sit in it."

He did so, gingerly, a massive man looking like a tribal chieftain whose palace throne had been stolen from under him.

"Well?" Nancy said breathlessly.

"It's more comfortable than it looks," Jones said. "It's not a bad chair."

"How wonderful!" Nancy cried. She flew across the room and into his arms. "Elliot and I spent three days scouring the city for it. We knew you'd like it."

"Where's my chair?" Jones said, rising to his feet.

"I gave it to the Salvation Army," Nancy said. "You don't mind, do you, Bud? You can see how that chair of yours was a blot on this room. And you like this chair, you said so. Bud, where are you going?"

Jones didn't answer, but the station wagon hurtled out of the driveway and was gone over an hour.

Nancy was crying in the bedroom when she heard noises at the far end of the house. She emerged to see her husband manoeuvring his chair into the garage. She barred him at the door. "I won't have it in our living-room," she said.

"I'll leave it in the garage while we discuss it," Jones said.

They went into their bedroom. Nancy sat down at her dressing-table. Jones pointedly remained standing.

"First of all," Nancy said, "I want to say that I appreciate all you've let me do, and I am grateful. But that horrible chair spoils everything."

"I guess you just never realised how much I like that chair," Jones said. "The living-room is the Alamo and Jones' last stand. I intend to sit in my chair."

"Not in the living-room," Nancy said.

"Then I'll sit in the garage," Jones said.

And he did. He put on an old football sweater and a hat, and carried a lamp and the evening paper into the garage. He sat in the chair, among the cars and the garden tools, and made periodic trips to the refrigerator for beer, walking loudly but getting no rise out of Nancy. When he went into their bedroom at eleven, Nancy was asleep or pretending to be.

It went on for three days, and Jones caught a slight cold and made a great to-do over wrapping his throat in a woollen scarf and replaced his hat with a ski cap, which came down over his ears. He sat in the garage, coughing loudly.

Finally one night at ten o'clock Nancy came out and glared at him. "We can't go on like this," she said.

"We won't," Jones said in a hoarse voice. "The temperature's about fifty out here. I probably won't last another month. My will is in the safe at the lawyer's, and you can let Chester Manduke handle our investments. He's a reliable man."

"Oh, you big kid," Nancy said. "You look as healthy as a bear, and not twenty minutes ago, when Pete Walters called you about going on a hunting trip, you forgot to sound hoarse. What are you hunting?"

"Interior decorators," Jones said heavily. "What do you suppose is the bag limit?"

Nancy went to bed, and so did Jones an hour later; but he had little sleep. The next day at the office, he accomplished no work, and when he went home at five o'clock his chair was back in the living-room.

Nancy was pale, tight-lipped, terribly polite. "I have given in," she said. "I know how much the chair means to you, it's the love of your life, and it will stay in our living-room forever. I hope you're deliriously happy."

After dinner Jones sat in his chair. He felt delirious but not happy. His chair appeared to be full of knobs and lumps and pins. He fidgeted in it. Nancy retired to the bedroom to sew.

AT nine-thirty Jones got out of his chair and regarded it sorrowfully. "Okay," he said to his chair, "this was the Alamo, and Davy Crockett and Bud Jones have had it." He began hauling the chair out of the room to get it back to the garage.

Nancy came out and said tearfully, "I gave in."

"That makes two of us and I'm bigger," Jones said. "Why did you marry me, anyway? That's what I want to know. You always knew I was a dumb engineer. I never understood your art courses in college. Why didn't you marry some smoothie like Elliot Arnold? You had lunch with him today, didn't you?" Angrily, he hauled the chair over the threshold and into position in the garage.

"I was talking to him about you," Nancy said, "trying to find a way to make you happy. Are you accusing me of infidelity? Is that what you're thinking?"

"You can have everything I've got, including the shirt on my back, but you can't have this chair," Jones roared. "You never really loved me, anyway."

He spent the night in his chair and awakened with a stiff neck and an aching back. He and Nancy did not speak, and he departed without kissing her goodbye. At ten he left his office and headed for a marriage counsellor.

He was outside the building when the futility of it struck him. "There's this chair," he could hear himself saying to an incredulous marriage counsellor. "There's this chair that has come between me and my wife." The impossibility of that was obvious, and he was turning disconsolately away when he noticed the shop window before him. "Interiors," the shop window lettering stated, and through the glass he saw a stately blonde moving among the furnishings.

Jones plunged inside and the blonde smiled at him. "I'm planning a little remodelling," Jones said, "and I need some expert advice. I'd like to take you out to my house this afternoon."

The blonde's name was Miss Deacon. Jones collected her at one and drove her home. Nancy was not there.

"This looks like Elliot Arnold's work," Miss Deacon said in the living-room.

"It is," Jones said, "but I live in a different part of the house." And he led her to the garage. With both cars gone, Jones' chair sat there forlornly. "I'm going to turn this into a room," Jones said. "I don't know anything about colors, drapes, or furniture, but one thing I do know—that chair stays. You probably hate it on sight, but it stays. If we can't agree on

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They had been inseparable companions for years, until the unwanted stranger arrived to threaten their friendship.

The Friends

A short short story

By DEIRDRE HILL

NOBODY minded the little dog. He followed the old man everywhere, and when they entered the dining-room together he stayed so close to his heels that the other guests barely noticed him. At his small corner table the man sat, immaculately dressed, his rimless glasses low on his nose as he read his book, slowly ate his meal, and felt the warm body resting against his feet.

When he finished his meal he would fold his napkin, carefully mark the place in his book, close it, and walk through the dining-room quickly, the dog at his heels.

Each morning they walked together through the bush, sometimes for hours, and at night the little grey dog with its long hair hanging over bright brown eyes would curl up in a box at the side of his door.

When Henry arrived the pair were already seated at the corner table by the window. Henry was a young man whose idea of having a good holiday was to talk in turn to all the guests and in this way find someone with a few interests in common and begin a companionship.

He was disappointed with his first glimpse of the guests, and now that he found himself seated alone at a small table in the centre of the room his spirits sank. Well, it was restful, they had told him that was what he needed—rest.

At the corner table something bright, brown, and grey moved slightly and he leaned down to see what it was. A cocked ear, grey whiskery chin resting on a black boot. Intrigued, Henry held his hand encouragingly close to the floor. The little figure moved forward and the old man put his finger at the place in his book and looked down. The warmth of the little grey dog left his leg and he saw him trot across to the centre table. The dog sat on its hind legs and took the meat offered him, then hurried back under the table and rested again against the black shoes. The old man noted the young man sitting alone, stared for quite a few moments, then bent his head to his book, moving his feet so the dog was partly imprisoned between them.

His meal finished, he walked to the dining-room door, opened it, and looked down. The dog was not there. As he retraced his steps all heads turned and he stopped by the small table where the new young man was seated. "It is better not to feed the dog in the dining-room," he said, "bad training." His voice was low, it shook slightly, and he stooped down and gathered his little grey dog into his arms and walked back.

After breakfast Henry took his racquet and tennis ball out on the terrace and, greeting the guests, joined in the chatter as they made plans for the day. No, there seemed to be no tennis enthusiasts among them. Bad luck for a young fellow like you — no one your own age here at the moment. Picture show in the nearby township showing a good film this afternoon. Plenty of walks. There was old Mr. Preston going out now.

The young man looked toward the path, noticed the little dog trotting at the heels of the man, and gave a low whistle. The dog stopped, turned slightly, and watched the white tennis ball rolling along the grass. He looked at his master, saw he, too, had stopped, and yapping with excitement chased after it, caught it in his mouth, and dashed back to the young man.

The white ball rolled over the grass again. The dog returned it. Again he raced across, the old man waited, leaning on his stick. "Here Whisk," he called, but the dog was tearing across the grass again, grovelling under the trees for the ball. When he returned it Henry nudged the dog over, rolling him across the lawn. Barking and yapping with glee, the dog played, and, when he looked up, the old man was not standing waiting. He ran back to the path, looked each way, sniffed along the ground, and then dashed off through the open gateway.

Everyone felt the tension that night. The dog sat with his head on his paws under the corner table, and when the young man pushed back his chair he flipped his fingers. Slowly, his tail down, the dog walked across the room, eyeing the white ball in the young man's hand, waiting to hear the sharp command come from behind, not knowing the old man's throat was tight and dry and the sound would not come.

People in the dining-room suddenly noticed Mr. Preston had failed to appear at meals. The waitress Judith was worried, a few people glanced in the direction of his vacant chair, noticed the young man with the dog at his feet, and wondered for a second about the old man.

Mr. Preston looked down as the little dog moved toward the outstretched hand.

A few inquiries about Mr. Preston's absence resulted in the announcement from Judith the waitress that he was not well. He was remaining in his room for the time being. Why, he had been at that hotel just about as long as she could remember.

On his last day Henry walked across the lounge, bags in hand, and checked out from the office. Hadn't been a bad sort of holiday. Old man sick, wasn't he? Who was going to look after the dog?

The manager had thought of that. He was worried about the old man. It looked as though the dog might be a nuisance. "Might as well take the dog home," Henry said, "unless you want to look after him."

It was a busy hotel, there was no time to worry about dogs. The manager nodded his assent.

Old Mr. Preston was visited by the doctor just before dinner. Judith took him some soup, but she told those who asked that he would not touch a drop.

Coffee was served in the lounge, the TV was flickering its bright and shadowed light, no one was in the office, so Judith answered the phone call. It was that young man Henry. She had no time for him; her voice was sharp and quick. Yes, she would look for his tennis racquet, probably in his room, and have them send it on. Yes, they had his address. Yes, she would be sure to give the message. The dog? Jumped out of the car when he stopped for cigarettes twenty miles along the road. Was he all right? Oh. Racing back down the highway when he last saw him.

Judith walked out to the glass doors of the lounge-room and looked into the night. The coffee was there if anyone wanted more, so she walked through the doors down the path. She had been ten minutes at the gates when she saw the little grey shape limp along the side of the roadway, struggle up the kerb on to the green grass by the gate, and stop and look up at her. She bent down to pick him up, but he pushed past her, walked through the open gate, down the covered pathway, and when she reached him he was scratching at the outside door of Mr. Preston's room.

When he entered the dining-room the following evening, the old man looked neither to right nor left. He leaned heavily on his stick and Whisky kept close to his heels. A newcomer at the centre table put out his hand as the dog walked past and patted his head, but the walking stick nudged it away and the dog followed his master to the corner table. He opened his book and felt the warm body rest against his legs, then he looked around the room.

Putting his hand against the open pages he cleared his throat. The faces in the dining-room turned, slowly, and gazed at the corner table. "It is better," the old man said quietly, his voice steady, regulated, "if you do not feed the dog in the dining-room." Then he took his hand from the pages and began to read, feeling the warmth of the little grey dog as it lay quietly against his feet.

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"Try this new recipe" says *Betty King*

Chicken and Beef Balls: Add 1 packet Continental Brand Chicken Noodle Soup to ½ pint boiling water and cook 5 minutes, cool. Place into a basin, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 small onion finely chopped, 1 lb. minced steak, ½ lb. sausage mince and 1 egg. Add cooked soup mixture and combine evenly. Shape into medium size balls and roll in flour and little paprika. Cook and brown in hot shortening. Serve hot with tomato sauce and spaghetti.

Taste the home-made goodness in Continental soup

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STAR-RAKER

Final instalment of our serial

By DONALD GORDON

"This is quite an historic occasion," Sir Iain said as Fiona and Keith watched him sign the document.

SIR IAIN sat at his desk and read "The Financial Times." Atlas shares, he noticed, had gone up another 6d.; in the last month they had risen from 22/6 to 39/3. He picked up the telephone and asked for his stockbroker.

"Hugh? Will you do me a favor?"

"I'll try."

"I want to know who's buying Atlas."

"Hmmm! You know what the form is, at best I can only guess. You're not in a hurry, I hope."

"I know it's asking a lot — but by the end of the week?"

"I'll try. I'll ring you back."

"Thanks a lot, Hugh."

He hung up. That was what he liked about Hugh McInnes; he didn't ask a lot of damn silly questions; he just got on with the job.

It irked him almost beyond endurance to think that the financier was making capital out of the Star-raker's misfortunes; for he was certain in his own mind now that Sir Horace was using his inside information to invest in Atlas — believing their Pathfinder was certain to get the contract.

If this was indeed the case then he wouldn't be pleased to hear of the progress they had made these past few days in the Star-raker tests, for he'd be frightened that even at the eleventh hour the trouble could be cured and the plane return to favor. He wondered vaguely whether Sir Horace mightn't try to sabotage further tests, but the idea struck him as being far-fetched and melodramatic. After all, how could he sabotage them?

The answer came that evening.

It was nine o'clock. He was sitting in the library at Five Oaks Farm sorting through photographs of Fiona — he had a special use for them the following evening — and he wasn't pleased when his housekeeper told him he was wanted on the phone.

As soon as he heard the o-so-cultured voice of the P.A. he knew who wanted to talk to him. "Yes," he said, "of course I can spare Sir Horace a few minutes."

He waited. It was only a little thing, but the waiting irked him. He knew it was all part and parcel of Sir Horace's technique to keep people waiting.

"Yes," he grunted. "What can I do for you?"

"Old boy! Something pretty serious has happened."

"What?"

"There's been a leakage: about your Star-raker crews getting cancer."

There are all sorts of sabotage, he thought.

"How come you know about the cancer, Ponsonby?"

"I am on your board, you know. Naturally I like to keep au fait."

"But the board weren't told about the cancer."

"I always think it's a mistake, old boy—if you don't mind my saying so—to keep one's directors in the dark. Things always come out in the wash sooner or late. Then there's bad feeling."

There's no point, he thought, in sparring. All that matters is how to undo the damage and stop him from doing more.

"This leakage," he said. "Who's in the know?"

"Old Tewson for one—had lunch with him yesterday. And I think Harper and Gladstone."

"All members of the board?"

"Yes. Thought I'd better warn you, old boy. Tewson was hopping mad. Said he ought to have been told. Said it was too important an issue to be hushed up. Harper and Gladstone agree. And they want an emergency board-meeting."

So that's it, he thought. Sir Horace must have heard of the progress they'd made in the tests. And this had worried him. He had decided to make a nuisance of himself: to stir up trouble on the board: to force a board-meeting. Doubtless he felt that at a board-meeting he would be sure of enough support to push through some sort of motion that would slow down the tests—an appeal perhaps to the British Medical Council to declare the Star-raker "clean." Such a motion, excellent in theory, would have in practice only one result. It would rule out any chance of the Star-raker being ready in time for the Minister's "little coup."

"Then we'll have one. Two-thirty tomorrow."

"Tomorrow!" Sir Iain could just imagine him puffing out his cheeks, carefully weighing the pros and the cons. "You think you'll get hold of everyone at such short notice?"

"From what you've told me"—ironically—"I think most of them will be prepared to come."

There were no goodbyes: he just put down the receiver.

He got in touch with Sinclair and told him to make the necessary arrangements. Then he walked slowly back to the library.

He went on sorting through the photographs of his daughter, but he sorted them automatically now, his mind on other and more important things. This meeting. A lot depended on it. The board would be out of sympathy with him at first, and Sir Horace no doubt would come up with some "helpful" proposal which would in practice deny him his last chance of getting the Star-raker ready in time. How to outwit him? How to win over the board?

As an idea began to form in his mind he paid less and less attention to the photographs. He went on staring, hour after hour, into the fire that gradually weakened and died, then into ashes that had lost both color and warmth. It was two in the morning before he got to his feet and walked very slowly out of the room.

Behind him the lamps were left on and the photographs of his daughter left scattered across the hearthrug, forgotten as yesterday's dream.

. . . . . .

There was tension in the boardroom: the atmosphere of a hot summer day when storm clouds are building up against the wind. People stood in little groups, the six outside directors on one side of the room and the four members of McIver-Ducann on the other. The arrival of Sir Iain was a relief to them all.

He wasted no time in preliminaries. His gavel rapped on the table.

"Gentlemen! You know the circumstances that have brought us together. My very good friend here" — he smiled at Sir Horace — "tells me that some of you are dissatisfied: that you feel you've been kept too much in the dark about the Star-raker trials. Well, if anyone has a grievance, now is the time to air it."

He had rather expected Sir Horace to lead off for the opposition. But it was old Tewson who spoke first.

"These rumors about cancer. Are they true?"

Brigadier Tewson had been in the Army. He believed in speaking his mind and no nonsense. His directness embarrassed at lot of people, but it had never worried Sir Iain — and he was grateful for it now. He didn't play the cancer down; in fact, he gave it a deliberate build-up.

"These rumors that I'm told are going the rounds . . . I've not heard

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Jackie's meringue hat

● *The hats of America's first lady are just as famous as her simple, uncluttered clothes, and her pill-box hats are copied internationally. Now Jackie Kennedy sets a new trend with this smooth-as-satin meringue hat, which you can make for yourself by following the simple directions below:*

THE pattern is cut for a 24in. head fitting. (To alter size, see in gore diagram, below.)

Materials required are ⅝yd. 36in., 42in., 48in., or 54in. material; ¾yd. matching 1in.-wide grosgrain or other ribbon.

To cut pattern

To lay out pattern and cut gores:

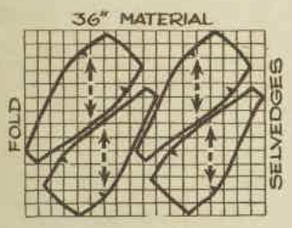
Fold the material in half as shown.

Lay the pattern in the upper left-hand corner as indicated, with the straight grain line parallel to fold and selvedges so that the centre of the gore is on the true bias.

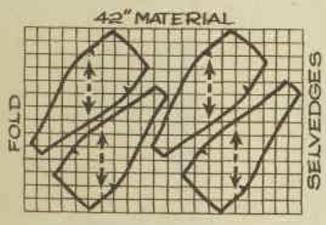
Mark round the pattern and into the Vs with chalk or pencil.

Remove the pattern and mark three more gores in exactly the same way, following the layout diagram, making sure that the straight grain line is correctly placed.

Cut around the four gores through both thicknesses of material—making eight gores in all.

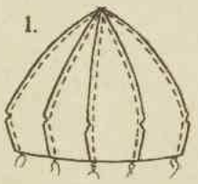


● *Diagram shows how to lay out pattern and cut gores on 36 and 42in. material. Each square is 2in.*

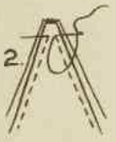


MERINGUE HAT worn by Jackie Kennedy, at left, front view; above, side and back.

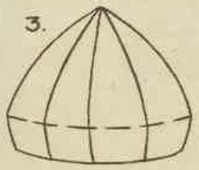
Instructions for making



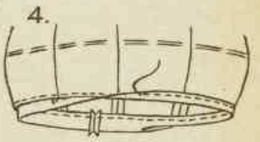
1. With pencil or chalk, mark the half-inch seamlines down either side of each gore, meeting at ½in. below the top. Mark the fold line from the Vs, 2¾in. above the lower edge. Tack, then stitch the eight gores together, matching the Vs, following the seam lines to as near the tops as machine foot will go, being careful not to stretch bias.



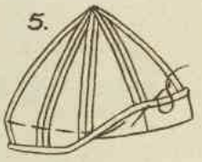
2. At the top of the gores catch-stitch the eight gores together to finish off, and strengthen at the meeting point on the crown.



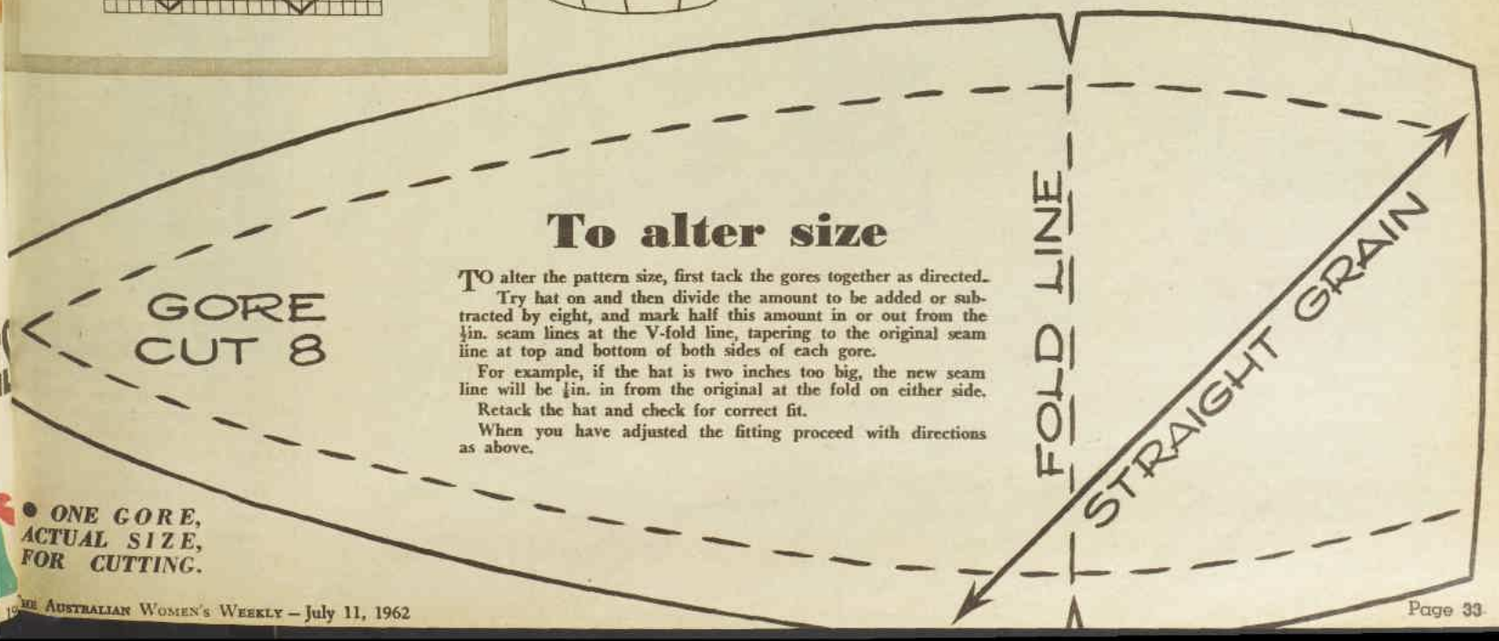
3. Press all seams flat, trimming the seams, and cutting off the corners at the top. Tack along fold line, right round the hat.



4. Pin one edge of the ribbon to the wrong side of the lower hat edge, stitching the ends together where they meet. Stitch. Fold the ribbon over the raw edges to the right side and stitch down.



5. Fold the lower edge of the hat to the inside along the tacking and catch-stitch the ribbon-bound edge to each gore seam.



To alter size

TO alter the pattern size, first tack the gores together as directed.

Try hat on and then divide the amount to be added or subtracted by eight, and mark half this amount in or out from the ½in. seam lines at the V-fold line, tapering to the original seam line at top and bottom of both sides of each gore.

For example, if the hat is two inches too big, the new seam line will be ¼in. in from the original at the fold on either side.

Retack the hat and check for correct fit.

When you have adjusted the fitting proceed with directions as above.

● *ONE GORE, ACTUAL SIZE, FOR CUTTING.*

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Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● The trim ensemble illustrated below was specially chosen for a reader. A paper pattern for the design is available in stock sizes.

HERE is part of the reader's letter, with my reply:

"Would it look incorrect to have a suit in light beige and a jacket in brown? If so, could I have a style and pattern for the outfit? I have about 2½yds. of beige jersey and 1¼yds. of the brown. The fabric is 54in. wide."

The ensemble featuring two colors in the same material is high fashion right now. I have chosen a simple ensemble (see picture below), because jersey looks its best in an uncluttered design. The easy-fit suit has a high, round neckline and short sleeves; the pockets are in the same color as the cardigan.

You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

"Please suggest colors to play up fair skin and grey hair."

You can wear all shades of blue, dove-grey, olive-green, and light and intense pink. Avoid black unless you have a high color.

"Will blouses be worn with spring suits?"

Yes, numbers of spring suits will have unbuttoned jackets opened to show an overblouse.

"What do you consider a basic wardrobe? I have lots of clothes, but they seem to be suitable only for everyday wear."

I am of the opinion that a basic wardrobe depends on a woman's life and where she lives, her occupation (this includes wife and mother), and what becomes her type. I suggest you list your activities and plan one appropriate outfit for each occasion. This can be a long-plan project. Buy what you can afford and start saving and planning for the others.

"You said that glasses can be a flattering accessory. I am aged 50, and because I wear glasses I feel hats don't suit me. Could you give me some advice on this matter?"

Many women who wear glasses are convinced they cannot wear hats. This is not true. When you choose a hat, and I hope you do so, don't choose anything eccentric. A classic small-brimmed or brimless design is a good choice. If you are tall, a wide-brimmed classic shape is becoming.

"I have a sleeveless jersey frock in turquoise-blue, and now winter is here I thought about having a jacket for extra warmth. I have no more of the fabric. The frock is for night wear."

A fringed stole would be far prettier than a jacket. Have the stole made in white jersey, large enough to wrap well round the body of the dress. White and turquoise-blue are a pretty night-light color twosome.

DS483. — Short-sleeved easy-line suit and cardigan in contrasting material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2⅞yds. 54in. jersey for dress and 1¼yds. 54in. jersey for jacket. Price 4/9. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Vegemite on hot buttered toast in the morning and Vegemite in sandwiches is always popular. But did you know there are many other ways for you and your family to enjoy this zesty food?

Try this . . . when you poach the morning egg — serve it on toast you've spread with Vegemite. This savoury combination provides plenty of the precious "B" group Vitamins everyone needs daily.

VEGEMITE
NATURE'S RICHEST SOURCE OF
VITALITY

Happy vitality is what we all want in life . . . and Vegemite is the delicious food source of vitality. Delicious on toast, in sandwiches and as a soup or gravy flavouring! Here is the really pleasant way to make sure you get the fresh supply of Vitamin B you need every day. Delicious Vegemite is a pure, concentrated *yeast* extract, and yeast is nature's richest source of precious "B" group vitamins. Vegemite gives you Vitamin B1 for healthy nerves, B2 for firm body tissue, and Niacin for good digestion. Keep up your good health and vitality . . . keep up your Vegemite daily.

Spreads just right—tastes so bright
—keep up your VEGEMITE

Available in 2 oz. and 4 oz. jars; 6 oz. and 8 oz. re-usable glasses; and 16 oz. and 32 oz. family size jars.

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Supplement to THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Television

SYDNEY boy Rod Taylor has come a long way from Bondi, where he was born; Lidcombe, where he grew up; the Parramatta High School, where he got his Inter and set out to conquer the world and make his fortune.

He certainly has conquered the world of show business.

At 32 he is a sought-after Hollywood movie star and TV star, and is engaged to one of the film world's most talked-about actress-beauties, Swedish "Iceberg" Anita Ekberg.

Whether or not he has made a fortune is another matter, but it is certain that money is now no great worry to him. Miss Ekberg's acceptance of him underlines this.

For girls like Anita don't marry boys like our Rod for their beautiful eyes alone.

Rod and Anita have had an on-again-off-again romance that hit the papers for the first time towards the end of last year.

Like all highly publicised international amours, their love story has been punctuated with reports of denials of marriage or of love, and with passionate farewells at airports.

When they marry, a great sigh of regret will sweep over Australia's viewing area, for Rod has caused more swooning among the ladies than any other TV star.

As Glenn Evans, of "Hong Kong," he swept to top rating on a wave of the most extraordinary popularity, acclaimed by both sexes.

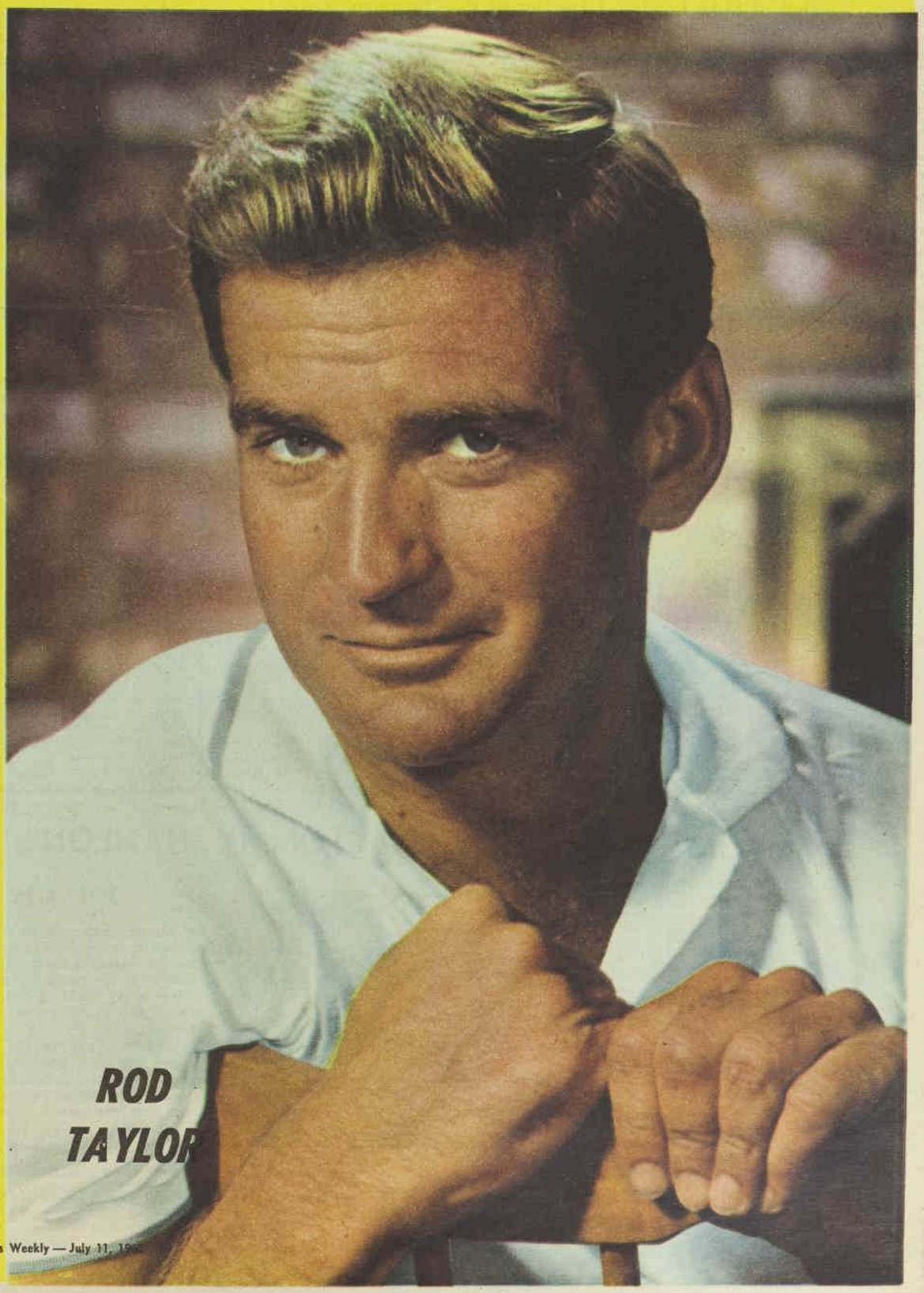
Women love him for his good looks, his virile appearance, and the twinkle in his eye; men for the toughness that is apparent, and the adventurous, masculine life he so obviously enjoys in "Hong Kong."

Fans were desolated when "Hong Kong" ceased production in America. Sydney's Channel 9 experienced unprecedented criticism from fans because they couldn't go on producing new programmes of "Hong Kong."

Now fans are happy again. The old series, as popular as ever, is being repeated, and the news is that Rod is making a new TV series in which he plays the role of Glenn Evans again.

The series is called "Dateline, San Francisco," and it's a cert for big ratings as soon as it hits the Australian TV screen.

— Nan Musgrove



ROD TAYLOR

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4914897

TV wrecks another marriage

● The grinding, exacting business of starring in a TV series has wrecked yet another marriage — in this case that of Mike Landon, Little Joe of the "Bonanza" series.

IT was a sad Little Joe who reported for work at Paramount Studios not so long ago.

Only the day before Mike's wife, Dodie, had told him that she wanted a divorce. It was nothing that she could explain, and their property would be equally divided.

"I love my wife and my home," said Mike. "Not only that but I'm very fond of my job on the 'Bonanza' series and working with Lorne and Dan and Pernell.

"But the hard fact is that the TV series has been so demanding . . ."

Ben Cartwright (Lorne Greene), to whom Mike went for advice when he reached the set, said later: "These TV stars' homes break up in such a way that it almost seems like there isn't any trouble. It's all beneath the surface.

"Movie divorces are something else. There you'll always find mysterious romantic triangles, all sorts of sordid things.

"But in the case of Mike or any other of the TV stars who have gone through this in the past, you can put it down to outrageously long working hours, too little time together with the wife."

It's true. Mike Landon and Dodie had just bought a new home, their second since he landed the role of Little Joe in "Bonanza."

But he could never find time to shop for furniture. There always seemed to be a script to study, and then Dodie would be waiting supper sometimes until 11 at night . . .

"You can't live under those conditions," said Mike. "You find yourself in a dilemma and there seems to be no solution. It's difficult to explain."

TY HARDIN . . . no more marriage.

EFREM ZIMBALIST . . . he was wedded to TV.

JAMES ARNESS—for him a lonely life.

Others failed

Mike and Dodie Landon aren't the first TV star family to find their home breaking up because of the trying, rigorous schedule of the star's work.

Before Little Joe's sudden marital trouble, there was that of Efrem Zimbalist, Jnr., the easygoing "77 Sunset Strip" private eye, who, as his friends say, "found himself married to his TV role and that snub-nosed revolver."

Zimbalist tried and tried to make it work. He and Stephanie separated once about a year and a half ago when she said that his mind wandered and he seemed dedicated only to one thing: "77 Sunset Strip."

"Yes," said Zimbalist, "it's a rough road to be a married man and try to put in 12 or 14 hours a day on the stuffy sound stage making believe.

"You leave the stage, get into your car, and on the way home you're thinking about tomorrow's script.

"It's late when you arrive. The meal is cold or else it is in the refrigerator. Your nerves are jangled and you just want to be alone . . ."

Friends of Ty Hardin (alias Bronco) said the same thing about him, when it became clear that his TV job was interfering with his marriage to Andra Martin.

Long since divorced, Ty says: "I'd never take another wife now unless I could guarantee her that my life would be unencumbered by a TV series.

"Make no mistake about it—being a television star is a comfortable, pleasant thing. But sometimes it doesn't go with marital harmony."

Hardin's divorce, if it didn't drive him from television, did prompt him to take up religion. And, as he says, "Religion may guide me one day to another marriage — a happy one, I hope . . ."

Saddest case

Perhaps the saddest case of TV fatigue and subsequent divorce is that of Jim Arness (Matt Dillon, of "Gunsmoke").

After he and wife Virginia split up a couple of years back, when it seemed the hulking TV star had no time left after his television chores, she tried to commit suicide.

Today Arness lives a lonely life in a tiny bachelor flat in Hollywood. He works, eats, and sleeps. There is very little fun in his life.

Neither he nor Virginia has since married.

Maybe some day, after "Gunsmoke" has cleared the air waves, the Arness family will be reunited.

MIKE LANDON (Little Joe) at right and Lorne Greene (Ben Cartwright) on the set of "Bonanza." Mike has become another TV marital casualty.

Hazel — house-painter

● Shirley Booth recently took her first holiday from the award-winning "Hazel" TV series — so that she could paint her cottage in Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

MISS BOOTH, whose portrayal of the opinionated, lovable housemaid "Hazel" has rocketed her to the top of TV popularity, does all her own work at her Cape Cod home.

"I have a personal maid in my New York apartment, but no help at all at Cape Cod," said Miss Booth before she left Hollywood for her holiday.

"I'm there all alone and I love it. I love washing my own dishes, cleaning the carpet, refinishing the furniture, and, yes, even painting the house. Makes me feel like a woman."

Buffeted by the Atlantic winds, the Cape Cod cottage needs scraping and painting at least every other year.

"I look mighty funny up on that ladder with old overalls and a painter's cap jammed on my head," said Miss Booth. "I can tell you it's a good way to work the kinks out of your back."

Of her holiday, Miss Booth said: "I'll do my own shopping, cook my own meals, watch television, and keep the house in order.

"And when I get back I'll be in a mood to tackle my Hazel role with even more enthusiasm than before.

"Because, now I know the old girl, I couldn't live without her."

TOMMY HANLON'S *Thought for the Week*

Tommy Hanlon

● Momma once said: Isn't it amazing the way people change their minds? For instance, when there's a war on . . . nothing is too good for the boys. If you see a member of the armed forces in a pub, the first thing you do is buy the boy a drink, you invite him home for dinner, and you take him to a show. Nothing is too good for him.

Then the war is over and your home is safe . . .

How long has it been since you've thought of a member of the armed forces? Or gone to a hospital with cigarettes or fruit or even just to say hello and remind them that you haven't forgotten?

Momma's moral: War heroes are sort of like Christmas trees: first you decorate them — and then you throw them away.

Each week in this supplement we will publish Tommy Hanlon's Thought for the Week.

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AUSTRALIAN actor Keith Michell as Heathcliff and Claire Bloom as Cathy in the B.B.C.-TV production of Emily Bronte's classic novel "Wuthering Heights."

Bronte classic on TV

From BETTY BEST, in London

● The B.B.C.-TV's production of Emily Bronte's evergreen "Wuthering Heights" may soon be seen on Australian TV.

A.B.C.-TV is now considering an offer for the 105-minute drama, which stars Australian Keith Michell as Heathcliff and Claire Bloom as Cathy.

It is a magnificent TV production, bearing the stamp of the superb talent of the Max Reinhardt-trained producer Rudolph Cartier, whose name is as well known to B.B.C. viewers as the actors themselves.

Unless they were familiar with the Cartier technique, no viewers would ever guess that every scene of "Wuthering Heights," with its wild moorland country, its rolling rain-soaked hillsides, was shot inside studios.

Rudolph Cartier, born in Vienna in 1903, began his career by studying architecture and design. But a few years of training with Max Reinhardt at the Viennese Academy of Music and Drama led him to his present career.

He spent many years as designer and film scenario writer with the U.F.A. studios in Berlin. Later he worked on films in Vienna, Prague, Paris, and finally London.

In 1952 his first TV play, "Arrow to the Heart," gained him the chance to direct for the B.B.C., and a year later he was permanently on the production staff.

Apart from two small excursions into films, Cartier has concentrated on TV ever since.

Among his best-known productions are George Orwell's "1984," Bertold Brecht's "Mother Courage," "The Devil's General," "The Winslow Boy," and the B.B.C.'s most successful fantasy-thriller, "Quartermas."

It was with "Quartermas" that Cartier first began to work with Nigel Neale, who wrote the adaptation of "Wuthering Heights" eight years ago. Then Cartier directed it with Richard Todd and Yvonne Mitchell in the starring roles.

It was a great success and, ever since, Cartier has had a hankering to do it again.

It was not surprising that this time he cast Keith Michell and Claire Bloom. He had chosen Keith for the Crown Prince in "The Mayerling Affair," which he produced in 1956, and last year he directed Claire Bloom in the title role of his "Anna Karenina."

Said Keith Michell: "I had other commitments, but Rudolph Cartier directing Heathcliff was a combination I couldn't resist."

Cartier's passion for realism brought some lively times for the cast when "Wuthering Heights" was being filmed at the B.B.C.'s big new TV studios at White City, London.

As in one scene when the pony Heathcliff was grooming suddenly bolted from the stage with Keith Michell grimly hanging on to its mane.

Or in another scene when Cathy had to be shown running through the rain.

The "rain" came from a vast watering can and the props boy applied it so diligently that Claire Bloom was soaked to the skin.

Shooting was delayed half an hour while Claire's hair, which had been lengthened several inches by a switch, was dried out.

DID YOU KNOW?

YOU can expect news of a big romance between Troy Donahue and Connie Stevens to break any time.

"Surfside Six" has finished production in America, and Warner Bros. have transferred Troy to "Hawaiian Eye."

Warners plan for Troy, it is said, a "real life" romance with Connie.

CONNIE STEVENS . . . "love affair" looms.

★ ★ ★

TELEVISION has always been hailed as mental therapy by the medical profession. Its latest use in America is to be of assistance to children forced by disease, generally infectious, to spend time in isolation in big hospitals.

The Children's Orthopedic Hospital in Seattle has found it medicine's best ally in preventing depression and mental withdrawal among patients of all ages.

The hospital uses closed-circuit TV, sending a picture from one of the hospital's recreation-rooms, where a convalescent patient is the star, to the selected child in isolation.

Helped by two-way speakers, the children play games such as Chinese checkers, ludo, or snakes and ladders, or the isolated patient takes part in the social doings of the recreation-room.

★ ★ ★

HOAGY CARMICHAEL is to be a "guest-voice" as a friend in one of the new "Flintstones" series. "The Flintstones" enjoys such popularity that other well-known movie and TV personalities are submitting their voices for guest-spots.

★ ★ ★

YOU may as well get used to the idea—this is the year of the TV doctor. Latest is Dr. Fox, for which the pilot film has been made—its big gimmick is that Dr. F. is a girl—Rosemary Murphy. The pilot was shot at New York's famous Bellevue hospital.

★ ★ ★

REGINALD ROSE, who is responsible for the story scripts for "The Defenders," is an outstanding writer of both TV and film scripts. Everything he writes is more than just an entertaining story. One of his best-known movie scripts was the powerful picture "Twelve Angry Men."

★ ★ ★

GEORGE MAHARIS, of "Route 66," is recovering from a bad bout of infectious hepatitis. George was rushed from the set to the hospital some weeks ago, and as soon as he was examined, the whole cast of "Route 66" rushed for immunisation shots. First treated was actress Joanna Moore, who had been filming love scenes with Maharis.

★ ★ ★

MANY of the scenes in "The Roaring '20s" are authentic—newsreel footage of madcap dance marathons, college students swallowing goldfish, and other events that were just the cat's pyjamas!

And even some of the clothes worn are relics of the period.

A supporting player in one episode found himself wearing a suit worn by James Cagney 22 years ago in a jazz-age movie!

ROARING '20s Donald May (left) and Rex Reason . . . if the cap fits (after 35 years) they wear it.

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Australia's first TV ballet

PRINCIPALS Mary Duchesne and Ted Miller (foreground) join in a bacchanale with other members of the cast of "The Forbidden Rite," Australia's first TV ballet. At right: In another flashback scene to pagan times, Diana Devos and Leslie Sinclair pose by one of the pools in the temple of the love goddess.

"THE Forbidden Rite," the first ballet written specially for Australian TV, will be seen by viewers of A.B.C.-TV, probably early in July.

The 45-minute ballet, written by Australian composer Robert Hughes, was commissioned by the Australian Broadcasting Commission and the Australasian Performing Right Association.

It was produced by Will Stirling at the A.B.C.'s Ripponlea (Melbourne) studios.

This is an extremely interesting venture in Australian television and, if it lives up to expectations, could be an A.B.C. entry, I think, for the 1962 Italia Prize, awarded annually for the best in international broadcasting and TV.

Composer Robert Hughes went back to classical mythology for the story of "The Forbidden Rite."

The setting is an old pagan temple on an island in the eastern Mediterranean, and the action moves from the present day back to the pagan times of 1600 B.C.

Principal roles are played by Melbourne dancer Mary Duchesne, Ted Miller (formerly with Sadler's Wells), and Victoria Biro.

Robert Hughes prefers to call "The Forbidden Rite" a dance drama rather than a ballet. There is a lot of mime and there is no dancing for the sake of dancing. Every movement, he says, means something in the story.

Choreographer Rex Reid had an unsually difficult role in the production of the ballet. As he pointed out, usually music is written for a ballet because the choreographer wants it written, but in this case the reverse was true.

Not only had the music and the story been written by the time the choreographer came into the picture, but composer Hughes had very definite ideas of what was to happen in the action.

The music for the ballet was recorded in the Melbourne Town Hall by 46 members of the Victorian Symphony Orchestra, including a very extensive percussion section.

Robert Hughes, who has been writing music since he was 17, is music librarian and arranger for the Victorian Symphony Orchestra.

Almost completely self-educated musically, he is internationally known. In 1957 Sir John Barbirolli invited him to write a sinfonietta for the Halle Orchestra's Centenary. His "Xanadu" suite of dances is one of his best-known works.

— Margaret Berkeley

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

July 11, 1962

Teenagers' WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

PATSY ANN NOBLE and BRYAN DAVIES go bowling.... more pictures page 5

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to "Teenagers' Weekly," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

How to make a home into a house

HOW to convert a home to a house in three simple steps:

(1) Vacuum, dust, and polish from floor to ceiling — not a speck of dust to be seen.

(2) Get rid of that accumulated "junk."

(3) Remember, "There's a place for everything and everything in its place."

Congratulations! Now try living in it . . . UGGH!!! — *Miss J. Russell, Brisbane.*

Church unity?

FAIRLY recently a great deal has been said and written about church unity. Those churches that believe in the original simplicity of service and creeds would claim that it's wrong to have more ceremony or ritual, while those used to such services would feel that they were empty, that there was something missing if the ritual were eliminated. Everyone agrees with church unity in theory, but in practice it is quite different. I would agree if everyone else joined my church, if my services lost none of their beauty and atmosphere. — *Margaret Cane, Hampton, Vic.*

Dance man!

WHY is it that boys pay their admission to go into a dance, only to stand around in groups and talk, while the girls sit around waiting to be asked to dance? — *"Curious," Melbourne.*

Now or later?

I AM 18 and earn £8/19/- a week. I am buying a car and a block of land for later years, and have trouble entertaining girls on the money I have left. I am not so sure that I am doing the right thing. Could other teenagers advise me?—*"Short Off," Brisbane.*

Work or fun?

WHAT do other teenagers think about going out during the school term? We have had discussions about this at school — some say we should never go out during term, while others insist it makes no difference how much we go out as long as our school work is not affected. — *M. McDonnell, West Brunswick, Vic.*

U.R. right

WHEN naming their children, how many parents consider the initials they will have? I have a friend whose boy-friend's initials are S.A.P. — hers are J.A.M. — *L. Sullivan, Anakie, Qld.*

What's in a name?

DO other teenagers have definite ideas about how someone with a particular name will look? For instance, I always imagine "Douglas" to be of medium height, smokes a pipe, and wears tweeds.

Some of my friends imagine names in terms of character—"Douglas" is firm, but warm and a little headstrong.

Others imagine in colors — "Douglas" represents grey. How do other teenagers see names? —*"What's In a Name?", Cannington, W.A.*

Poor teacher

I AM a trainee teacher attending Newcastle Teachers' College on a full-time scholarship. My pay is about £4/10/- a week, paid once a month.

How I and fellow trainees manage to exist on our deplorable wages is one of the eight wonders of the world. The Education Department is losing many highly suitable teachers to more attractive occupations because of the alarmingly small pittance it offers to students who have qualified after passing the Leaving Certificate.

In contrast to a trainee teacher's allowance, many young people employed by Newcastle's industries receive up to £12 a week.

Surely the Education Department realises that to develop the cream of Australia's youth there must be good teachers. How can teaching attract highly trained officials when the initial training offers so little to attract skilled students?

The Department's rejoinder is always: "The £4/10/- a week is only an allowance to help parents pay for the training at college." Many parents cannot afford to support children after fifth year, because they have been supporting them at school for 12 years already.

Trainees receive no insurance to cover them while practice-teaching, nor are they paid any extra money to cover costs of new clothes needed when teaching.

For people who have passed the Leaving Certificate, trainee teachers are undoubtedly the lowest-paid individuals in New South Wales.—*"G.I. Student," Newcastle, N.S.W.*

Spoil sport

WHY should sport be compulsory in schools? Surely the time spent playing sport each week could be spent more profitably. Why must pupils who have no interest or ability be forced to make fools of themselves before more competent athletes? Older pupils are surely capable of judging for themselves whether they would profit more by studying during sport periods. In fact, even if reading novels and magazines were preferred instead of sport, why shouldn't we be able to do so? — *Pam Purcell, Taggerty, Vic.*

Teenage wards

HOW come there are no special hospital wards for teenagers? I am 16 and not long ago had to spend some time in hospital. My bed was placed next to women much older than myself, even though there were young girls at the other end of the ward.

Hospital is far more bearable if you have someone your own age to talk to. Is there any hope that one day teenage wards will be established? — *"Disappointed," Darraweit Guim, Vic.*

Best years

HOW often as a child did I hear the words, "School days are the best days of your life." I didn't believe them at the time, but now I realise that even if they are not the happiest days they are at least the most important days of a person's life.

I left school at 14 against the advice of my parents and teachers. I had learnt to type and, being lazy and a know-all, I thought that that would be enough. Now, four years later, my mistake is glaringly real. Hardly a day goes by that I don't regret my hasty decision and long to be 14 again, with the same opportunities I so foolishly threw away.

Today all my spare time is spent trying to make up for the education I missed. I have no time for parties or dances, as my studying must be done by correspondence and, without a teacher, it is far from easy. It will be years before I have completed the study necessary for the work I hope one day to do — all because I did not believe that school days are the best days and that parents and teachers generally know best.—*"School Days," Rabaul, New Guinea.*

BEATNIK

"The Air Force doesn't mind your sisters sending you 'Beatnik' cartoons, McDonald — but this time they've gone too far."

LOVELL JONES, the creator of "Beatnik," recently received this letter: "We have been sending Beatnik drawings to our brother Stuart, who is attending the R.A.A.F. Academy at Point Cook, Victoria, and he seems to enjoy them so much that when we said, 'Wouldn't it be good if something was drawn showing Stuart as a Beatnik,' Mummy said that we should write to you and ask if you could make up something about Stuart. Mummy also said to send you a photo of us all. Our brother Michael is also in the R.A.A.F. at the Academy. Max and we girls are still at school. We do hope that you may think of somehing funny for Stuart. — *Jenny, Sue, Sally, and Kathy McDonald.*"

● Well, Jenny, Sue, Sally, and Kathy . . . Lovell has answered your plea and has not only put Stuart into the picture but all of you. And below we publish the photograph of the McDonald Clan.

Who wants a penfriend?

● If you want to write to a penfriend overseas, but don't know how to go about finding one, the Australian Junior Chamber of Commerce has the answer.

ITS Operation Flow has found overseas penfriends for more than 22,000 Australian boys and girls since the project started in 1956. Most of the applications come from the age group 12-17.

"Flow" stands for Future Leaders of the World. The purpose of the project, Mr. Royston Petrie, chairman of Operation Flow in Australia, said, is to promote friendship between students of different lands and to help international understanding.

Most of the requests for penfriends in Australia come from Great Britain, Canada, U.S.A., New Zealand, Japan, the Philippines, Malaya, and India, he said. And most Australian students seem to prefer to write to teenagers in New Zealand or the U.S.A.

So, if you are looking for a penfriend to exchange customs, hobbies, schoolwork, and just life in general with, go to your nearest Jaycee Chamber.

They'll give you an application form, on which you'll write your name, address, age, sex, school, hobbies, interests, and what country you'd like a penfriend in.

Send this off to Operation Flow, P.O. Box 176, Parramatta, N.S.W., and Mr. Petrie will match your letter with an application from a boy or girl overseas whose interests are similar to yours.

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MAGIC THREE-IN-ONE HAIRDO

● *Right here is where you learn that what goes up can come down beautifully — three completely different ways. It's hair magic created specially for you by Kenneth, the inimitable New York hairstylist and beautician.*

THE three-in-one hairdo created by the famous Mr. Kenneth (he's Jacqueline Kennedy's hairdresser) was made to order for teenage girls who simply don't have the time or money to go to the beauty parlor every time they want a change of hairstyle.

It's so adaptable that by simply following the basic setting directions that are given below you can produce three different styles that will take you gracefully from school or desk to the most glamorous night out.

Will the three-in-one hairdo be becoming to YOU? Mr. Kenneth says (and he studies the beauty problems of thousands of girls a year) that too much fuss is made about the shapes of faces, eyes, and noses when it comes to choosing a hairstyle.

Unless you have a really—and rarely—severe problem involving too round or too long a face, you need think about only two things: the skill with which your hair is cut and the confidence with which you wear it.

For the former, a professional beautician is a necessity. For the three-in-one, ask him to cut your hair chin-length (a little shorter than Jill Haworth's, the young American actress who models the style on this page, is best for most girls) and NOT to layer or taper it, especially if your hair is thin or fine, but to cut the ends blunt and even.

It will need a trim only once a month.

As for confidence, that comes from many things, among them: knowing your hair is a becoming shade (if it isn't, consider a mild color rinse, professionally done); knowing it is clean (shampoo it not by a schedule but whenever it gets dirty); knowing it is in top condition (brush it lying across a bed with your head lower than your body, bringing the brush up and back to bring the blood to your scalp and distribute your hair's natural oil evenly, no matter whether your hair is dry, oily, or in-between); and knowing it is well groomed.

A LIGHT spray will help, but don't try to give your hair a concrete finish, please!

How often will you have to set your hair? That depends. Soft hair that hasn't been permed or hair that isn't flexible will need to be set more often.

A few lucky people can get by on an occasional hour-long pin-curling, but most hair needs a daily setting.

Mr. Kenneth has found that teenagers have the time and patience for good hair-care. If you're too busy to set yours often, don't despair. The cut itself is designed so simply and well that even if your setting doesn't last a good brushing will give you a neat, attractive hairstyle all by itself!

And don't be afraid that your hair, so simply arranged, will "look like everyone else's." Its own individual texture and color will make the three-in-one hairdo uniquely, personally yours.

FOR PERFECT SET, Kenneth tips each section of wet hair with end-papers. At right: finished hairset with large rollers placed diagonally across crown to allow a greater variety of soft comb-outs. Clip-curls give extra woof to curls at back and hairline.

THE BRUSH-OUT. Hairstylist Kenneth first brushes all the hair upward to stimulate the scalp (see picture above). Next he brushes the setting into place in long, downward strokes. The finished comb-out (right) is smooth over the crown, silky, and flips out in soft curls at the ends. For the young model's delicate, blond hair, a setting lotion is used to keep hair soft.

SECOND COMB-OUT combines a smooth, flipped-out back with a soft, puffed crown (pictured at right). To do this, Kenneth back-combs the entire crown section; taking a few strands of hair at a time and holding it straight up in the air, he combs toward the scalp. Smoothing down takes a light touch. Front hair is coaxed into bangs backed with a bow.

THIRD HAIRDO of this magic trio—a French twist (right) that rises from smooth, well-brushed sides to a pretty knot high at the back, as shown above. Kenneth arranges the curls lightly, pins the twist from left to right, sprays lightly to insure against wisps. The coif is tied with a ribbon above cute, side-tilted bangs for evening glamor. What could be nicer?

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GLAMOR PARTY

By KERRY YATES

● Here's an idea for your next party – "Hollywood after dark" . . . the very thought of it glitters with excitement. Create your own glamorous nightclub in the living-room for a night of fabulous fun.

WHAT's the mood? Shimmering crystal and silver, deep rich reds and gleaming white. Candlelight and flowers, soft romantic music and exotic food.

This is to be a gala evening, so the dress is semi-formal. Best party frocks for girls and suits and ties for the boys—the crowd will find it a pleasant change from the usual casual-dress parties.

First party plans are the invitation cards. Make them yourself by drawing a long elegant evening glove on a small white glossy card. Fill in the glove with black ink and attach three small imitation pearls (strings of these can be bought cheaply from chain stores) along the wrist.

On the back of the card write, in fancy style, this message:

Saturday at 8, in Hollywood we'll dine,
Dinner music, plush surroundings,
"champagne and wine."
An exciting Hollywood gala night is on for everyone
In Liz Brown's living-room, so come there on the run.

Supper will be a sit-down at one of the small card-tables arranged around the room. Tablecloths should be made from the richest red cotton or felt, available in cheap remnants from material shops.

Set the tables with fine polished silver and crystal. It is best to arrange for each girl to bring silver and crystal from home beforehand.

Make things sparkle

Shine, shine, shine everything used to its highest sparkle to go with the whitest white table napkins. Fresh flowers, say a red-and-white carnation, should be placed in a tiny glass vase at each place on the table. Candles in a glass or silver candlestick should be placed at the table's centre.

The meal can be served from an elaborate "smorgasbord" spread on a long centre table. Perhaps the host and his girl-friend will dress up as waiter and waitress to look after the guests.

For the "wine" and "champagne"—supply strawberry and cola soft drinks. Stand bottles in silver-foil-covered buckets stacked with ice-chips, and serve at the table.

Dinner music should be played in the background to give that oh, so charming effect. "Limelight," "Student Prince," or any soft themes or waltzes are appropriate.

What will your guests do after they have "dined and wined"? Why, dance, of course. If possible, have another room lit by candlelight, cleared of furniture, and decorated with streamers. A radiogram playing soft, romantic music will be all the arranging you'll have to do to keep the guests happy.

At midnight, why not arrange for some of your friends to put on a floor show. They may prepare an act beforehand, or someone in the crowd may start the floor show swinging by singing. It won't take long before everyone joins in and it'll mean a lot of fun.

Dance on into the night, and what a night your guests will have—at their first (but not their last) "Hollywood Niteclub."

Food should keep up the exotic theme. Here are two suitable recipes, but what about summoning up your courage to make some of those beaut dishes in your cookery book that you've so far been too scared of to try?

VEAL MEURETTE

1½lb. to 2lb. veal steak, 1 tablespoon flour, salt, pepper, 2 small onions, 3 or 4oz. lean bacon, ¼lb. mushrooms, ¾ cup tomato juice, ½ cup meat or vegetable stock, ¼ cup chopped parsley.

Cut veal into service-sized pieces, dip into flour, pepper, and salt. Place half the veal into an ovenware dish. Cover with half the sliced onion. Remove rind from bacon, cut the bacon into small pieces and sprinkle half of it over the meat and onion. Sprinkle with half the chopped parsley and a little salt and pepper. Place remaining meat on top, then add the balance of the onion, bacon, and parsley. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Mix orange juice, tomato juice, and stock. Pour carefully into casserole. Cover and bake in moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours. Serve with jacket potatoes.

Jacket Potatoes:

Scrub and dry the required number of small even-sized old potatoes. Prick 4 or 5 times with a skewer or slit skin around centre. Place on oven-slide and cook ¾ to 1 hour until soft. Slit skin crosswise on top, press potatoes on the side to force them open. Add a dab of butter and a dusting of paprika. Serve in a hot dish.

PARTY PARFAIT

One small tin crushed pineapple; 1 tray each of chocolate and vanilla ice-cream; whipped sweetened cream; 4 cherries and crushed nuts. This serves 4 and can be repeated for number of guests.

Place a layer of pineapple in base of four parfait glasses, top with a layer of chocolate and vanilla ice-cream. Continue layers until glass is almost full. Top each with a spoonful of cream and a cherry. Garnish with nuts.

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Young stars go bowling along

● Our cover couple, Patsy Ann Noble and Bryan Davies, are among the many recording and TV stars who have helped make indoor bowling a boom sport.

ALTHOUGH the game is not yet two years old in Australia, it already has attracted more than 75,000 regular players.

In the 19 centres of one New South Wales company alone, an average of 155,000 games are played each week — or eight million a year.

Recording and TV stars like indoor bowling because it can be played any hour of the day or night, plans don't have to be cancelled because of the weather, it's friendly and informal, and good exercise.

LUCKY STARR and LANA CANTRELL, polished singers, who like a polished bowl, beside the shine machine at Sydney's Balgowlah Totem Bowl, where these pictures were taken by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

MARLENE ATCHESON and BARRY STANTON photographed together as Barry was coaching fellow singer Marlene before her first game.

DAVE BRIDGE, guitarist, and LEE SELLERS, the tiny, high-voltage girl singer, give a big hullo to some friends as Lee laces on her bowling shoes.

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Party problem

"IF a boy at a party asks me to come outside when everyone else is in the house should I go out with him? And if not, what would be a suitable refusal to make without hurting his feelings. Should I let a boy kiss me goodnight after a date? I am 14."

"Gawky," N.S.W.

If you're asked to go outside, just say quite simply and firmly that you'd rather not, thank you. Don't um and ah and beat around the bush. Say no, and stay inside and enjoy the party. You probably will hurt his feelings, but I don't think you'll break his heart. And for that goodnight kiss—at 14 it should be a shy, sweet kiss on the cheek, and it depends more on your date than on you.

Playing the field

"AT present I am having trouble getting my parents to understand my position. I am a 17-year-old girl and work in the city, but come home quite often for weekends. When I'm in the city I go out with different boys now and again, and when I'm home I do likewise. My parents think this is shocking, and say I see too many boys at the same time. They seem to think that a girl should stick to one boy for a few months, then break it off. However, I believe that you shouldn't go steady when so young, and not until you've decided whom you like most—and I haven't a clue at my age. How can I make my parents understand?"

"Undecided," S.A.

Why don't you tell your parents just what you've told me. Don't drag the subject into the conversation, but wait till the next time they remark about your dates. Explain that you're not trying to collect a string of boy-friends, but are just looking for that special boy who'll come along one day.

Hard-to-get girl

"LIVING in the next street from us is a girl I like very much. We both go to the same school, and whenever we meet we say hello. Recently I had a party at my place, and when I invited her she refused, saying she would have loved to come, but her parents had made other arrangements for that night. Do you think this could be true? I would like to know also how I should go about asking her to come over to my place and listen to records one afternoon. I am 16 and she is 15."

"Baffled Boy," Vic.

I'm sure that she wanted to come to your party and was probably very pleased to be asked. However, she has to do what her parents arrange for her, and perhaps they do not yet approve of her going to mixed parties.

If you want to ask her round to your place, why don't you call round to her home casually, tell her you've got some beaut new records, and ask if she'd like to come and hear them some time.

This will also give her parents an opportunity to meet you. And, at the very worst, if she doesn't like you, you'll know straight away.

Dance partner

"I HAVE been asked by a girl-friend to attend her debut ball. The boy I would like to ask to accompany me I met about two and half years ago at a Christmas party. He seemed to like me very much and asked me to go out with him. I wanted to go, but even though he paid a special visit to meet my parents and ask their permission, I was not allowed to go, as I was too young (14 at the time). He came to dinner and I was asked to visit his home, but I didn't That was the last I heard of him until about a year ago when my mother found out that she knows his sister-in-law quite well and I have heard news of him since. Do you think it would be right for me to ring and ask him to the ball, or would it be better to get to him through his sister-in-law somehow?"

L.I., N.S.W.

I think it would be quite all right to phone him and ask him to escort you to the dance. If he's not going steady or already booked for the night, he'll probably be delighted to renew your acquaintance.

Love or lessons

"I AM a 15-year-old schooigirl and have been going steady with a boy for ten months. I am finding it very difficult to concentrate on my studies, as this boy is continually on my mind. I am failing badly, and this worries me, but I feel that a separation from him would be worse than a failure in my examinations. I see him only at weekends, but during the week I get very lonely and miss him terribly. Can you please give me some advice?"

"Failure," N.S.W.

I'm afraid that you're proving the point that I've been making for a long, long time—that 14-, 15-, and 16-year-olds are too young to go steady. It creates all sorts of emotional problems —you're lonely and missing him terribly—and it's impossible to cope with them and school-life, too.

It is important that you pass your exams so that you'll have the qualifications for whatever career you want to follow in a few years' time. You'll have to tell this boy you just can't cope with him and your schoolwork. Perhaps see him on a casual basis, and really get cracking on that schoolwork. It's going to be worth it.

Griping girls

"I HAVE been going with this boy for a few months now and I really like him, but some girl-friends of mine seem to think there is something wrong with him. They think he is too forward. I am wondering what I should do, either drop him or ignore my girl-friends. I find him very kind, considerate, and interesting."

"Wondering," Vic.

For heaven's sake, what are you thinking of? Why should you take any notice of your girl-friends? You're the one who goes out with this boy. You like him, and it doesn't matter a scrap what anyone else says if he is kind, considerate, and interesting to you. By the way, his boy-friends might tell him the same thing about you.

Meet half-way?

"I HAVE met a boy I like very much, but he lives a long way away. Mother says he is 'geographically impossible.' He has often asked me out and I have accepted, but I wonder if he should come to my house and pick me up when he takes me out. He hasn't got a car, and travelling is a problem. But I think if he really likes me he should pick me up and take me home. Do you think I am being unreasonable?"

G.I., N.S.W.

I don't think you're at all unreasonable. Any time he asks you out he should be prepared to come and collect you, and then escort you home afterwards. This applies particularly to any evening date — no girl should be alone and unescorted at night. However, if you are going out during the day, you could perhaps meet him somewhere convenient to you both. But don't let this be a regular thing. Make it clear that you expect to be escorted home.

What is a kiss?

"I AM a 16-year-old schoolgirl. I go out with boys, but I am terribly unromantic. I don't mind holding hands or lettting a boy put his arm round me, but I simply hate kissing and necking. Do you think there is something wrong with me, as all my girl-friends say they like kissing? The last two boys I have known got quite mad when I refused to kiss after two or three dates. Does the girl just let a boy kiss her or does she have to kiss him back? I really like a boy's company, but as soon as a date is over I dread being escorted home because of this. Do you think I should just grin and bear it or keep on refusing?"

F.F., Qld.

I don't think there's a thing wrong with you. You don't have to cheapen yourself by kissing every Tom, Dick, and Harry who takes you out, and they shouldn't expect it as a reward for taking you out. Far from it. When you meet a boy you really like and could begin to love, you'll want to kiss him. Until then, stay shy and sweet. Your kiss will really mean something and that special boy will know it and appreciate you all the more.

Family disapproval

"I AM 20, and going with a young man of 24, of whom my parents disapprove because his family and social background are not as good as ours. However, he is a good, hard-working boy, and I love him very much. We wanted to become engaged next month, and were wondering if my parents could stop us, as I'm not 21. Also, could I go to another town to work without their permission?"

"Blue Eyes," S.A.

Until you turn 21 you may not marry without your parents' permission unless you apply to a court, which may or may not overrule your parents' wishes, depending on the validity of the reasons brought forward.

You may become engaged without their permission, but this will be a rather unhappy situation for you, as your parents will naturally refuse to announce the engagement and will oppose it at every opportunity. Why don't you let things rest the way they are until you come of age and are free to make your own decision.

If you wish to move to another town, you must be able to prove that you can support yourself; your parents must approve of the place where you will live and see that you have an adequate chaperon who will be responsible for your behaviour.

Think of the years ahead — being estranged from your family does not make for happiness. Why not stay at home, let your parents know your boy-friend's good qualities, tell them that you want to marry him when you turn 21, but until then respect their wishes.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

YOU know the latest for bright warm winter wear? You don't? Well, listen close and I'll let you in on the secret: it's felt skirts.

If you can sew (and every young thing should, but ask for Mum's help if you're desperate) rush out and buy enough felt in your favorite color to make a circular skirt.

Right? Now, after you've made the skirt, sit down and design yourself an applique of flowers, abstract patterns, animals, or little Dutch girls (here you could have long wool plaits attached) to stich along the bottom.

Cut out your design (you can draw or trace it on the felt in pencil and cut it out) in pieces of contrasting felt. Carefully sew them by hand with matching cotton or with contrasting wool in big stitches.

A patchwork pocket is a gay idea that is easier than a complicated design around the hem.

If your skirt is a success you could branch out and make lots of other things in felt. A Danish anorak, for instance.

Anoraks have short sleeves with cuffs and a high, stand-up or roll collar, and hang to above the hips. Across the back and front from shoulder to shoulder a design is appliqued in contrasting colors of felt.

Felt is easy to work with, and it's a fabulous winter fabric. A tunic dress made in a vivid shade of felt with a polo-neck jumper underneath is stunning.

Try your hand at the skirt first, and then these other dashing felt originals.

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LISTEN HERE — *with Ainslie Baker*

Pop singer makes friends in Asia

● After a few weeks back in Australia (to cut a new record), Tony Brady's off again touring, first returning to Singapore and Malaya before going on to Hong Kong and Japan.

HE found teenagers in Singapore and Malaya very bright and friendly, and crazy about fan clubs and penfriends. A fan club formed for him in Singapore already has 2300 members.

The Twist was coming in strongly when Tony left, and he says that the teenagers have wide tastes in music, liking everything from Latin-American to ballads. Western clothes, Western music, and transistors are the big rage.

Two highspots of his tour so far were spending a national day of celebration in the home of a Malayan family and going on a mammoth picnic with his Singapore fan club.

Tony brought his mother back a set of silver spoons and a Chinese jacket, and was home just in time for her to cook him a special birthday dinner. He asked for baked snapper.

For himself he brought back Malay paintings and records and a whole lot of taped interviews. He didn't buy any clothes, but is going to when he goes to Hong Kong.

"Big Things Are Happening" (Leedon EP) came out last week and features four of Tony's single releases, the title-tune, "Golden Boy," "A Penny For Your Thoughts," and "I Have To Laugh."

IT'S nice that **Lonnie and Pam Lee** got their wish and have a baby girl to keep their year-old son, David, company. She's to be named Virginia, and, unlike David, who's dark, was born with lovely fair curly hair. The Lees have recently moved into a delightful two-storey family house on the northern side of Sydney Harbor.

Tony Brady

REMEMBER "The Australian All Stars" with two top-selling jazz LPs for 1960 — "Jazz for Beachniks" (Volume 1 and 2)?

Well, **Freddy Logan,** who used to play bass for the group and was also a member of the "Three-Out" trio, has played a successful 15 months overseas. He worked his way around Europe with jazz bands and is at present playing bass in London with the "Tubby" Hayes Quintet — one of England's most popular jazz groups.

Pops: Like to hear two songs by a young Texan whose first disc, "Hey Baby," went to the top of both Cashbox and Billboard? He's **Bruce Channell,** and his new Pye single is "Run Romance Run," fast and beaty, and a slow heart-throbber, "Don't Leave Me." If you haven't heard this boy, you're really missing something; he's packed with that old come-hither.

THE world's greatest singer isn't **Dean Martin,** but he has a way with a song that makes him easy to listen to. Most of the good old favorites, "Poor People Of Paris," "The River Seine," etc., turn up on his "French Style" Reprise LP. Dean's O.K. with Italian language, but holds off the French and sings in English.

A HIT as a straight ballad for The Brothers Four in 1960, "The Green Leaves Of Summer" is given a new hit sound by **Kenny Ball** and His Jazzmen (Pye 45). They take off with "I'm Crazy 'bout My Baby" (with a Ball vocal) on the flip.

WHO better to bring the high-spirited dance tunes of the flapper age to today's dancers than veteran band-leader **Paul Whiteman?** "Chicago," "Japanese Sandman," "You're Driving Me Crazy," etc. are the authentic thing as played by the Whiteman band on a Coral LP, "The Roaring '20s."

FOUR years ago "Oh Lonesome Me" did very well for **Don Gibson,** but nobody bothered too much with the other Gibson composition on the flip. It was "I Can't Stop Loving You," which, revived by Ray Charles, is now having a world-wide success. If you're interested in making comparisons, R.C.A. has re-released the original Gibson single.

A PARTY-ROUSER medley, with snatches of such great old hits as "Sam's Song," "Rose, Rose I Love You," "The Umbrella Man," is "Get Happy" (Columbia LP). The well-drilled Michael Sammes Singers supply the words, and Norrie Paramor's energetic **Big Ben Banjo Band** look after the music.

WORTH HEARING

BRAHMS: Second Piano Concerto

THE second piano concerto of Brahms is certainly the biggest of the great piano concertos, and some say it is also the greatest. It is big in all dimensions: Brahms added to its considerable length by giving an extra movement (an extended Scherzo) above the conventional three-movement concerto form; he treated the orchestra in a full symphonic style, and the solo piano part makes massive demands on the performer.

Louis Kentner shows himself fully equal to the task in a recording of the concerto issued by the World Record Club. He collaborates with the Philharmonia Orchestra of London under conductor Sir Adrian Boult.

Despite its large proportions this is not a forbidding work—less forbidding than the same composer's shorter but relatively austere first piano concerto. It is on the whole a happy work, inspired by a springtime visit to Italy and abounding in warmth, color, and melody.

— Martin Long

NOW, THE FOUR-MINUET MILE!

● I see that Wimbledon tennis champion Rod Laver is taking dancing lessons as part of his training to defend his title.

LAST year Rod was supposed to start the dancing at the Wimbledon Victory Ball, but he was "aced"—by the fact that he could not dance.

If dancing becomes important to other sportsmen there could be fun and games.

Cricketers would be excellent at the new side of sport.

They would be really hits with the girls, sweeping them off their feet particularly if the lasses have short legs).

Flannelled fools would also be courteous to the band. There would doubtless be regular cries of, "Oh, well played, sir!"

Thinking things over, it's doubtful whether cricketers would appeal against the light (fantastic).

Cyclists would probably be very sloppily dressed dancers. They would attend, no doubt, in pedal-pushers.

Even competition card-players could be expected to dance—the T-whist, naturally. (With poker faces?)

The trend might also extend into the actual conduct of the sport itself.

In football, this would be fatal.

A goal-kicker would not score during play in the afternoon. He would believe that a ball should not be over until 3 a.m. or so.

Athletes would find themselves doing the hop, quick-step, and jump.

Boxing, too, would never be the same again, as pugs gave each other not the traditional old one-two but the old one-two-**three!**

There are pitfalls, of course, in being a cha-cha-ing champion. A tennis one, at all events.

For doesn't Margaret Smith's case show that officials can lead you a merry dance if you tread on their toes?

A QUEENSLAND doctor has made the amazing "discovery" that Australia has a race of pygmies.

Dr. G. C. Douglas, of Townsville, found the "lost" tribe—called Negritos—on the Atherton Tableland, west of Cairns.

I don't know what all the fuss is about. I have known for years of the existence of pygmies in Australia—and not only in the outback, in the cities, too.

The inhabitants of my small world are all females.

For instance, after marriage a girl seems to shrink. She becomes known as "the little woman."

Boys call girls "dolls" and girls want to be models. The last one probably so they can go in **mannikin** parades?

All of this isn't very flattering comment on male intelligence.

For don't they say, "Small things amuse small minds"?

— Robin Adair

WITH so many **Paul Anka** discs coming out, the time's come when it's necessary to do some serious listening before you buy. "Paul Anka's Big, Big 15" Vol. 3 (Ampar LP) seems pretty good value with four of his recent hits plus versions of "Cry," "All Of Me," and "Fool's Hall Of Fame." The boy's so talented, in fact, that practically everything he does is enjoyable.

Pop classics: "Viennese Bonbons" (H.M.V. LP) is more than just a collection of beguiling Strauss melodies—it is played by the superlative Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, with **Rudolf Kempe** conducting.

Humor: If there are any fans of the late **Jack Davey** at your place, you'll be doing them a good turn by telling them about the Festival LP "Hi Ho Everybody — This Is Jack Davey." In tracks taken from his recorded quiz shows, the inimitable Jack sets a rattling pace with tongue-twisters, comedy routines, and wisecrack-studded quizzing.

Movie music: The varied and vivid musical score written by the brilliant **Henry Mancini** for the coming Glenn Ford-Lee Remick film, "Experiment In Terror," is out on an R.C.A. LP. Moody, swinging, dramatic, and twisty by turns, I found this Mancini score absorbing listening all the way.

Show tunes: Something in the nature of a bargain, though it has no big star names, is the moderately priced Goldengroove "Flower Drum Song" LP. A capable full cast and orchestra give a pleasing account of the catchy **Rodgers and Hammerstein** numbers.

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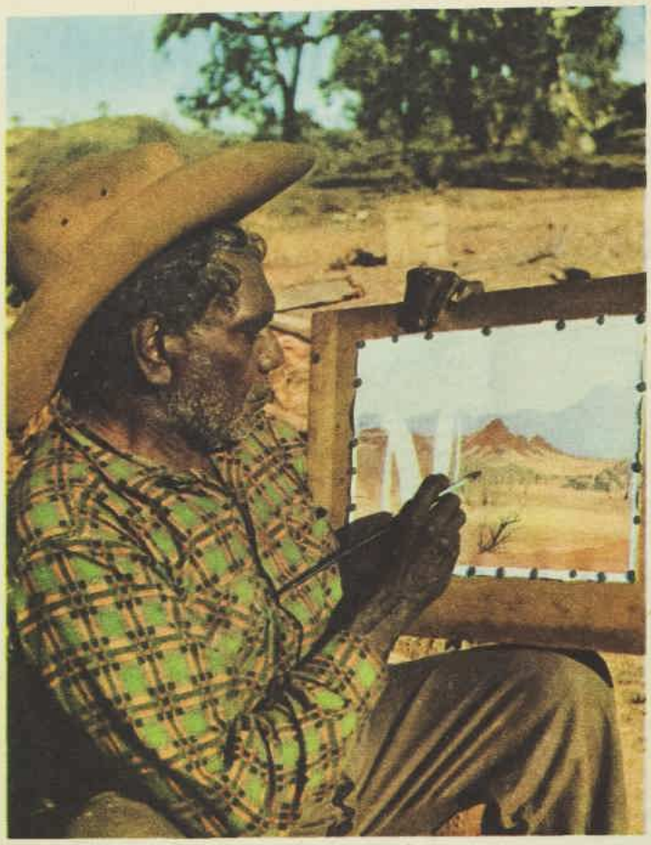

ALBERT NAMATJIRA, photographed at work on one of his paintings, by Mr. S. Hudson, of Carnegie, Victoria.

AUSTRALIAN PAINTERS

by Douglas Watson

Aboriginal painter's work significant

17. Albert Namatjira (1902-59)

THIS notable Australian aboriginal, born at Hermannsburg, Central Australia, on July 28, 1902, was a member of the Aranda Tribe of South Australia. He was educated at the Hermannsburg Mission, and earned his living as a stockman, camel driver, station-hand, and, for some years before his death, as an artist.

His first encounter with watercolor paintings made a lasting impression on him. This happened when Rex Batterbee and John Gardner held an exhibition at the mission station in 1934.

Namatjira then began to teach himself how to draw figures of animals and birds on wood. In 1936 he offered his services to Batterbee as a camel-boy in exchange for painting lessons.

He must have had tremendous natural ability for using paints. He learned quickly and in a short time was producing salable watercolors.

He was unique in the sense that he was the first Australian aboriginal to become known for his watercolor painting—a medium essentially English and far removed from aboriginal culture.

Aesthetically, Namatjira's paintings are not as advanced as, say, Hans Heysen's are in the same field, but they are historically significant, for they demonstrate the innate artistic ability of our aborigines — ability shown in the unique bark paintings that have won world headlines.

NEXT WEEK

● This article on Namatjira completes our series on Australian painters. It proved as popular with readers as our "Books Worth Reading," "The Lifetime Reading Plan," and "Art Through the Ages."

Next week we begin a new series, "Architecture Through the Ages," by Morton E. Herman, Master of Architecture, a Fellow of the Royal Australian Institute of Architects, and author of "Early Australian Architects and Their Work."

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SIMPLE BUT SO GOOD TO EAT: These perfect examples of country cookery are fruit mince pie, sunshine teacake, family sponge, pumpkin scones, and orange loaf. See recipes.

BAKING DAY

TREATS FROM THE OVEN FOR WINTER APPETITES

● *In this three-page feature are recipes to inspire a wonderful baking day. There are cakes, pies, biscuits, and scones reminiscent of visits to friends in the country or winter holidays in the mountains, when afternoon tea is almost a meal in itself.*

THESE rich, wholesome foods are all designed to keep well in covered containers, and so provide days or weeks of good eating for all the family.

In the recipes level spoon measurements and the standard glass measuring-cup are used. This cup holds 8oz. liquid, scant 8oz. sugar, 8oz. butter, but only 4oz. flour.

PUMPKIN SPICE SCONES

Three ounces butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup cooked, well-mashed pumpkin (dry variety), 1 egg, 10oz. flour, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 3 dessertspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ cup milk.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add pumpkin and beat in egg. Sift flour, baking-powder, spice, salt. Add half the flour to the creamed mixture, then half the milk, remaining flour, then remaining milk. The dough should be soft, but not too soft to knead. Add a little extra milk if necessary. Turn dough on to floured board and knead lightly. Roll out about 1in. thick and cut with sharp, floured knife or cutter into shapes desired. Place close together on greased scone-tray, glaze with milk. Bake in very hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Serve thickly buttered.

FAMILY SPONGE

Five large eggs, their weight in sugar (10oz. or 1¼ cups), 1 extra egg, weight of 3 eggs in flour (6oz. or 1½ cups), 1 lemon, icing-sugar.

Warm sugar in basin over hot water. Remove from hot water, add eggs one at a time, beating well. When all eggs are added, fold in lemon rind and beat 20 minutes. Sift flour three times to aerate, carefully fold into sponge mixture. Place into 7 or 8in. cake-tin which has been greased and lined. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes until light and elastic to touch. Turn out. Serve sprinkled with sifted icing-sugar.

SULTANA RING

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 2 small eggs, 4oz. sultanas, 1 tablespoon chopped blanched almonds, 1 tablespoon chopped peel, 6oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 3 tablespoons milk, extra almonds.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add eggs one at a time, beat well. Fold in sultanas, chopped almonds, and peel, then sifted flour and baking-powder alternately with milk. Fill into greased 6 or 7in. ring-tin or cake-tin, top with extra blanched almonds. Bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. Leave in tin 15 minutes before turning on to cake-cooler.

Note: This is too much for a 6in. ring-tin. Before filling tin, take out sufficient to make 6 patty-cakes.

SUNSHINE TEACAKE

Two eggs, pinch salt, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups self-raising flour, ½ cup sultanas, 2/3rds cup milk, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, 4oz. melted butter.

Separate eggs. Place egg-whites in basin and beat with salt until stiff. Beat in egg-yolks, then gradually add sugar, beating until dissolved. Fold in sifted flour and half the sultanas alternately with milk and vanilla essence. Lastly fold in melted butter. Fill into greased 8 or 9in. sandwich-tin, sprinkle over remaining fruit. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Allow to cool slightly in tin, turn out and serve warm with butter.

POWDER PUFFS

Two eggs, ½ cup cornflour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 4 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, whipped cream or substitute, raspberry jam if desired, icing-sugar.

Beat egg-whites until stiff and frothy. Gradually add sugar, beat well. Add egg-yolks one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted dry ingredients. Drop ½ teaspoon at a time on to hot, greased oven-trays. Bake in hot oven 5 or 6 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. Join in pairs with cream or jam if desired. Dust both sides with sifted icing-sugar.

Continued overleaf

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

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BAKING DAY . . . *continued from previous page*

FRUIT MINCE PIE

Twelve ounces biscuit pastry, egg-white and sugar for glazing, 1 cup sultanas, 1 cup currants, ½ cup raisins, 2 green apples (grated), juice and rind 1 lemon, 1 cup water or pineapple syrup, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 small can pineapple pieces, 1 small can apricot halves, 2 tablespoons cornflour (blended with 1-3rd cup fruit syrup), 1 to 2 tablespoons sweet sherry.

Divide pastry in halves, roll out one portion thinly, fill into 9in. or 10in. pie-dish; trim edges and chill while preparing filling. Combine sultanas, currants, raisins, grated apple, lemon juice and rind, water, brown sugar, mixed spice. Stir over heat until mixture boils. Fold in pineapple pieces and apricot halves, simmer 3 minutes. Gradually stir in blended cornflour, stir over heat until thickened, flavor with sweet sherry; cool. Fill into prepared pastry-case. Roll out remaining pastry, place on top of pie. Trim edges, decorate top of pie as desired. Glaze with egg-white (slightly beaten) or water, then sprinkle lightly with sugar. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, bake further 20 minutes or until golden in color and cooked through. Allow to cool before serving. Serve warm or cold with cream or custard as desired.

ORANGE LOAF

Four ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. sugar, 2 eggs, grated rind 1 orange, 8oz. self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons desiccated coconut, ½ cup milk.

Cream butter or substitute, gradually add sugar and orange rind, beat until smooth and all sugar grains have dissolved. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold into creamed mixture alternately the sifted flour, coconut, and milk. Fill mixture into greased bar-tin with the base lined with paper. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour or until cooked through when tested with fine skewer. Leave in tin a few minutes, then turn out on to cake-cooler to cool. When cold top with the following:

Orange Cream: Three ounces butter, 6oz. icing-sugar, 1 teaspoon orange juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind.

Cream butter with icing-sugar, gradually add orange juice and rind. Beat until mixture is smooth and creamy. Spread over top of cake and rough up surface with fork. Decorate if desired with flowers or small sections of orange (fresh or crystallised).

COFFEE WALNUT CAKE WITH COFFEE MALLOW FROSTING

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, ¼ cup chopped walnuts, 1¼ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 tablespoon coffee essence.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar. Add beaten eggs a little at a time, mixing well. Add walnuts. Fold in sifted dry ingredients, then boiling water and coffee essence. Bake in 7in or 8in. greased cake-tin in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Allow to cool in tin a few minutes before turning out on to cake-cooler. When quite cold cover with coffee mallow frosting, decorate with walnut halves.

Coffee Mallow Frosting: Two teaspoons gelatine, ½ cup hot water, 1 cup icing-sugar, 2 teaspoons coffee essence, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, walnut halves.

Dissolve gelatine in the hot water. When cool gradually beat in sifted icing-sugar, beat until thick enough to hold its shape. Add coffee essence and lemon juice, beat again until thick enough to hold its shape. Fold in baking-powder. Spread quickly over top and sides of cake, decorate with walnut halves.

Note: Both cake and icing are better cut the day after making.

MARSHMALLOW BISCUITS

Biscuit: Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 8oz. flour, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 1 tablespoon milk.

Cream butter with sugar, add beaten egg-yolk. Work in sifted dry ingredients, adding milk if necessary to make very dry dough. Turn on to floured board, roll thinly. Cut with plain 2½in. round cutter. Place on greased oven-slide, bake in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes. Allow to cool on tray. When cold join with mock cream, top with marshmallow, sprinkle with coconut.

Marshmallow: Three teaspoons gelatine, ¼ cup boiling water, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 egg-white, 1 cup icing-sugar, vanilla, pink or green coloring, small quantity coconut, mock cream.

Soak gelatine in boiling water. When cold, but not set, add lemon juice. Pour slowly on to stiffly beaten egg-white, mixing well. Beat in sifted icing-sugar, vanilla, and coloring; spoon on to biscuits immediately, because mixture sets quickly.

PINEAPPLE BLOSSOMS

Cases: Four ounces cornflour, 4oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 3 or 4 tablespoons milk.

Sift dry ingredients into bowl, rub in butter, add sugar. Mix to dry dough with egg-yolk and milk. Roll thinly on floured board. Cut with plain or fluted cutter, line shallow patty-tins. Prick base with fork, bake in hot oven 8 to 10 minutes. Prepare almond roses and filling.

Almond Roses and Filling: Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons sugar, 4oz. marzipan meal, 6 tablespoons self-raising flour, 1 egg, cherries, crushed or grated pineapple, mock cream.

Cream butter and sugar, add marzipan meal, sifted flour, and beaten egg. Pipe into large roses on greased oven-tray, press cherry into top of each. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes until lightly browned. Allow to cool.

Place 1 teaspoon pineapple into each cooked and cooled case, pipe mock cream round edges. When almond roses are quite cold, press one on to each filled case. Can be dusted lightly with icing-sugar before serving.

GOLDEN COFFEE CAKE

One cup brown sugar, 4oz. butter or substitute, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon ground cloves, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ cup milk.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar and vanilla. Add egg-yolks one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add golden syrup and walnuts. Fold in sifted flour, cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves, and salt alternately with milk. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into greased 7in. or 8in. cake-tin, bake in moderate oven 1 to 1¼ hours. Allow to stand in tin a few minutes before turning out on to cake-cooler. When cold cover top with frosting, decorate with walnut halves.

Frosting: One tablespoon butter, 4 tablespoons icing-sugar, 1 dessertspoon milk, 1 teaspoon coffee essence, 1 teaspoon cocoa, 3 tablespoons powdered milk (dry), walnut halves to decorate.

Beat butter until soft, gradually add icing-sugar. Beat in half the milk, coffee essence, and cocoa a little at a time. Gradually beat in powdered milk and remainder of fresh milk. Continue beating until smooth. Spread over top of cake, rough up with fork, decorate with walnut halves.

ROYALES

Biscuit Dough: Two ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. castor sugar, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 6oz. flour, pinch salt.

Cream butter with sugar and lemon rind. Add egg, mix well. Work in sifted flour and salt, making dry dough. Turn on to floured board, roll thinly. Cut into rounds with 2in. cutter. Place on greased tray, bake in hot oven 8 to 10 minutes. When quite cold top with a little rum jelly made as follows:

Rum Jelly: Dissolve ½ packet lemon jelly crystals in ½ cup boiling water. When cold and beginning to set add 1 dessertspoon rum. When almost set place small quantity in centre of each biscuit, allow to set. Then cover each biscuit with marzipan.

Marzipan: Mix 8oz. well-sifted icing-sugar, 3 tablespoons ground almonds, 3 teaspoons orange juice, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, and 1 egg-yolk together.

Roll out on board dusted with icing-sugar, cut into rounds, using same cutter as for biscuits. Brush edges of biscuits with egg-white, press marzipan round on lightly. Allow to stand while preparing icing.

Chocolate Icing: Into small saucepan place 12oz. sifted icing-sugar, 1oz. grated chocolate, 3 tablespoons hot water. Stir over low heat until smooth enough to spread. Coat biscuits and allow to set.

ALMOND BUTTER CRUNCHIES. See below.

ALMOND BUTTER CRUNCHIES

Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 4oz. self-raising flour, 4oz. plain flour, 1 small egg, milk or sherry, ½ cup finely chopped almonds, 1 cup crushed corn cereal, glace cherries.

Cream butter with sugar, add egg, and mix well. Add sifted dry ingredients, mix to biscuit dough with a little milk or sherry (if needed). Roll into small balls with floured hands, coat in mixture of almonds and crushed corn cereal. Place on greased biscuit-trays, press each down lightly, place a cherry piece on each. Bake in moderately hot oven about 10 minutes or until golden. Loosen on trays, allow to stand until cold. Store in airtight tin.

Continued overleaf

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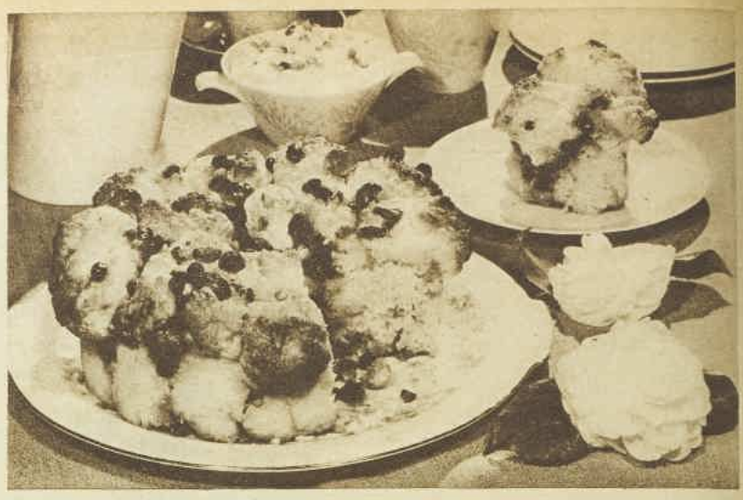

SPICED TEACAKE contains spice, walnuts, honey, and mixed fruit and is delicious for morning or afternoon tea. See the recipe below.

BAKING DAY . . . *concluded*

BUTTER-NUT BARS

One and a half cups flour, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup chopped dates, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon milk, vanilla essence, ¼lb. butter (melted).

Sift the flour, baking-powder, and salt, add the dates, walnuts, and sugar. Beat the eggs, add milk and vanilla essence. Add to dry ingredients, stirring well. Lastly add melted butter. Place in greased swiss-roll tin (the mixture is very soft), bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. While still hot cut into finger lengths, allow to cool in tin.

GINGER SPONGE

Four eggs, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup arrowroot, 5 dessertspoons plain flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 teaspoons cocoa, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, 2 dessertspoons golden syrup, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, whipped or mock cream, icing-sugar.

Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add sugar, then egg-yolks. Fold in very carefully the sifted dry ingredients and lastly add golden syrup. Bake in two 8in. sandwich-tins 20 to 25 minutes in moderate oven. When cold join together with mock or whipped cream, dust with sifted icing-sugar.

BANANA CAKE

Cake: Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, little grated lemon rind, 2 eggs, 8oz. self-raising flour, 3 bananas, ¼ pint milk, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda.

Cream butter with sugar and lemon rind. Add beaten eggs. Lightly fold in sifted flour, then thoroughly mashed bananas. Lastly fold in soda dissolved in milk. Turn into greased log-tin or loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven 50 to 55 minutes. Allow to stand in tin a few minutes before turning out on to cake-cooler. When quite cold spread all over with icing, rough up with fork to represent bark, decorate with toffee chips.

Icing: Three dessertspoons butter, 2 cups icing-sugar, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence.

Beat butter until soft and white, gradually add sifted icing-sugar, salt, and cocoa. Continue beating until well mixed. Gradually add coffee essence and vanilla.

Toffee Chips: One cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Place sugar, water, and lemon juice into saucepan, stir over low heat until sugar is dissolved. Bring to the boil, cook until pale amber color. Pour into buttered tin. When cold and set break into pieces.

CHERRY LAYER CAKE

Six ounces butter or substitute, 1½ cups castor sugar, grated rind ½ lemon, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, 3 eggs, 12oz. flour, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¾ cup drained, chopped maraschino cherries, ¾ cup milk.

Cream butter with sugar, lemon rind, and vanilla, beating until soft, white, and fluffy. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well. Fold in sifted flour, baking-powder, and salt alternately with cherries and milk. Divide mixture into 3 greased 8in. sandwich-tins. Bake in moderately hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler. When cold, join with cream filling, coat with cherry frosting.

Cream Filling: Beat 2oz. butter until soft and creamy, gradually add 8 to 10oz. sifted icing-sugar and vanilla to taste. Gradually beat in 1 tablespoon milk, beating until mixture is soft and fluffy.

Cherry Frosting: Place in saucepan 1¾ cups sugar, pinch salt, ¼ cup water, ¼ cup mixed orange and lemon juice, pinch cream of tartar. Boil until syrup spins a thread (238deg. F.). Remove from heat, pour in thin stream on to 2 stiffly beaten egg-whites. Beat until cool and very thick. Fold in ½ teaspoon vanilla, 2 tablespoons chopped cherries, and few drops pink coloring. Spread quickly over top and sides of cake. Allow to set.

FRUITY CHOCOLATE CAKE

Half cup butter or substitute, 1 cup castor sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ¼ cup cocoa, 3 eggs, ½ cup strong black coffee, ½ cup cherries, ½ cup raisins, ¼ cup shredded peel, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 1½ cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon each nutmeg and cinnamon.

Cream butter with sugar and vanilla. Add egg-yolks, beat well. Stir in cocoa blended smoothly with coffee essence. Fold in fruits and nuts alternately with sifted dry ingredients. Lastly add stiffly beaten egg-whites, mix lightly until well blended. Turn into 7in. cake-tin lined with greased paper, bake in moderate oven 1¼ to 1½ hours. Allow to become almost cold before turning out of tin. Can be iced and decorated with walnuts or left plain.

CHOCOLATE DREAMS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 6oz. flour, ½ cup cornflour, 2 dessertspoons cocoa, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 or 2 tablespoons milk (if necessary).

Cream butter with sugar. Add egg-yolks, mix well. Add sifted flour, cornflour, cocoa, baking-powder, and salt, then milk (if necessary), making a dry dough. Turn on to floured board, roll thinly. Cut with round cutter, place on greased oven-slide and bake in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes. Allow to cool on tray.

Peppermint Cream Filling: One tablespoon butter, 4 tablespoons sifted icing-sugar, 2 or 3 drops peppermint essence.

Cream butter, gradually add icing-sugar, beat until soft and smooth. Add peppermint essence. Sandwich biscuits with small quantity of this filling.

Chocolate Icing: Six tablespoons icing-sugar, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 3 dessertspoons milk, grated chocolate or cake topping.

Sift icing-sugar with cocoa, mix to smooth paste with milk. Warm slightly to spreading consistency. Coat tops of biscuits, sprinkle with grated chocolate or cake topping.

SPICED TEACAKE

Dough: Twelve ounces self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 3oz. butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons sugar, ¾ cup milk (or milk and water), 1 egg.

Fruit mixture: Six ounces mixed fruit, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2 teaspoons mixed spice, 1 tablespoon honey, 2oz. brown sugar, 2 tablespoons chopped walnuts.

Sift flour and salt into basin. Rub in butter with tips of fingers until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Add sugar, mix to soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Combine all ingredients for fruit mixture in saucepan, heat until butter melts. Place alternate spoonfuls of dough and fruit mixture into well-greased large ring-tin, bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Serve warm or cold.

NEXT WEEK: One-course meals.

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● *Chinese vase and wine jug.*

● *White china salad-bowl.*

● **Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antique pieces of china and glass. Some of them are shown on this page.**

● *Dresden shepherdess.*

I have a lovely deep red vase which I think is Chinese. It stands 14½in. high and is highly glazed. Could it be a sang-de-boeuf? The other piece apparently is a wine jug and is 11in. high, white, and glazed only on the inside. The outside is matt finished and decorated with raised figures of children and trails of vines and grapes. The word Copeland in a decorative type of shield is on the bottom.—Mrs. M. Tame, Bundeena, N.S.W.

Your beautiful vase is Chinese and it is sang-de-boeuf. The Chinese potter perfected the rich sang-de-boeuf glaze in the reign of K'ang-h-si (A.D. 1662-1723). Monochrome glazes were popular throughout the 18th century. The Emperor Ch'ien-lung (1736-1795) had some fine pieces in his collection. The lovely Copeland wine jug was made about 1850. Your vase and wine jug are shown above.

★ ★ ★

My salad-bowl is white china with a blue-and-red leaf design and silver edges and handles. The servers are the same. There are no markings. I also have a Dresden shepherdess which stands 15in. high and was one of a pair.—Mrs. H. R. Harris, Grafton, N.S.W.

Your salad-bowl (shown in centre above) is English Staffordshire and was made about 1870. This type of salad-bowl and servers was fashionable until about 1900. The Dresden shepherdess (above, right) was made about 1865.

● *English glass plate.*

Could you give me some information about this plate that I own, please?—Mrs. E. Petrie, Beaufort, Vic.

Your plate (shown above) is English pressed glass, made about 1880.

★ ★ ★

I have a pair of snuff-boxes shaped like boots or shoes which are 3½in. by 1¼in., with a hinged airtight lid. They have been in our family for over 50 years, I think. Could you tell me something about them, please?—Mrs. Alice Doyle, East Ormond, Vic.

Your snuff-box boots, which I presume are made of papiermache, are English and were made about 1850-1860.

Pictured: 2½ pint oblong utility dish and Vegetable dish, both in Black Rose design.

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Canned pineapple recipe contest

● Below are the winners of this week's three progress prizes in our Queensland canned pineapple recipe contest.

THIS contest will close on July 9, so there is still time to send in your entry.

Address entries to Pineapple Contest, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Level spoon measures and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all recipes on this page.

LAMB ROMARIN

Six thick lamb leg chops, little fat or oil, ¾ cup self-raising flour, salt, pepper, 2oz. butter or substitute, ¾ cup milk, 3 eggs, ½ cup grated cheese, 1 small sprig fresh rosemary finely chopped or 1 teaspoon dried rosemary, paprika, 4 tomatoes, 2 onions, 1 clove garlic, rosemary sprigs to garnish.

Brown chops quickly on both sides in heated fat or oil, remove. Melt butter in saucepan, stir in flour, salt, and milk. Stir over low heat until smooth and thick. Remove from heat, beat in eggs, cheese, and rosemary; return to low heat few minutes. Skin and slice tomatoes and onions, crush garlic, and arrange in layers in heatproof casserole, sprinkling each layer with salt and pepper. Pile cheese - rosemary mixture roughly on each chop, arrange on tomatoes, sprinkle with paprika. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Garnish with fresh rosemary sprigs. Serve with separate dish of small buttered potatoes and green peas.

CHINESE PINEAPPLE PORK WITH ALMOND RICE

One pound pork fillet, 1 cup chicken stock (or use packaged chicken soup), ½ cup pineapple juice, 1 cup canned pineapple pieces, 3 tablespoons cornflour, 3 tablespoons dry sherry, 1 carrot (grated), 2 sticks celery (chopped), 6 shallots, 1 dessertspoon soy sauce, 2 tablespoons vinegar, fat or oil.

Almond Rice: Three cups boiled, salted, well-drained rice, 1 cup cooked french beans, 2oz. blanched almonds (split in halves), 2 tablespoons oil or melted butter, salt.

Cut pork into thin strips, roll in cornflour, and deep-fry until golden brown. Lift out and keep hot, drain. Place pineapple juice, vinegar, chicken stock, sherry, pineapple pieces, grated carrot, celery, and shallots in large pan and bring to boil, simmering until vegetables are just tender (about 10 minutes). Blend 2 tablespoons cornflour with a little water, then thicken contents of saucepan with this, boiling 2 minutes. Add soy sauce, serve.

Almond Rice: Heat butter or oil in frying-pan, cook almonds until golden brown, remove. Add rice, stir constantly until heated through. Add the cooked beans and almonds; season to taste. Serve on large heated platter topped with pork pieces. Serve piping-hot with sauce.

Progress prize of £5 worth of pineapple products to Mrs. D. Bullock, 12 Bell's Road, Lithgow, N.S.W.

PINEAPPLE CHIFFON CAKE

Two tablespoons sugar, 1oz. gelatine, ¼ teaspoon salt, 3 eggs (separated), 1¼ cups canned crushed pineapple and syrup, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, extra 2 tablespoons sugar, 1¼ cups plain chocolate - coated biscuits (crushed), 1 cup whipped cream, 1 small can pineapple pieces, extra whipped cream.

Combine gelatine, sugar, and salt in top half of double saucepan. Beat egg-yolks, add to crushed pineapple and syrup. Add to gelatine mixture, cook over boiling water until dissolved. Add lemon juice, chill until beginning to thicken. Beat egg-whites until stiff and add sugar gradually, beating well to dissolve it. Fold into chilled pineapple mixture, fold in the cream. Spoon ½ of mixture into wetted loaf-tin or mould, add layer of crushed biscuits. Repeat layers until all is used. Chill. Unmould on to serving-dish, decorate with extra whipped cream and pineapple pieces.

Progress prize of £5 worth of pineapple products to Mrs. B. Andrews, c/o P.O., Mermaid Beach, Qld.

CONTINENTAL CHICKEN AND PINEAPPLE DINNER

One small chicken, 1 can pineapple juice, 1 large can mushrooms, 1 pint medium thickness white sauce, 1 can pineapple rings, 4oz. almonds, ½ cup breadcrumbs.

Steam chicken in pineapple juice and water to cover until tender. Cool, then break into pieces and place into greased ovenproof dish. Combine mushrooms and white sauce until thoroughly mixed. Pour over chicken pieces, sprinkle over breadcrumbs. Top with pineapple rings, cover with blanched almonds (cut in halves). Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Serve with green peas and fluffy cooked rice.

Progress prize of £5 worth of pineapple products to Mrs. D. Dymock, Flat 2, 66 Broadway, Nedlands, Perth.

BISCUIT RECIPE WINS £5

THIS week's prize of £5 in our regular recipe contest is awarded to Mrs. M. Coulstock, 105 Alt Street, Ashfield, N.S.W., for banana-flavored biscuits topped with lemon frosting.

ALLSPICE BANANA SQUARES

One cup sifted self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ¾ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ¾ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon ground cloves, ½ cup softened butter or substitute, 1-3rd cup mashed ripe banana, 1 egg, ¼ cup milk, 1-3rd cup chopped walnuts.

Sift together the first 8 dry ingredients. Combine butter and mashed banana in mixing-bowl, beat until creamy. Add egg, beat well. Fold in dry ingredients alternately with milk. Lastly stir in walnuts. Spread into well-greased lamington-tin, bake in moderate oven 25 minutes. Frost, cut into squares.

Lemon Frosting: Combine 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1 tablespoon hot water, and 2 teaspoons lemon juice. Blend in 1 cup sifted icing-sugar. Thin with a little hot water if necessary.

PYE introduces an entirely NEW KIND OF ELECTRIC BLANKET

Sleep well, sleep warm, sleep safely with an entirely new kind of electric blanket. It spreads over your mattress and you sleep on top. There are 5 settings on the control (the double-bed model has separate controls), which is also a transformer and reduces power to a harmless 32 volts (less than 23 torch batteries). **2 deluxe models** for single (23" x 60") and double beds (43" x 60") in White, Pink, Blue. 23 gns. and 39 gns. Prices slightly higher in some States. **Therapeutic value.** Widely used in hospitals and sanitariums. **Approved by** All State Electricity Authorities. Gaily styled—low voltage

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"IT TAKES TWO TO TALK"

By GERTRUDE WYATT, an expert in children's speech

● Delight plays a big part in a child's learning to talk. But it takes two to get results — as when baby gurgles away in his cot, "Da-da-da-dada," and proud Dad takes up the echo in a kind of game, "Da, dad, dad," until finally what was only a sound becomes a definite word.

ON a Saturday afternoon not long ago I sat opposite a young couple in a train. Standing between them on the seat was a black-haired girl about a year old.

Her father had his arm about the little girl's legs, holding her as she swayed back and forth with the train's motion.

As she swayed toward her mother, the little girl exclaimed: "A-bah," her mouth wide open and grinning. "A-bah," she said again.

"A-bah," replied the little girl's mother, her mouth wide open and a happy smile all over her face.

Back and forth swayed the little girl, and back and forth went the game between mother and child.

After a while the mother got tired of the game. "No, no," she said to the little girl. "No more!" The child's mouth remained wide open a bit longer as if she expected the game to begin again. "No more." Hope gone, she then turned her face to her father, rubbing his chin.

● Cuddles and baby talk promote the right atmosphere for the baby, when he is old enough, to wish to talk.

Parents help

Now her father began to mumble into her ear: "Good girl, good girl, hold on to me; we will be home soon; good girl."

Father and mother were giving the little girl what she wanted and needed — the warmth of their touch, physical support to keep her swaying body from falling, and the never-ending delight of exchanging smiles and sounds with her.

In this way the little girl was learning to speak, communicating with her parents by means of her body, her face, her eyes and ears, her tongue and mouth. Her whole little person was "communicating."

And her parents entered wholeheartedly into her game — speaking to her with their bodies, their touch, mirroring back her motions and sounds, reflecting her smiles, participating in her repetitions.

Now and then they also offered the child simple words and phrases to be learned — "No more," "Good girl," "Hold on."

And, in the whole situation, she had no difficulty in gleaning what was meant by these words, though she couldn't use them herself.

Later on she will hear the same words. Again, and again, and again. Without knowing it, she will begin to isolate them and use them.

All over the world speech is learned through such mutual imitation between adults and children.

Margaret Mead, the famous anthropologist, describing family life in New Guinea, speaks of the games of imitative gestures and sounds which Melanesian men and boys like to play with children.

She writes: "There is no adult boredom with the faulty words of babyhood. The baby says 'me' and the adult says 'me,' on and on in the same tone of voice.

"I have counted sixty repetitions of the same word, and at the end of the sixtieth repetition, neither baby nor adult was bored . . .

"So in this atmosphere of delight in repetition and imitation, a new language is taught painlessly by one age group to another."

Delight in repetition and imitation is, indeed, the essence of all language learning, delight on the part of the learner, and delight plus patience by the teacher.

Some years ago I was asked to teach a four-year-old child to speak. Diane had been ill and hospitalised during part of her early life, and, while she seemed to understand speech, she had never uttered more than a few sounds. Using gestures very effectively, she was usually able to make her needs and wishes known in routine situations, but in unfamiliar situations or with strangers she was often unable to make herself understood.

In her distress and anger, she would then yell and scream and throw herself on the floor.

When we met for the first time, she was immediately attracted by a ring with a green stone which I wore. She stretched her hands out as if asking for the ring.

I slipped it off my finger, and, holding it up before her, I said the word "ring" slowly, loudly.

Diane tried to grasp the ring. I pulled it back, repeating the word "ring."

Diane looked puzzled and angry, as I continued the game of showing her the ring, all the while saying "ring . . . ring . . . ring."

Suddenly, after I had repeated the word about twenty times, Diane called out "ying" — and I gave her the ring.

Like Helen Keller, Diane had suddenly discovered that everything has a name.

She had entered the realm of communication with other humans through language.

Overjoyed with her new discovery, Diane began to learn.

She treated her new words like gifts given to her to play with, gifts that she in turn would give to other people.

Every evening before going to bed, she came into the living-room in her long nightgown to present her gift of words to her mummy and daddy and to me.

She repeated the words and phrases she had learned during the day: "Dolly, dolly, dolly, dolly! Paper, paper, go away, get up, get up," and so on.

In her excitement she jumped up and down, raising her arms as if the words were balls to be thrown high into the air and caught again.

One night, after we had put Diane to bed, I sat down in the hall outside her bedroom, listening.

During the day she had learned some new color names and she went to sleep repeating to herself "Yed, byue, gyeen," over and over, more than fifty times by my count, until she fell asleep.

She had taken her words to bed with her, to play with them, to repeat them, learning them through endless repetition.

These words were also tokens of love to her; they were part of the people she needed and loved — her mother, father, and teacher.

To the young child, words are truly parts of people.

A mother's sounds and words are as much a part of her as her smile or her frown or her special touch.

Healthy and active children everywhere exhibit delight in repetition, but busy mothers may not always be able to spare enough time.

A mother of four children, whose third child spoke poorly, blamed having spent less time with that child on nursery rhymes, stories, and word games.

In teaching your child to talk, common words, with simple meanings within the child's grasp—as good, bad, come, go—are the best to use frequently.

But "funny" sounds, like "hickory, dickory, dock," or "ho-ho-ho" are greatly appreciated by children. So are words which sound like their own meanings—growl, tinkle, splutter.

Properly used, such words give endless delight.

Listening to a child when she's playing a game by herself often shows just how repetitive and imitative children are.

Once I heard three-year-old Susan talking into a toy telephone:

"Hello, Mrs. Brown, well, Mrs. Brown, how are you? Fine, fine, thank you, thank you so much, I have blue ribbons on, that's right, goodbye, goodbye."

"A love of words"

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Now your scalp can be cleared of dandruff quickly! That's the simple promise made and carried out by new formula Loxene Medicated Shampoo.

Loxene Shampoo is the only preparation on the Australian market containing Iolan. Used regularly, Loxene not only clears dandruff, but helps stop it breaking out again. It removes greasy scalp and hair deposits, brings out the hair's natural healthy gloss, leaves it manageable, beautiful. Loxene medicated shampoo is remarkably effective and economical to use. Put it to the test today. Your mirror will tell you how wise you were!

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MEDICATED SHAMPOO WITH "IOLAN"

CHILBLAINS

There's one sure way to relieve the maddening itching and burning of foot chilblains — by applying **Baume Dalet**, the magical continental foot ointment. **Baume Dalet's** great healing properties get to work immediately, quickly giving the relief you long for, keeping your feet on the ground and not on your mind.

Ask your family chemist for Baume Dalet — 6/- a tube.
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Slice your Kraft Cheddar

best cheese for lunches

Smooth slicing, smooth textured, Kraft Cheddar — this is the cheese that makes really satisfying lunch-time treats. Its mellow flavour combines perfectly with fresh bread sandwiches or rolls. It takes a gallon of milk to make every pound of this fine cheese . . . that's why Kraft Cheddar is so rich in strengthening protein, essential vitamins and minerals. Kraft Cheddar is truly a bargain in nutrition. Get Kraft Cheddar in the 8 oz., 1 lb. and family-size 2 lb. packets. Also in 1 oz. portions.

Pack these

ROLLS AND CHEDDAR LUNCHEON TREATS

Rolls make an appetising change from regular sandwiches. Try these interesting fillings for hearty lunches.

- Sliced Kraft Cheddar with crisp lettuce.
- Sliced cucumber and tomato with sliced Kraft Cheddar.
- Sliced Kraft Cheddar with sliced dates.
- Mashed sardines, cucumber, and sliced Kraft Cheddar.
- Shredded Kraft Cheddar with baked beans.
- Shredded Kraft Cheddar, mixed with scrambled eggs and seasoned.
- Sliced ham, chopped drained pineapple, and sliced Kraft Cheddar.
- Chopped, cooked tongue and mustard, with sliced Kraft Cheddar.
- Sliced Kraft Cheddar, with fried onions and cooked crumbled bacon.
- Sliced Kraft Cheddar, with flaked tuna and Kraft Mayonnaise.
- Shredded Kraft Cheddar, with minced cold meat and Kraft Mayonnaise.
- Celery, with sliced Kraft Cheddar.

FROM THE KRAFT KITCHEN

KR259

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AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● A naval petty officer from Victoria who objects to my views on parti-colored beards has written a most amusing letter in defence of men's right to festoon their chins with hair.

I HAVEN'T room to print all of it, but he says, "Being keenly interested in the naval aspect of your article, I realise that sailors are somewhat low in the social scale, but I was unaware that goats took precedence over them!

"You say that it is odd to see a bearded man pushing a pram.

"What could be more odd than women with 'beehive' hairdos and skinny pants, topped by a bulky sweater—a get-up usually worn by those women whom it least suits?

"If we men must put up with our wives and girl-friends making a horrible mess of what should be their 'crowning glory,' then surely we are entitled to our idiosyncrasies, even to the extent of growing a beard!"

Good sir, I think you have a point there.

All I can do to make amends is to make you a present of my very favorite comment on slack-wearing women. It's by Ogden Nash, of course, and it goes:

"Sure, deck your lower limbs in pants;
Yours are the limbs, my sweeting.
You look divine as you advance—
Have you seen yourself retreating?"

The question of **why** women wear slacks crops up periodically in the newspapers. A few weeks ago I read a very long and learned article by a psychologist and the gist of it was that it was due to an uncomfortable state of mind called "masculine protest."

Women who wear slacks, he said, were jealous of man's power and position in the world, and copied man's clothing in the hope that wearing trousers would make them seem equally powerful.

Well, maybe . . . but somehow I think there's often a simpler explanation.

I wear slacks from one end of the winter to the other, because they're a lot more comfortable for housework and gardening and walks and picnics than anything else.

I don't mind wearing skirts, and I don't mind wearing stockings, but I do hate having to wear every day the trappings that are necessary to hold stockings up!

So if it comes down to a choice between wearing slacks and wearing a thick winter skirt over bare, cold-looking legs, it'll be slacks for me every time, and let's hope I never have to see myself retreating!

Old-time "goodies" could be gruesome

A READER from Kerang in Victoria has sent me a rather gruesome recipe called "Hare In Coffin."

"First remove the head, legs, and tail from a hare (no mention of what you do with the rest of the fur).

"The body is roasted whole, minced, or turned into a pate, and then enclosed in a coffin of pastry, leaving openings for the insertion of the head, tail, and legs."

I imagine you bake it, serve it, and then go quietly out and cut yourself a cheese sandwich.

It reminds me of a medieval recipe I read a few years ago for serving a dish of peacock.

You skin the bird instead of plucking it, then stuff it with spices and sweet herbs, and bake it with a constantly replaced wet cloth on its head to preserve the crown.

Place the cooked bird on a huge platter, cover it with the skin and feathers, with the enormous tail fully spread. Put a piece of cotton dipped in spirits in its beak, and set this alight just before the cook staggers in with the dish to the banquet table.

They were tougher in those days. I'm afraid that dish wouldn't go down well in my household.

I always remember a school holiday lunch of whitebait on toast that was a spectacular failure a good many years ago when the children were quite small.

Kay and Mike were hoeing in quite happily, but I noticed Diana wasn't eating at all.

"Eat your lunch before it gets cold," I said.

"I can't," Di said dramatically. "I just can't face those millions of little eyes looking at me."

Of course, Kay and Mike immediately found they couldn't stand it either, and very soon I was left alone at the table, facing accusing eyes from four different plates. Tinned whitebait, which I'd thought would be a treat, went off the family menu!

Handy notions on hand lotions

SUCH a lot of helpful letters have come in this last week from people who have found solutions to winter hand troubles.

I'm very grateful for these, and I only wish there was room to pass them all on.

But the thing everybody stressed was that the real answer is to use some sort of lotion or cream, whatever your choice is, every time you dry your hands.

The girls and I now have the house dotted with recommended lotions—there's one beside every tap—and our hands are really beginning to show the benefit of it.

A Frenchwoman among her roses

I HAVE been reading "My Mother's House," the most recent of the new translations of the famous French novelist Colette's work into English.

This is an entrancing little book, which brings back all the sights and smells of summer days in a garden during childhood.

How much of this we lose and forget as we grow older, until it's all brought back to us by reading the recollections of someone like Colette, who never lost that child's-eye view of nature!

Of her famous mother, Sido, she says:

"The fact is that though she was active and always on the go, she was not a sedulous housewife.

"She was clean and tidy, fastidious even, but without a trace of that solitary, maniacal spirit that counts napkins, lumps of sugar, and full bottles . . . 'When I take a lot of time and trouble wiping my Chinese cups,' she would say, 'I can actually feel myself getting older.'

"But she always persevered loyally until the job was finished. Then off she would go, down the two steps that led into the garden, and at once her resentment and her nervous exasperation subsided.

"The presence of plants always acted on her like a restorative, and she had a curious way of lifting roses by the chin to look them full in the face."

BREAK THE VICIOUS CIRCLE OF WINTER ILLS

COLDS

'FLU

COUGHS

BRONCHITIS

CONGESTION

Winter ills are a vicious circle. You catch cold . . . it saps your resistance, leaves you run-down . . . more likely to catch another cold—**unless you take Waterbury's.** Waterbury's is a superb, pleasant-tasting tonic, for grown-ups and children, that stops coughs, colds and 'flu getting a hold.

Waterbury's keeps you fit because it . . .

1 FIGHTS THE MISERY OF YOUR COLD

Your chemist recommends Waterbury's for coughs, colds, 'flu and all bronchial ills—because Waterbury's is a unique, **balanced** compound of decongestives and tonics.

2 BUILDS RESISTANCE

Every dose of this proven tonic speeds recovery and strengthens the body's resistance against future attacks. In addition to its decongestive action, Waterbury's is rich in vitamins, malt, glucose and hypophosphites.

AT ALL CHEMISTS

TAKE . . .

Waterbury's

RED LABEL

AND BREAK THE VICIOUS CIRCLE OF WINTER ILLS

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OUR ENLARGED TEST KITCHEN

TO meet the demands of our increased cookery services our Leila Howard Test Kitchen has been enlarged, newly equipped, and completely redecorated. The kitchen now is a cook's dream of paradise.

In it the cookery staff of seven, headed by Mrs. Betty Dunleavy, will be able to give an even bigger and better cookery service to The Australian Women's Weekly readers.

Every recipe which appears in print is tested in the kitchen, whether created by one of the staff or sent in by a reader, and the department sends out hundreds of letters answering requests for recipes, menus, and advice.

Pictures by staff photographer Don Cameron.

CAKE-TESTING session in our kitchen. Folding plastic screens, which allow good ventilation but omit glare, hang above the wall cupboards. Lower windows are shielded by white venetian blinds and pale pink terylene cafe curtains. The sink is equipped with a multi-point waterheater and a waste-disposal unit.

DINNER MENU is prepared by Mrs. Betty Dunleavy, head of our Leila Howard test kitchen. Two of the three cookery ranges (one electric and two gas) are shown in the picture below. The color scheme of the kitchen is pink and grey, with pink and grey heatproof plastic wall panelling and tabletops.

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***OUR COOKERY STAFF** prepare food for photography. Two 13-cubic-foot refrigerators, electric blenders, frypans, and other electrical aids are used in the kitchen. Practical floor covering is dove-grey lino tiles with an occasional pink or blue tile.*

RECIPES from readers all over the world pour into our Leila Howard Test Kitchen —from England, America, South Africa, New Zealand, Norway, and many of the Pacific islands, as well as all parts of Australia.

The staff is constantly on the lookout for new recipes or new ways to develop and add variety to old ones. They receive many ideas from New Australian readers, who are bringing exciting cooking ideas—traditional in their own countries, but new here—to the Australian kitchen.

Our staff prepares and tests all recipes for our weekly cookery features and arranges them for photography, and tests all the recipes that appear in our lift-out cookery booklets.

They also test the recipes sent in every week by readers.

But the busiest time of all is during our big cookery contests, when 40,000 to 50,000 entries are received. During these specially busy times three additional cookery experts are brought in to cope with the rush.

All entries are checked for ingredients, quantities, and method, and hundreds of the most promising are tested and retested for final judging.

As new products come on to the food market, the staff tests them to find ways of using them in a variety of recipes and the best ways of adapting these recipes to either gas or electric cooking.

Here is a list of the equipment in the enlarged kitchen:

Formica Plastics table tops, bench tops, and wall backing in pink and grey Skylark design.

Hoadleys cupboards and centre pr paration tables with Masonite Lustre Board doors.

Michael Nairn inlaid linoleum tiles on floors.

Sydney County Council St. George Constellation electric range, Australian Gas Light Co. New World Leader gas range, Metters Automatic Deluxe gas range.

Namco Electra saucepans for the electric range and Stronglight Carousel saucepans for the gas ranges.

Hunter Douglas Jeylis plastic room-divider and Luxaflex venetian blinds.

I.C.I. terylene curtains.

Parnall's Ascot multi-point instantaneous gas-heater.

Sunbeam electric frypan, whistling electric kettle, Mixmaster 2-speed power blender, auto toaster, and electric clock.

Goblin Electric Shredall kitchen waste disposal unit.

Two Fred Clark Starline stainless-steel kitchen sinks.

Two Metters Spaceage refrigerators.

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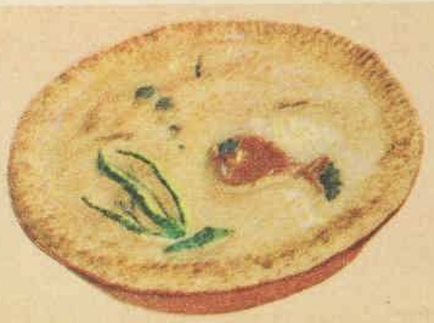
Recipe Magic with Rosella double strength soups

PATTIE SPECIALS. Combine 1 lb. minced steak, ½ lb. sausage mince, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 large finely chopped onion, and ½ can **ROSELLA MUSHROOM SOUP.** Mix well and mould into 6 even-sized patties with floured hands. Fry in heated fat or oil until cooked through (about 15 minutes). Cut 3 hamburger buns in halves and toast. Place a patty on each half and spoon over remaining Rosella Mushroom Soup (thinned down with a little water and heated).



SEAFOOD PIE. Prepare 12 oz. of cheese pastry. Roll out half and fill into a 9-inch pie case. Combine 1 can **ROSELLA VEGETABLE SOUP,** juice 1 lemon, ½ cup each of chopped red and green pepper and 1 lb. smoked cod (which has been brought to the boil, drained and chopped). Season with salt, pepper and a dash of tabasco sauce; fill into pie shell. Roll out remaining pastry, place on top of pie, trim and decorate. Glaze and bake in a hot oven 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate and bake further 15 minutes.

HOLIDAY LUNCHEON BAKE. Mix together in a basin 1 lb. cold cooked meat or canned luncheon meat (cut into cubes), 3 skinned and chopped tomatoes, 2 hardboiled eggs (chopped), ½ cup grated tasty cheese, 1 can **ROSELLA ASPARAGUS SOUP,** 1 cup water, ¼ cup finely chopped parsley. Season with salt, pepper as desired. Fill into a greased casserole dish, cover and bake in a moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Garnish with hardboiled egg wedges and parsley before serving.

CRUSTED LAMB. Cut 2 lb. lamb into chunks, brown in hot fat. Add 1 stick celery, 1 carrot, 1 onion (all sliced), ½ can **ROSELLA CELERY SOUP,** 1½ cups water. Season with salt and pepper. Fill into casserole, cover and bake in a moderate oven until meat is almost tender. Prepare 8 oz. scone dough and roll out, spread with remaining Rosella Celery Soup and roll up. Cut into 1 inch slices and arrange around edge of dish. Return to a hot oven and bake further 15 to 20 minutes. Serve piping hot.

FAMILY FAVOURITE. Shred ½ cabbage finely and saute until barely tender in butter. Fold in ½ can **ROSELLA PEA SOUP WITH HAM** and season lightly with salt and pepper. Fill into a well-greased casserole dish. Cover sausages with cold water and bring just to boiling point; drain. Brown in a little hot fat and cut into pieces. Arrange on top of cabbage mixture, spoon over remaining pea and ham soup and bake in a moderate oven until heated through. Sprinkle with chopped parsley before serving.

STEAK SURPRISE. Cut 1½ lb. blade steak into pieces and coat with seasoned flour and fry until browned in hot fat. Remove and drain. Add 2 sliced carrots, 4 or 5 small whole onions, 2 sticks celery (chopped), saute lightly. Pour on 1 can **ROSELLA OXTAIL SOUP** and 1 can water. Season with salt, pepper and ¼ teaspoon nutmeg. Cover and simmer until almost tender. Transfer to pie dish. Roll out ½ lb. puff pastry and place on top of dish, cut across and fold back corners. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes.

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Created and Tested in the . . .

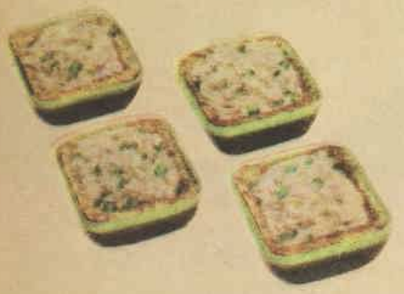
Leila Howard Test Kitchen

"Italian Meat Ring" uses Rosella Tomato Soup . . . "Rabbit Piquant" is based on Rosella Scotch Broth. Eleven Rosella Double Strength Soups . . . eleven different dishes! That's the story of Recipe Magic when Leila Howard and Rosella get together. Try these recipes this winter . . . never forgetting that only Rosella Soups are highly concentrated to give twice the quantity at no extra cost!

ITALIAN MEAT RING. Combine 1 lb. minced steak, 1 lb. sausage meat, 1 large finely chopped onion, ½ cup each chopped red and green pepper, 1 cup breadcrumbs, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ cup **ROSELLA TOMATO SOUP;** mix well. Press into greased ring tin, bake in a moderately slow oven 1½ hours. Drain off fat, turn out onto serving dish and spoon heated Rosella Spaghetti around base of dish and remaining heated Rosella Tomato Soup (thinned with a little water) over top of ring.

INDIAN HOT POT. Cut meat from 6 mutton chump chops and fry lightly in a little hot fat until lightly browned. Add 6 small whole onions and brown lightly. Fold in 1 can **ROSELLA MULLIGATAWNY SOUP,** 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon Rosella Fruit Chutney, salt and pepper to taste. Cover and simmer gently until meat is tender, stirring occasionally, or bake in a moderate oven. Serve with bowls of Rosella Fruit Chutney, cashew nuts or raisins and a dish of hot, fluffy rice, topped with shallots.

SPANISH TRIPE. Blanch 2 lb. tripe. Cover with fresh water, add a little onion and simmer gently until tender. Drain and cut into strips. Mix with 1 can **ROSELLA TV (TOMATO VEGETABLE) SOUP,** 1 cup water, 1 red and 1 green pepper (chopped and sauteed in butter), salt and pepper to taste. Fill into greased casserole dish, cover and bake in a moderate oven until heated through — about 30 minutes. Top with alternate slices of red and green pepper and serve piping hot, garnished with parsley.



MOCK CHICKEN PIES. Roll 8 oz. shortcrust pastry out thinly on floured board and fill into 5 or 6 small ramekin dishes. Prick and glaze lightly and bake in a hot oven 15 minutes or until lightly browned and crisp. Mix together 1 large can tuna, juice 1 small lemon, 1 can Rosella Green Peas, 1 cup thinly sliced cooked celery, 1 can **ROSELLA CHICKEN SOUP,** salt and pepper to taste. Fill into hot pastry cases and return to a moderate oven to reheat before serving.

RABBIT PIQUANT. Cut 1 large rabbit into sections, dust with seasoned flour and fry in hot fat or oil until browned. Peel and slice 1 carrot, 1 parsnip and add with rabbit pieces to a greased casserole dish. Combine 1 can **ROSELLA SCOTCH BROTH** with an equal amount of water and pour over ingredients in casserole. Season with a little salt and pepper. Cover and bake in a moderate oven about 1 hour or until rabbit is tender. Serve piping hot, sprinkled with chopped shallots and garnished with parsley.

Rosella soups

double strength

- Tomato
- Tomato / Vegetable
- Mulligatawny
- Vegetable
- Scotch Broth
- Ox Tail
- Mushroom
- Asparagus
- Pea with Ham
- Celery
- Chicken

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WINTER WITH ··· GOLDEN CIRCLE!

Palm Bay, Great Barrier Reef, North Queensland.

GLAZED PINEAPPLE AND SAUSAGES

Drain syrup from 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE PINEAPPLE PIECES. Place 3 cups cooked rice in buttered casserole. Brown 1 lb. sausages in frypan and place on top of rice. Melt spoonful butter in separate pan, add pineapple, sprinkle generously with tomato sauce, lightly with brown sugar. Heat 5 minutes, stirring occasionally, then spoon over sausages. Bake in moderate oven till bubbling hot.

FISH CAKES AND PINEAPPLE

Drain syrup from 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE SLICED PINEAPPLE. Prepare your favourite fish cake recipe using 1 tblspn. pineapple syrup and ½ tspn. mustard for extra flavour. Form into cakes, dip in beaten egg, then fine crumbs. Fry till golden brown both sides. Serve fish cakes on pineapple slices fried in same pan after fish cakes. Garnish with tomato and parsley.

PINEAPPLE MERINGUE PIE

One 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE CRUSHED PINEAPPLE, 2 eggs, 2 tblspns. cornflour, ¼ cup water, 1 tblspn. butter, ½ cup sugar, baked 8 in. pastry shell. Place pineapple and syrup in saucepan. When boiling thicken with cornflour blended in water. Beat in egg yolks and butter. Spoon into shell and top with meringue made by beating sugar into stiffly beaten egg whites. Brown in moderate oven.

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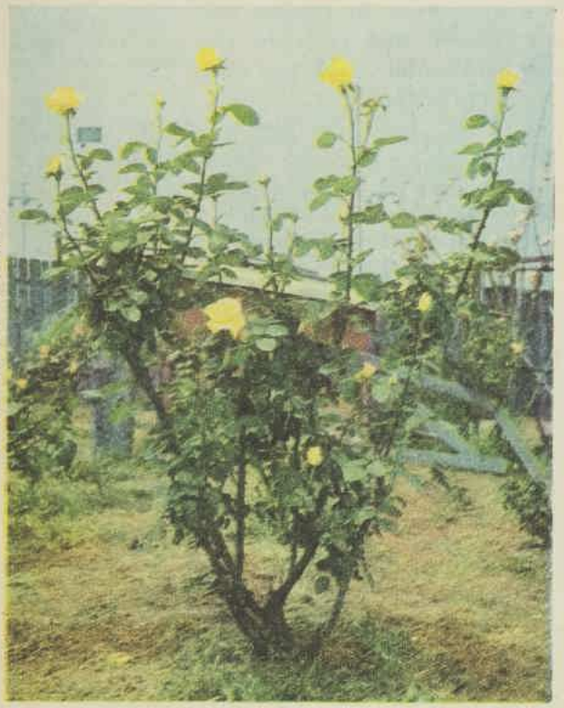
PRUNING ROSES



BUCCANEER, a lovely grandiflora rose grown by Mr. R. C. Ling, of Greenacre, N.S.W. Now ready for pruning, it shows the effect of previous good years of shaping.

● ***Rose-pruning, one of the most necessary jobs of the season, starts soon. Every rose is an individual, so don't prune them all alike.***

EXPERTS hold off this job until the bushes are dormant, when they lose all their foliage and the wood ripens as much as it ever does in the Australian climate.

Any bush carrying a few nice buds should be left alone, allowed to flower, and take its usual brief winter nap. Then prune.

Don't rob yourself of those last roses of winter because it is the custom to cut back the bushes during late June or halfway through July.

Pruning is not a matter of life or death to any rosebush, but it is necessary if you want shapely bushes or climbers and plenty of good blooms next season.

Most rose-growers delay pruning until the leaf buds, set at intervals along the stems, get plump and red. At this stage they are only nodes, or small red "pimples," but, underneath, the roses are getting ready to burst into bloom when spring rains and sunshine encourage new growth.

GARDENING

This reddening doesn't always happen at the same time every year.

In Queensland it usually occurs in early July, in New South Wales in late July or early August, in Victoria and Tasmania in late August, in South Australia in early to mid-August, and in Western Australia much the same time as in New South Wales.

If the winter happens to be mild and wet, it may be a week to a fortnight earlier in each place.

Strength, quality

In cool areas on the tablelands and mountains, the appearance of the red nodes may be delayed a week or 10 days, but when the plants "shoot the red"—as it is termed — the gardener must delay no longer.

Watch for the move in the leafbuds, and when they swell a bit cut to an outward-pointing node. Pruning restricts the number of shoots and turns the energy of the bush into fewer channels, making them stronger.

Careful pruning adds quality and beauty to the buds, and eventually to the opened flowers. That is the object of all good pruning, which forces the bushes to improve the quality of the flowers.

Cut away spindly bits and pieces and all dead or discolored wood that would never come to anything. Go over hard woody stems and knock off the thorns with the back of the secateurs, and cut out hard, dry stems which did not bloom satisfactorily last summer.

Remove old wood

Watershoots (red growths of last season) must be left severely alone. They will bear the roses of the future.

Remember that strong shoots flower well their first, second, and third years, and then show weakness at the top. At this stage they can be shortened or taken out entirely. Try to anticipate this weakness by removing old wood, encouraging the younger and stronger growths to develop and carry the crop.

It is impossible to deal with the pruning of all varieties of roses, but hybrid tea roses should be pruned lightly or fairly heavily, according to their known vigor, and should be made shapely, with a nice open crown.

Treat floribundas in the same way. Some floribundas are dwarf types, others tall and lank. Prune them according to their needs.

Climbers are treated similarly, removing canes or growths that have flowered for two or three years, and all spent, dead wood.

Ramblers should be pruned during summer as soon as they finish blooming, but cut out dead canes and tie them up during winter.

Treat every rose according to its shape and size and don't treat them all alike. Every rose has a character of its own, which should be maintained by careful pruning.

Young rose bushes planted last year will not need much pruning, and the job should be done according to the growth they made last summer.

With standard roses it is wise to preserve the spurs and shorten the branchlets, which are grafted specimens on a single straight stem.

Burnt pans swirl clean with Steelo Soap Pads

The first swirls get off all the burn and rough stuff. Billions of Steelo "scrub bubbles" cut grease so fast you scarcely need to scrub. Round and round with a few more swirls and there's that Steelo brightness. All pots and pans — old as well as your precious new ones — start looking better and brighter, inside and out, when you take to them with Steelo Soap Pads. There is extra coconut oil in every pad (and coconut oil is so kind to hands). Steelo Soap Pads are also rust resistant.

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Readers' household hints

● These hints sent in by readers will save time, money, and labor in the daily household routine. Each one wins £1/1/- prize.

A LARGE cup-hook screwed into the top of the broom-handle is useful when taking down pictures or curtains without a ladder, in retrieving the blind-cord that has gone out of reach, and similar tasks. — Mrs. M. Kavanagh, Strangway St., Mt. Gambier, S.A.

When bath towels begin to fray at the edges, I bind them with 1½in. gauze bandaging. It gives them a new lease of life, is soft and scarcely noticeable.—Mrs. F. Thompson, 34 Edgecombe St., South Como, W.A.

★ ★ ★

If you need an invalid's feeding-cup with a spout, a small teapot is a good substitute, and has the advantage of a lid to keep out dust. — Mrs. F. Stagatich, 15 Ozone St., Alberton, S.A.

★ ★ ★

When putting curtains of lace or other delicate fabrics on to rods, press a foil milk-bottle top over the rod's end. The fabric will slip on easily without damage. —Mrs. R. G. Bennett, 19 Fatchen St., Elizabeth Grove, S.A.

★ ★ ★

A teaspoon of eucalyptus added to the water in the vase will lengthen the life of any cut flowers. — Mrs. R. Jukes, 1 Wattletree Rd., Armadale, Vic.

★ ★ ★

To reheat a roast joint: Let cold water run over it for two or three minutes, then put in moderate oven about half to three-quarters of an hour to heat through. It will taste like a freshly cooked joint.—Mrs. N. R. Wood, 48 Jellicoe St., Coorparoo, Brisbane.

★ ★ ★

For a quick applesauce for pork, open a tin of baby food strained apple—an excellent time-saver in a small family.—Miss Lesley Cooke, Old Main Rd., Bargo, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

To store meringues: Allow them to become quite cold, place a handful of bran in the bottom of an airtight tin, and pack meringues in carefully, then replace lid. They will keep firm and dry for an indefinite period.—Mrs. J. Blackstock, Private Bag 92, Warracknabeal, Vic.

★ ★ ★

When bulbs have finished flowering but must be left until the foliage dies, tie the leaves in a knot. They remain tidy, and do not look unattractive.—Mrs. B. M. Clark, The Glen, Warwick, Qld.

★ ★ ★

A pickled tongue is sometimes difficult to skin. If a pinch of bicarbonate of soda is added to the water while cooking, the tongue skins easily.—Mrs. D. McLean, York St., Charters Towers, Qld.

★ ★ ★

Instead of sewing rings or tapes on potholders, use small split rings. They are easily removed for washing. — Mrs. J. Baxter, 91 Wheatley St., Gosnells, W.A.

★ ★ ★

Dip the tops of nylon stockings in a light starch. This preserves the stockings and helps to prevent ladders.—Mrs. Williams, Box 27, P.O., Ettalong, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

If the seats of cane chairs sag scrub top and then bottom of seat with hot soapy water. Dry in open air. This shrinks the cane, and firms the seats. — Mrs. R. J. Marshall, Griffiths St., Bacchus Marsh, Vic.

★ ★ ★

When restringing pearls, dip the end of the thread in nail lacquer. Allow to dry, and you have a fine point for threading.—Mrs. W. Skipworth, 7 Voyager Rd., R.A.N.A.S., Nowra, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

You stand a fair chance of having a lost hub cap returned if you paint name and telephone number inside each one. — Miss E. Butler, 11 Delville St., Horsham, Vic.

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Continuing . . . THE LOVE SEAT

from page 28

that I'll take you back to the shop and pay you for your time."

"I don't see a thing wrong with the chair," Miss Deacon said, smiling. "By all means, keep it. It's a big, sturdy chair for a big, sturdy man. It suits you." She became brisk and efficient. "You'll need more light," she said. "We can probably knock out part of this wall. The double garage doors will come down, and we'll have a picture window there."

She made sketches, and Jones breathed over her shoulder, and an hour later he drove her back to town. They had gone four blocks when they passed Nancy in her car. Jones waved, but Nancy did not.

Back at his office, Jones telephoned her. "Nancy," he said, "just in case you were wondering who that blonde was—"

"Did you have her at the house?" Nancy said. "Of course, you knew this was my day to be a Grey Lady at the hospital. I suppose your chair held both of you. You always were crazy about blondes. Go ahead, surround yourself with blondes. Sit in your silly chair and be a sultan." She hung up.

When Jones went home there was a brief note on the kitchen table. She was, Nancy wrote, taking a vacation. Separation was obviously the only solution.

Jones did not sit in his chair that night; he brooded in the bedroom, staring at a half-empty wardrobe. He was at his desk in the morning when Miss Deacon phoned. He spent the morning with her, took her to lunch, and then called on a contractor.

The work began two days later. Walls were knocked down; a heating duct was installed; mechanics came and went; and the room began to take shape. There were conferences with Miss Deacon over draperies and panelling and furniture. And then Jones was called out of town for five days on the business he had been neglecting.

WHEN he returned late one afternoon Miss Deacon telephoned him at the office. "Bud," she said, "I'm at the house. It's finished."

"I'll be right out," Jones said. He bought two bottles of champagne, then drove to his house and left the car in the driveway, where sooner or later, when his bank account recovered, he would build a carport. Miss Deacon was eagerly awaiting him in what had once been the garage. "Well," she said, "what's the verdict?"

He looked at the floor, once oil-spattered concrete, now finished in cork. He looked at the birch panelling with the brass hardware, at the built-in bookcases and the niche for the television set. He looked at the draperies and the desk, the sofa and everything that was new—and at his chair. "I think you did a great job," he said, "and to celebrate we will have a nip of champagne."

Miss Deacon looked at him thoughtfully. "You've never mentioned your wife, Bud. It's none of my business, I know."

"Then let's not discuss her," Jones said, and went into the kitchen and opened the champagne. He came back, handed her a glass, and made a small pass at her.

She shied away from him, and he felt worse than ever. She smiled at him over the rim of her glass. "It isn't that I don't like you, Bud," she said. "You're the nicest client I ever had. It's just that I don't think your heart was in it. I have a feeling that you're in love with someone, and it certainly isn't me. I suspect it's your wife."

"Well, that's true," Jones said disconsolately. He sat in his chair and looked at Miss Deacon, who was a most decorative interior decorator, but who did not serve his purpose.

They were looking at each other when the newly created door to the outside opened and Nancy appeared on the threshold. She was pale, and she had lost two or three pounds, Jones thought, but she looked beautiful.

"What have you done?" she cried, and then she saw Miss Deacon. She turned to flee and bumped into Elliot Arnold, who was a step behind her.

"Hello, Joyce," Arnold said to Miss Deacon. "So this is what you've been up to. It's lovely."

"I'd have done a lovely job in the living-room, too, if I'd had the opportunity," Miss Deacon said. "I congratulate you, Elliot."

"You mean you're an interior decorator?" Nancy said wide-eyed.

Jones got out of his chair and went into the kitchen. He came back with two more glasses and the second bottle of champagne. "We were just celebrating the official opening of the room," he said, and handed Nancy a glass of champagne. "How've you been?"

"Oh, fine," Nancy said. "I'm living at the Y.W.C.A."

"Comfortable?" Jones asked politely.

"Comfortable and convenient to everything," Nancy said. "There might be some steaks in the freezer. I'll look."

Jones returned to his chair and brooded. He was still at it later when they ate steak and salad. Nancy was as withdrawn as he was; but Miss Deacon and Elliot Arnold carried the conversational ball.

"The problem, of course, was not to make the room entirely masculine," Miss Deacon said earnestly. "Bud didn't mention his wife, but the imprint of her personality was all over the house, Elliot. The room had to be masculine with a touch of warmth, a room where Mrs. Jones would feel at home."

"Of course, the same thing was true in the living-room," Elliot Arnold said, "with a very feminine woman and a rugged, masculine male—"

The talk went on, and then suddenly Miss Deacon and Elliot Arnold looked at their host and hostess, nodded wisely at each other, and left.

Jones sat in his chair. "Why did you bring Elliot Arnold out here?"

Nancy sighed. "Because, although it wasn't my fault, he caused all our trouble. And I was cooking up a scheme with him to change the living-room, to make it look just like you, with your chair and some horrible stuffed fish or photographs of bridges over the mantel—anything you wanted, just so we could be happy again."

"Why, I love the living-room," Jones said. "That chair you bought is really very comfortable. How do you like this room?"

"It's simply beautiful. We'll live out here."

"Let's go into the living-room and talk," Jones said. "We'll sit there—"

"Darling," Nancy said. "I'd much rather stay here. I love it out here. Let's not argue."

"We won't argue," Jones said. He got up from his chair, the masculine male looking at the feminine female. "Let's not stay here and let's not go into the living-room, either," Jones said. "It's almost eleven o'clock. Let's go to bed."

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Continuing . . . THE HOPEFUL TRAVELLER

from page 24

Both quizzical and frank, they suggested that dear Claudia did not try very hard. She was only 26 and was allowing herself to grow bookish and absent-minded, to neglect her appearance, to be over-critical of perfectly nice young men, and lazy about keeping herself in circulation. What Claudia needed to bring her out was the glamor of shipboard life.

Claudia sensed all this at once and she was resentful. So Aunt Adelaide didn't think she could get an offer of marriage without the aid of a luxury sea voyage? If that was the only way, then she had better remain unmarried. Men bored her, anyway.

"Aunt Adelaide, it's awfully sweet of you to ask me, but if this is to be just a matchmaking trip I'll only disappoint you, so I'd better not come."

"Not only a matchmaking trip, dear. You ought to see London. You'll love it. Put young men on the list, Ruth, next to dance dresses."

"And the picture galleries," put in Aunt Ruth slyly. "Did you know, Claudia, there are nineteen Rembrandts in the National Gallery alone?"

"Are there really?" Claudia wavered.

"Oh, very well," said Aunt Adelaide tartly. "Add the Rembrandts."

A month later they set off. Aunt Adelaide and Aunt Ruth travelled light, but Claudia had nearly as many bags as a film star. The clothes, the latest hairdo, and the excitement had made her ravishingly pretty.

"What did I say?" asked Aunt Adelaide triumphantly.

"There still has to be a suitable young man," murmured Aunt Ruth.

"If she goes on looking like that there'll be plenty."

"But what will they be?" Aunt Ruth had more than a fair share of Claudia's own caution. "It might well be that the old saying will be true. 'It's better to travel hopefully than to arrive.' "

The Corinthian was a floating hotel. Like a hotel, it housed all types. The kind of frank-faced, clean-cut young men whom Aunt Adelaide and Aunt Ruth were looking for were, unfortunately, scarce. Claudia was secretly amused and relieved. She wore the pretty clothes and drifted about looking supercilious and bored. Several middle-aged men made passes at her. The only possible young one proved to be a complete bore. The aunts were in despair.

The last day of the voyage came and England lay on a cloudy horizon. "I don't know," Aunt Adelaide lamented. "All I can say is, times must have changed. When we were young girls on our first voyage—"

"Perhaps you weren't girls like me," Claudia interrupted gently. "I don't want to be kissed on the boat deck just because I'm at sea."

"Claudia, I declare, you're as pretty as a picture but you just don't seem normal not to want a romance on board ship. Oh, very well, Ruth, put those Rembrandts at the top of the list. But I'm telling you, Claudia, we hope for better things on the return voyage."

London was shrouded in mist and drizzle. The aunts shivered and quickly got themselves cosily installed in an expensive hotel.

Claudia's cheeks were pink with enthusiasm. She looked prettier than ever, thought Aunt Adelaide crossly. And for whom? Those dark old paintings in a picture gallery!

"I'm going out," she announced. "I just can't wait to see those Rembrandts."

"Then don't ruin your good clothes. Put on something old."

"I didn't bring anything old except my raincoat. Isn't it lucky I brought that?" She bent to kiss her aunts. "Don't wait lunch for me."

How would she get to the National Gallery? By bus, of course. The hotel porter told her the number to catch, and, feeling excited, Claudia climbed to the top deck.

The conductor came for her fare. She had a purseful of English money, but had neglected to examine the value of the different coins.

"To the National Gallery, please," she said.

"You're going the wrong way, Miss. You should have caught a bus on the other side of the road." They were rocketing along through the traffic. The conductor saw her bewilderment and added kindly, "Give me a three to Hyde Park Corner, then you can cross over and catch a nine."

"He means a threepenny ticket," said a voice beside her. "Here, this is a threepence. I'll show you where to get off." Claudia leaned back gratefully. She hadn't even noticed she had sat beside a young man.

"Thank you so much. I thought English was spoken in London, but it sounds like a foreign language."

"You'll get used to it." The young man looked very English, indeed. He wore a bowler hat, but instead of an umbrella he had a violin case.

INTERESTING, thought Claudia. And she rather approved the thick dark hair that showed beneath his hat.

"Would you like me to explain our money?"

"Oh, I would. I'm so stupid. I just got some dollars changed at the hotel desk and didn't examine what they gave me. I was so anxious to start out. I just can't wait to see the Rembrandts."

The young man gave her a rather odd look. He had long, dark eyes that gleamed. He thought, of course, that she was just another tourist, mad about culture. "They've been there a long time," he said. "Ten minutes more won't do any harm."

"Why?"

"We've just passed Hyde Park Corner, where you should have changed. Come as far as the Albert Hall with me and I'll explain our money system."

"Oh! Oh, very well. It's kind of you. Won't I need another fare."

"I'll fix it. Now, look, this is a threepence, as you've already discovered. This is a sixpence, worth twice as much as a threepence, this is a shilling, twice as much again . . . ."

"Do all Englishmen wear those adorable hats?" Claudia asked, looking at his.

His brows raised a little, coldly it seemed. He thought she was laughing at him.

"You've missed your stop, Miss," the conductor said.

"Two to the Albert Hall," said the young man. "Now, do you follow that? Pennies of course — I say, are you really keen on Rembrandts?"

"Crazy about them."

"Oh!" He didn't sound disappointed so much as genuinely surprised.

"Interesting. Then you should like ours. But let's go over this money again. Now you tell me what these coins are."

It was very confusing, and by the time she had got them correctly the

To page 53

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Continuing . . . THE HOPEFUL TRAVELLER

from page 52

young man was saying. "This is our stop. We'd better start getting down. Do you mind telling me where you're staying?"

"The Dorchester."

"Oh!" For a moment his eyes held disappointment. Or was it disbelief? Her raincoat really was shabby, and he couldn't know of all those fabulous clothes Aunt Adelaide had bought. He followed her down the stairs of the bus and on to the street.

"You get your bus over there. See that stop? A number nine. Enjoy the Rembrandts. So long, Miss America."

He had thought she was fooling him. All that wide-eyed innocence about money, and her shabby coat, and then turning out to be probably an oil king's daughter. She shouldn't have said she was staying at the Dorchester. But she was, wasn't she, and if he had wanted to see her again—oh, she hadn't told him her name!

The Rembrandts were marvellous, of course, but Claudia scarcely saw them. She was back at the hotel in time for lunch.

"Honey, didn't you like them?" exclaimed Aunt Adelaide.

"Oh, yes, they were wonderful."

"You didn't spend long there."

"No. I guess I was hungry."

"But, honey, you're not eating anything."

"She has caught cold, I expect," said Aunt Ruth gloomily. "Everyone does in London."

Claudia leaned forward desperately. "Aunt Adelaide, I don't suppose anyone was inquiring for me . . . no, of course, they wouldn't be."

"Who were you expecting? You never told me you knew anyone in London."

"I don't. At least, I didn't until this morning. I met a young man on a bus. He was very kind . . ."

Aunt Adelaide's face was full of astonishment and disbelief. "On a bus! Claudia! I thought you'd have more sense. One doesn't pick up men on a bus!"

CLAUDIA flushed. "I don't see what's the difference, a ship or a bus. You'd willingly have me dance and drink with, and even kiss, strange men on a ship. But I only had a perfectly ordinary conversation with this young man. He explained English money to me. He was very kind. He didn't even tell me his"—her voice trembled—"his n-name."

"I should think not!"

"I told him I was staying at the Dorchester, so he thought I was Miss America."

Aunt Adelaide's lip quivered. "Ruth, I believe the child has something after all. Her very first day in London, too." She turned to Claudia, "But not on a bus, Claudia, honey. That's much too ephemeral. A ship now and you could meet this young man again at lunch or dinner, or in the cocktail bar. Now cheer up, dear. All isn't lost. After all, if this young man could think you were Miss America in that quite dreadful raincoat, what will everyone think of you in a Dior dress?"

"A Dior dress?" said Claudia.

"Nothing less. I intended it as a surprise. We'll go shopping this afternoon. You'll wear it the second night out on the return voyage. Now isn't that something. Ruth, didn't I say the Rembrandts weren't important? Put Dior at the top of the list."

But after lunch Claudia said she had a headache and could the shopping be postponed. She really did have a headache, but also she had a funny, frightened feeling that buying the Dior dress would be committing her to what Aunt Adelaide desired—the successful sea voyage home and the nice American beau tailored to fit Aunt Adelaide's requirements.

She kept thinking of the long, bright, dark eyes and a courteous English voice and that absurd formal bowler hat. But not the rolled umbrella. A violin-case instead.

A violin-case!

Claudia sat up. Why, of course! The young man was a musician. He was playing in the Albert Hall, probably in an orchestra. This morning he must have been going to a rehearsal. She only had to go to a concert to see him again. It was as simple as that . . .

"Claudia, dear, your Aunt Ruth and I are seriously worried about you." This was a week later. "We didn't mind the Rembrandts so much. After all, they are your job. But this passion for Bach and Beethoven when there's all the world to be enjoyed. Do be a good child and start having fun. Now, surely you're not going to another concert!"

Claudia nodded bleakly. "Yes, please, Aunt Adelaide. I want to. I really do."

"Oh, dear. I believe that is your way of having fun," Aunt Adelaide sighed. "Then why not try the Festival Hall some night just for a change? At least it would be different surroundings."

"I'm not interested in surroundings," Claudia said. "Don't worry, Aunt Adelaide. I expect I'll get it out of my system eventually."

"I do hope so, I'm sure. But couldn't you just relax and fall in love?"

Relax! thought Claudia. But falling in love was the most unrelaxing thing she knew.

Twice at the Albert Hall she thought she had seen him in the front row of the violinists. But in evening dress and without his bowler hat she couldn't be sure. She could never sit near enough to the orchestra and she couldn't ask for him because she didn't know his name.

All this going to concerts was quite pointless, as Aunt Adelaide had said. And, anyway, if she were to find him, what could she say? He had almost certainly by now forgotten all about her. Tonight, she told herself firmly, was the last night she was going to a concert.

It poured with rain. She had had an early dinner with the Aunts, and then put her raincoat over her dinner dress. She was wearing a simple black chiffon. If it were too dressed up for the Albert Hall her raincoat covered it.

As usual the evening was unsuccessful. No one even remotely resembling the young man was playing in the orchestra. Afterwards it was impossible to get a taxi. She had to wait in a long queue in the drenching rain. Water ran down her neck and dripped off her nose. The queue moved and jostled as a bus drew up. Claudia was pushed forward and literally propelled on board. She had grown much more agile about buses now and sprang up the stairs nimbly. The young man behind her did the same and squeezed into the seat beside her.

It was against every law of averages that there could have been a repeat scene on a bus. But there was. The young man beside her mopping his wet hair was "him."

Claudia sat absolutely rigid for two stops. Then, terrified that he

To page 56

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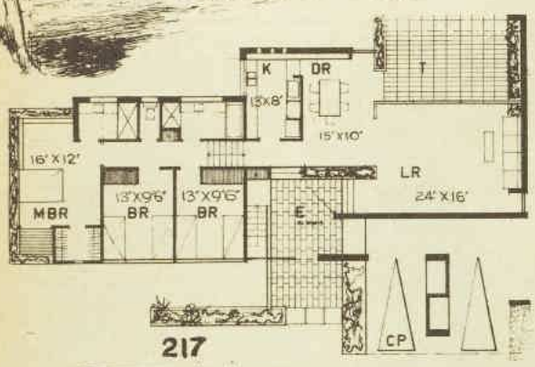
PERSPECTIVE shows attractive and individual design of Plan No. 217. White concrete blocks and stained timber have been used in construction.



FLOOR PLAN above shows three-level design. Master bedroom has private bathroom and terrace. LEFT: The rumpus-room and store.

PLAN No. 217 was one of the houses at the Carlingford Homes Fair, a six-week exhibition of 24 architect-designed homes organised by The Australian Women's Weekly and Lend Lease Homes.

The rumpus-room opens into the laundry, which is at ground level, and there is a large store-room, shower, and second toilet next to the laundry.

A flight of suspended stairs leads to the main part of the house through an entrance hall paved with concrete slabs. A built-in flowerbox makes an attractive feature and divides the living-room from the entrance hall.

The living-room opens through glass doors to a paved terrace, which is screened from neighbors by a full-length flowerbox.

A small dining area opens from the living-room and overlooks the terrace. It is divided from the kitchen by a wall which goes three-quarters of the way along the room, leaving a pass-through to the kitchen which makes serving meals easy for the housewife.

The bedroom area is separated from the living area by a flight of suspended stairs. The second and third bedrooms have built-in wardrobes and are opposite the main bathroom, which has a bath, shower-recess, and vanity-table with built-in basin.

A walk-in wardrobe in the master bedroom provides a maximum amount of storage space. This bedroom has its own bathroom with shower-recess and vanity-table.

It also has a private terrace with a gravel floor, and all-round windows and an outside flowerbox add to the feeling of spaciousness.

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All you need is: 8 cups of shredded cabbage, ¼ cup chopped chives (optional), 1 tablespoon of chopped onion, ¾ cup of Holbrooks Mustard Sauce. Simply place all the ingredients in a large saucepan. Cover, and cook for approximately 10 to 15 minutes, until cabbage is tender. Serve piping hot!

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ANCHOVY — MOCK CRAB SAVOURY
Mix two teaspoons of Holbrooks Anchovy Sauce with a hard-boiled egg which has been broken with a fork. Take some cold, cooked green peas and mash with a little butter—spread on savoury biscuits. Heap the mock crab mixture on top.

SOY — CHICKEN OR RABBIT MARINADE
Mix together ½ cup Holbrooks Soy Sauce, one small chopped onion, 1 teaspoon of sugar and ½ cup of sherry (optional). Stand rabbit or chicken in mixture for 1 hour, then drain and fry in normal manner; or grill, basting with mixture.

Mustard Pickles add the zing to Picnic Rolls

Mix 2 cups finely shredded cabbage, 1 tablespoon chopped capsicum and ¾ cup grated cheese with ⅓ cup Holbrooks Sweet Mustard Pickles, 1 tablespoon condensed milk, dash Holbrooks Worcestershire Sauce, salt and pepper. Add salad to 2 frankfurt halves in roll, wrap in foil, and bake over fire (or in oven) about 10 minutes.

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Continuing . . . THE HOPEFUL TRAVELLER

from page 53

would get off without having noticed her or spoken, she said, "Thanks for explaining your money system that day. I really have it worked out now."

The young man turned sharply, "Miss America!"

Off guard with surprise, there was no doubting the pleasure in his face. Claudia's heart did a quick flip-flop.

"I'm not Miss America, you know. I'm just a working girl. It's my Aunt who insisted on staying at the Dorchester. I've been doing the concerts every night this week. Where's your violin?"

"I wasn't playing tonight. I just wanted to hear Klemperer conducting. I say, you know, I've been thinking about you. I thought you were the prettiest—" He stopped and blushed. He was shy and utterly wonderful.

"Do you have to rush back now to your aunt? Could we stop somewhere for coffee? My name's James Raymond."

"Mine's Claudia Browne. Yes, do let's stop."

They had scrambled down the stairs again and were in the driving rain. Claudia clung to his arm, laughing. "My Aunt was shocked when I told her I'd talked to a strange man on a bus."

He was looking down at her with his bright, humorous gaze. "These things happen in London, strangely enough. You didn't tell me you liked music."

"Oh, I do! Anyway, we were too deeply concerned with money the other day when we met. And you thought I was a millionaire when actually I have to earn my living. I work in an art gallery. And you?"

"I play second violin," James replied. "But next Tuesday I'm to play first in Glasgow. It's quite an opportunity."

"Oh, I'm sure it is. What's Glasgow like?"

"Dreary and grey and Scottish. One doesn't go there from choice."

"Sounds nice," Claudia murmured.

"Let's go in here for coffee. At least it will be dry. Glasgow isn't nice at all, but with me it's always the people who count more than the place."

"Oh, I do agree. What an adorable place this is!"

"It's rather fun, isn't it? Take your coat off, it's dripping."

"Yes. So's yours."

They were laughing at each other. It was as if they had known each other long enough to be utterly comfortable, yet not too long for the meeting not to be fraught with excitement and interest.

"Is there somewhere to hang them?" said Claudia, standing in the so-simple, so-expensive black chiffon dress which she had forgotten she was wearing.

James noticed it at once. His gaze went from the tip of her well-groomed head to her feet in the high-heeled evening shoes that were quite unsuitable for catching buses on a wet night. He said nothing. But the withdrawn look that came over his face said everything. He didn't believe a word of her story about being a working girl. Perhaps she was travelling with her aunt. But obviously the money was there. Overwhelming pots of it. And he was a courteous, sensitive young man who played second violin in an orchestra.

Claudia wanted to burst out with the whole story. The mining shares that had suddenly soared. Aunt Adelaide's dream about dressing and grooming her for a shipboard romance, the shaming fact that at home she had been too serious and studious and critical to have any beaus . . .

But the young, wary face opposite her prevented all this. He wouldn't believe a word anyway. He had decided by now that she was a rich, bored American.

Claudia's mind froze. She tried to make conversation, but it was stilted. "Have you always wanted to be a musician?"

"Always. My family expected me to do law. My father's a barrister. But I was determined to play the violin, even though there's no money—well, not yet. Perhaps some day . . ."

"What's wrong?" said Claudia fiercely.

But his eyes had gone back speculatively to her charming dress. And it was no use. Not tonight, at least. The mood had gone. It could not be recaptured.

"I'd better go," she said at last. "I think if it's still raining I'll take a taxi."

"I'll get you one. The Dorchester?"

"Yes. If I could drop you . . . ?"

"I live at Hampstead. I'll take the tube. It's been nice meeting you again, Miss Am . . . Miss Browne."

"Claudia," said Claudia miserably. "I hope your Glasgow concert is an enormous success."

"Thank you," he said bleakly.

. . . . . .

"Claudia, dear," said Aunt Adelaide, "don't you want to go to any more concerts?"

"No, thank you."

"Not even the opera at Covent Garden? I thought you had developed a passion for music."

"Not for music. Only for—but it's no use. He's going to Glasgow on Tuesday."

"He! Claudia, not this young man you met on that bus! You don't mean you've been seeing him all the time?"

"I've not been seeing him at all," Claudia declared passionately. "Or scarcely at all."

"Oh, goodness me! But didn't I tell you buses were so ephemeral. You can't make serious friendships on them. Now, honey, let's go out and buy a fabulous dress."

Claudia spun round, "Don't mention dresses to me, Aunt Adelaide! Not ever again!"

If only she had explained the true position to James, he must have believed her. Why hadn't she been able to? Because they were so new to one another, so sensitive, so eager that the smallest misunderstanding became an impenetrable barrier. And now it was too late. She would never find him again.

"Ruth," said Aunt Adelaide. "I'm worried about Claudia. She's moping."

"I've noticed that, Addie. Just as if she's in love."

"She is in love, believe it or not, with that absurd young man she met on a bus. He plays in an orchestra. He's going to Glasgow, or somewhere equally awful."

"Glasgow's not the end of the world."

"It might as well be. Heavens, if only that silly girl had done this on a ship, but all this business of buses and trains doesn't seem quite respectable."

"Train?" said Aunt Ruth. "What else is there for it? We must move with the times. And he's the only man the child has shown the slightest interest in. Instead of that Dior dress it will have to be a return ticket to Glasgow."

Aunt Ruth said practically, "Have you told Claudia?"

"No. I'm going to now. I've discovered there are two very good Rembrandts in the Glasgow Art Gallery. She ought to see them."

On Tuesday Claudia said goodbye to them at King's Cross. She wore her raincoat over a sensibly budget-priced tweed suit that she had bought the day before out of her own money. Her cheeks were bright, her eyes blue.

"I don't know why I've agreed to go," she said.

"To see the Rembrandts, of course," said Aunt Adelaide firmly. "If other things fail they'll be there."

"Other things won't fail," said Claudia, just as firmly.

Then she realised she had given herself away, and her cheeks deepened to an even more beguiling pink. She could scarcely wait to walk casually through the train. The journey took all day. It was heaps of time to get misunderstandings straightened out. And maybe later, in Glasgow, she would see the Rembrandts as well!

The train began to move. She leaned out calling happily, "Thank you, darling Aunt Adelaide!"

The two sisters were left on the platform. Aunt Adelaide shrugged. "Well, as you always say, Ruth, 'to travel hopefully is better than to arrive.'"

"But this time she will arrive," said Ruth with conviction. She linked her arm with her sister's, "Just as we did!"

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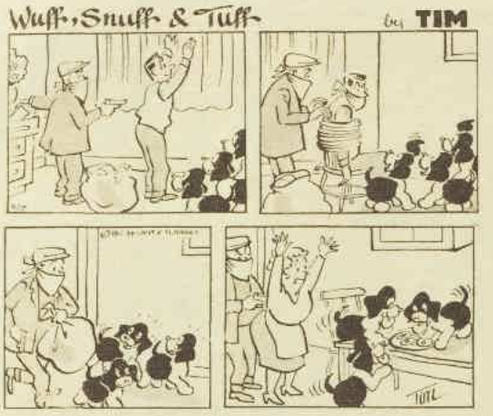
FOR THE CHILDREN



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them myself, but I gather the story goes like this. That our Star-raker aircrew are developing cancer: that whenever they fly above a certain height they die. Is that right?"

"Yes."

"Well, it is true. There's no getting away from the facts. We've found that high altitude flying leads straight to cancer."

They were all staring at him. He knew what they were thinking. Every man in the room was a big-time executive; every man jack of them had done a lot of high altitude flying; and every man jack of them knew (or knew of) someone who was also a big-time executive and who had died of cancer. In their minds it all tied up. They didn't know, of course, that the trouble was confined to the Star-raker.

Tewson jumped to his feet. "I'll ask you a straight question, sir. And I'd be glad of a straight answer. Why didn't you make the facts known?"

An angry approving murmur.

There was no doubt about it: they were after his blood. And yet he wasn't worried. It was what he had expected and planned for. Only one thing was needed now and the stage would be set for his comeback. He wanted to know if Sir Horace had anything up his sleeve: if he was going to come out with a "helpful" proposal.

He felt a sudden surge of relief as the financier caught his eye. "May I make a suggestion, Mr. Chairman?"

Continuing . . . STAR-RAKER

from page 31

"But, of course."

It was the "helpful" suggestion he had expected: the suggestion which (if it were carried) would kill the Star-raker project dead as a Christmas goose. And it was very cleverly put forward.

Sir Horace used an old technique.

He started diffidently; how he was a newcomer to the board, how he was ignorant of technicalities. He started, too, by lavishing praise on Sir Iain. "I don't need to remind you how much your chairman has done in the past to advance the cause of British aviation."

Then gradually, as he got the feel of his audience, the diffidence was shed, and the praise turned sour. What he had to say, condensed into a single sentence, was this: That times were changing, and that new times demanded new ideas and new men: that it was no longer enough for an aircraft company to trust in the technical excellence of its planes (or, by inference, in a chairman who stood by such excellence); that what counted nowadays was money—money to finance research; that all aircraft manufacturers were now dependent on government subsidies; that they should recognise this and plan their production in the light of government needs.

The board listened. They didn't quite see where Sir Horace was leading them. But it was clearly away from their chairman.

Sir Horace leaned forward. "Now where has all this got us? It has got us, gentlemen, to a crossroads in the history of our company. If we take one road, that's the way to prosperity. If we take the other"—a weighty shake of his head . . . "Up to now we've been backing the Star-raker. But the Star-raker has failed us. Oh, I know it's a magnificent plane" — he beamed condescendingly at Sir Iain—"but it has its fatal flaw. It flies so high that its passengers get cancer. Do we push blindly ahead with it, throwing good money after bad? Or do we admit defeat, cut our losses, and turn our energies elsewhere? You ask where to? That's where I think I can help you."

He looked slowly round the table; then, with the air of a conjurer about to produce the rabbit, "Had a little chat with the minister yesterday. He told me he's going to place two big contracts at the end of this month. One for supersonic airliners. Well, I'm afraid we've lost that; as the Star-raker won't be ready in time, that contract is going to Atlas."

Grunts of consternation and angry glances at Sir Iain. The financier raised his hand. "But there is the other contract; a government subsidised production contract running over five years for mass-produced helicopters. And this contract is yours, I have it in writing"—he tossed a letter on to the table—"provided you accept it at once."

He looked round for approving glances.

It was a dangerous proposal. What Sir Horace had suggested wouldn't just delay the Star-raker. It would kill it stone dead, beyond reprieve.

And the board were interested. It was a lot for them to swallow all at once, but they were definitely interested. Sir Iain was beginning to think it was time he launched his counter attacks, when Tewson levered himself round to face the chair.

"Whole set-up's deplorable," he grunted, "a damned disgrace. A chairman who suppresses facts. A financial adviser negotiating behind the chairman's back and dishing out government contracts like a lot of second-hand clothes in the Old Kent Road. If this is modern business, then I'm out of fashion, out of touch, and damn well out of sympathy."

It was Sir Iain's opportunity. His gavel rapped on the table. Gradually the hubbub died. The board were looking at him, wondering what line he was going to take.

He gave them the impression of being confident and relaxed. But it wasn't so. Too much was at stake. The control of his company—that he could bear, in the last analysis, to lose. But not his Star-raker. If he lost that it would be the end of the world for him.

"Gentlemen, I expect you're thinking I have a lot to answer for!" He smiled.

"Well, I shall answer as best I can. And when I've finished we'll take a vote and you can come down either Sir Horace's side of the fence or mine. Two points I'm going to deal with: the cancer and the contract.

"First why didn't I make the facts about the cancer known? Well, it seemed to me that if I did the aircraft industry would suffer a blow it wouldn't recover from in thirty years. For I put it to you; what was your reaction to the news about the cancer? I'll lay a pound to a penny that each of you said to himself, 'You'll never get me into the air again.' And you are sensible, well-informed people. Think of the panic that there'd have been if the man in the street had got hold of the facts."

The board were not impressed. And he knew it. They were too much concerned with how the cancer affected themselves to care very greatly how it affected other people. He went on quickly.

"So before I let the cat out of the bag I decided to make a few investigations. And you'll be very pleased to hear the result." He paused. He smiled amiably at Harper. "You can stop nursing your stomach, Basil. The only thing wrong with it is too many dinners at the Savoy. And the rest of you can stop looking sorry for yourselves; you're not going to die—yet! There's only one aircraft that gives its passengers cancer. And that's the Star-raker."

It had been a trick, of course; he had deliberately let them think that the cancer risk was common to all high-flying aircraft. But they were too relieved to care. They were in no danger themselves, and for the moment that was all that mattered to them. In an instant their fears vanished; the tension ebbed out of them, and their anxiety gave way to smiles.

The only man not smiling was Sir Horace. When the hum of relief had died down, he again turned to the chair.

"Will you excuse a layman putting a technical question?"

"But of course, old boy."

Sir Horace's eyes glinted, but his voice was suave. "I believe the Star-raker has flown longer in the stratosphere than any other plane?"

"Yes."

"In that case don't you think that when other planes have flown equally long it'll be found that they give their passengers cancer, too?"

"A week ago I'd have agreed with you. But not now. You see," Sir Iain said quietly, "we know what it is now that's causing the cancer. In other words," he said, "we've not lost the contract at all; we're just about to gain it."

It was a nasty moment for Sir Horace. He saw his network of intrigue beginning to disintegrate. He spoke quickly.

"If what our chairman says is true, then why hasn't he told the minister and got the contract signed?"

"We only made our discovery a couple of days ago. We're still working on it. But"—he smiled at the board—"I'm sure some of you have technical questions, so I'll get the head of our Research Department to join us; he'll be able to give you the facts."

Miles Eddlestone told the board that the basic cause of the cancer was ultrasonic sound waves. He produced enough technical evidence to convince them of this. But when it came to details—where the noise came from, what caused it, how to cure it — he was, of necessity, vague.

And Sir Horace was quick to spot this.

"Your discovery, Mr. Eddlestone, is incomplete?"

"Well, yes. I suppose it is."

The board moved restlessly. They were undecided. The malice they'd felt for Sir Iain had vanished now. But on the other hand they could see the prudence of following Sir Horace.

Sir Iain realised this. He realised, too, that the longer they went on talking, the more support his opponent was likely to glean.

"Gentlemen, you have listened to one proposal. Now I'm going to make you another . . . Sir Horace has said we're at a crossroads. I agree. As I see it if we go ahead with the Star-raker, we'll be taking the road signed progress. If we switch to helicopters we'll be taking the road signed retrogression. Helicopters, indeed! They've always been the pipe dream of those outside the trade; nobody inside has ever had any time for them. They'd be a poor exchange, in my opinion, for the plane that will blaze a trail to the stars.

"Sir Horace says that what matters most is money. He offers us financial security in exchange for five years' stodge, churning out helicopters like a lot of mass-produced sausages. But what then? The contract will expire, and the company will find itself cut out of the main stream of progress in aviation, and left to stagnate in a backwater. Now it's a very different proposition that I put to you. Take a risk; not

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HAZEL . . . **. . . by Ted Key**

(Hazel can be seen on Sydney's Channel 9 at 7 p.m. Fridays, Adelaide's Channel 7 at 7 p.m. Mondays, Melbourne's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m. Wednesdays, and Brisbane's Channel 7 at 7 p.m. Thursdays.)

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Continuing . . . STAR-RAKER

from page 57

a rash headstrong leap in the dark, but a carefully calculated risk. Go ahead with the Star-raker, and what a prospect opens up before us! We should go down in history, gentlemen, as the pioneers of the stratosphere."

He paused. He was being deliberately emotional—for it would never do for the board to use only their heads.

"Men have died because of the Star-raker; we've suffered disappointment with her; we've suffered"—he glanced at Sir Horace—"intrigues and government interference. But if we go on, think of what we'll achieve.

"So I put it to you, gentlemen. Ahead with the Star-raker? Or backward with the helicopters? If you set any store by courage, if you have any faith in the future of aviation, I am confident of how you'll vote. On an issue like this we'll vote in secret. The ballot papers are on the table. Take them and vote."

Sinclair came into the room. He took the ballot papers. He tidied them into a neat little pile and placed them on a table beside the window.

"Sir Horace. You and I will act as tellers."

The room was very quiet as they walked across to the table. They stood either side of it. They took the ballot papers alternately, opened them and placed them in two piles; one pile for the Star-raker, one pile for the helicopters. The final count was seven votes for the Star-raker, and three for the helicopters.

Sir Horace's face was flushed. He turned to Sir Iain.

"Mistakes are expensive, old boy. This'll be a bad day for your company. Mark my words."

The meeting broke up. One or two people, including old Tewson, stayed behind to congratulate Sir Iain. But they didn't stay long. In ten minutes the board-room was empty. And he was alone with his thoughts. He walked slowly back to his room.

He spent the next hour drafting a letter to the minister. It was about the most important letter he had ever had to write, and he took his time, and if at the end of much rephrasing and crossing out its tone was a little more optimistic, and a little more certain than the facts warranted, he salved his conscience with the thought that he wasn't dealing with an honest man.

He was signing his usual batch of end-of-the-day correspondence when a call came through from London. It was Hugh McInnes.

"That bit of information you wanted, Iain. Rumor has it there're two principal buyers. The Jason Investment Trust and Golding and Falk."

"Jason Investments . . . Isn't Sir Horace Ponsonby chairman of that?"

And Sir Horace's daughter had married a Golding.

He put down the receiver. So he had been right. He wondered what line the financier would take now. In spite of his jibe about it being "a black day" for McIver-Ducann, Sir Iain was prepared to bet that Atlas shares would soon take a nasty tumble—Sir Horace was too prudent to risk backing any but a certain winner.

He was getting ready to leave when Kirstin McDiarmid showed in his daughter. He looked at her in surprise.

"Hullo, Fiona!"

"Hullo. You sound as if you weren't expecting me!"

It was true. He had forgotten. The board meeting had driven clean out of his head the fact that it was tonight he had asked her to dinner—to meet "that fellow" from London. And the photographs! Scattered all over the library! He felt a stab of contrition.

"I had forgotten. Just for the moment."

"I expect you're tired. Shall we make it another evening?"

"No. A friend's joining us for dinner, and I specially want you to meet him."

"The mysterious friend whose name you won't tell me?"

In the ante-room outside his office he paused. He fumbled in his pockets.

"Wait a moment, will you? I've forgotten something."

He hurried back to his room. He shut the door behind him—carefully. Out of his pocket he pulled a three-foot folding ruler. He walked to the wall opposite his desk and ran the ruler round the frame of Jamie's portrait: 2ft. 4in. x 3ft. 6in.; he pencilled the figures in the memoranda page of his diary. He'd have looked silly, wouldn't he, if he'd forgotten what size he wanted the fellow to paint the portrait.

. . . . .

December 20th. Five days to Christmas; eleven days to the New Year. Only eleven days. And they still didn't know what was causing the noise.

Sir Iain paced his office. His voice was sharp.

"I'm no scientist, Eddlestone. But it seems incredible to me that you haven't tracked down these ultrasonic waves."

"It's not easy, Sir Iain. It's not like ordinary noise. You can't just walk up to it and say, 'There! That's where it's coming from.' "

"I know that, man. I'm not a half-wit! But you've got tape-recorders, haven't you? Why don't you put them all over the plane and see which picks up the most noise?"

"The recorders have to be specially built, sir. And that takes time. They need extra sensitive valves to pick up 25 to 30 thousand cycles."

"Well, get cracking and build them. And, Hamilton! When they are built, you fly with them. Day and night. Until we get some results."

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Nora was naughty yesterday

Look at her today

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Continuing . . . STAR-RAKER

from page 59

"Right, sir." He winked at Fiona. But she wasn't amused.

"And you, Fiona! About time you had another bright idea!"

"They don't grow on trees, you know."

"Well, someone had better have a bright idea. That's all I can say . . . Now let's go over the whole damned thing again." He jerked a cord and a detailed blueprint of the Star-raker unravelled like a wall map.

For the next two hours they talked technicalities. They pinpointed some of the bits of equipment which might come into operation above 37,000 feet. But this was a labor of Hercules.

As Eddlestone pointed out, there were 58,420 parts to the Star-raker. Every one of them was susceptible to change; change of temperature, change of pressure, and change of humidity. There were a thousand-and-one possibilities. They couldn't check them all. Their best bet, they agreed, was to stick to the recorders, to move them from place to place until they located the area of greatest sound.

After Sir Iain's pep talk they were all keyed up to make their big effort. Then came the climax. For forty-eight hours the Dorset weald lay drowned in mist and flying was suspended.

The waiting frayed their nerves. Eddlestone chivvied up the recorders, Keith studied the blueprints, and Fiona tried to think of the bright idea which, it was beginning to seem, was about their only hope of getting to the root of the trouble in time. She had plenty of ideas; but none of them very bright. When the inspiration did come, it was quite by chance.

She was on her way to the canteen and was taking her usual short cut through the labs. In the doorway of the analysing room she almost collided with young Wait, who was staggering in with a tray piled high with grass cuttings and weeds. She held open the door.

"Come on with that lot—whatever it is."

"Thanks. It's the guinea pigs' lunch, Miss McIver."

"Oh, yes, of course."

"And, Miss McIver . . . I was coming to ask you this afternoon. Will you be needing any more guinea pigs? For the Star-raker tests?"

She was about to say no, when the truth suddenly hit her. Of course. What fools they had been! The guinea pigs could pick up ultrasonic sound. Their ears were as sensative as any tape recorder. And their reactions could be seen at once—on the spot.

"Yes," she said slowly. "As a matter of fact I will. I'll be needing quite a lot."

On December 22 the wind began to freshen, and the mist to give way to rain. Then on the night of December 23 the sky cleared and it turned suddenly very cold. Christmas Eve dawned fine, with the sun rising into a cloudless sky, and the Long Ashwood runways powdered with snow.

By ten o'clock the Star-raker was ready for takeoff.

Fiona hadn't told anyone about the guinea pigs. When she wheeled her menagerie on to the tarmac—eight cages with a pair in each—Keith was amused. But he didn't think it so funny when she shoved one of the cages into his cockpit.

"Hey! What am I to do with the little beggars?"

"Just watch them. And"—she smiled sweetly—"give me a progress report now and again."

They took off in a flurry of snow.

They had done tests so often in the last few weeks that they had fallen into a set routine. The only difference this time was that they had to watch the guinea pigs as well as their instruments. Keith climbed steadily: 30,000, 35,000.

"My guinea pigs," he said, "are quite happy!"

36,000, 37,000.

"So," she said, "are mine."

But even as she spoke, the pair she was watching cowered down. Their paws went over their ears. For perhaps five seconds they lay quite still. Then they began to dart this way and that; panic-stricken; blundering into the wire.

"Mine have heard something!"

"Mine haven't."

"What?"

"I said mine haven't. No! Wait! They're beginning to look a bit anxious."

"Are they hopping about? Knocking into the wire?"

"No. They're sitting still. But they can hear something, all right. Their ears are pricked up like rabbits'."

"They're not covering their ears up?"

"No."

SO it's going to work, she thought. There's a different volume of noise in different parts of the plane. And the guinea pigs can tell. The ones that hear a lot of noise are frightened. The ones that hear only a little are puzzled, but nothing more.

She ran from cage to cage. At either end of the passengers' cabin and in the galley and luggage bay the guinea pigs were alerted, but not in the least distressed. In the centre of the cabin it was different; very different. Here they were in panic.

She picked up a cage from the forward end of the cabin and carried it this way and that. The nearer she got to the centre, the greater the guinea pigs' distress. She put the cage down on the floor and the guinea pigs scuttled this way and that, trembling. She pushed them around, a few feet at a time. It looked as though it wasn't in the exact centre of the cabin that they were most frightened. It was a shade forward of that; close to the chair where she had sat while keeping an eye on the controls of the plasma container. She put the cage alongside the container; and the guinea pigs rolled on to their backs, stiff-legged.

She pursed her lips. It couldn't be the container. That just didn't make sense. Jago and Somerville had got cancer long before any container was put in the plane. Something close to it, then? But it was bolted down in the centre of an open space. There wasn't anything close to it. Except, of course, the deck plates. Perhaps there was something under them? She pulled back the carpet. She dropped to her knees. She pressed an ear to the floor.

She could sense it as much as hear it. A whine so high-pitched as to be on the very edge of inaudibility; like the half-heard whistling of a dentist's high-speed water-drill. It was an evil, menacing sound. And she had heard it once before. She remembered now. When the plane had been suddenly very quiet, during the emergency let-down. She had thought then that it might perhaps be the wind streaming over the Star-raker's wings. But it couldn't be that, could it, coming from the centre of the plane? She looked

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thoughtful at the deck plates. They were held in place by ordinary ¼in. nuts.

She picked up her microphone. "Keith!"

"Yes?"

His voice seemed to come from a very long way away. She shook her head, wincing. "I'm coming through to you."

"O.K."

She walked carefully toward the pilots' cockpit. Carefully, because all of a sudden her sense of balance wasn't as good as it might have been, and she felt rather like a sailor who has been a long time at sea and is put suddenly ashore. Twice she had to grab at the bulkheads to stop herself falling. It took her a couple of minutes to cover the twenty-odd yards.

She found Keith unbuckling his safety belt. "You all right, Fiona? I was just coming to find you."

"Of course I'm all right. You got a spanner?"

"In the radio boffin's kit. Over there. Behind Bill."

His voice struck her as being slightly off-key; all pitched on the same monotonous, too-low note. But it was quite audible.

She opened the tool-kit and picked out a couple of spanners.

He was staring at her curiously. "You're not thinking of taking the plane to bits, I hope?"

"Oh, no. Just tightening up the bolts on the guinea pigs' cages. Never do to let them escape!"

"All right," he said slowly. "But be careful."

BACK in the passengers' cabin she picked up the guinea pig cages one at a time and stacked them aft next to the galley and well away from the container. Then she lay on the floor, her ear to the deck plates. It wasn't easy to tell just where the noise was coming from—it had to be sensed as much as heard. But after a while she pulled out her spanner.

She loosened eight nuts from immediately beneath the container and pulled out a pair of plates. The sense of sound was overpowering now, a great invisible river surging up at her from out of the darkened maw of the plane. She shone her torch into the cavity and its beam spotlit a 4in. x 2in. titanium bar. She loosened another series of nuts. She pulled out the next two plates. And caught her breath.

It lay silhouetted in the beam of her torch. The dome of the air compressor. And the ultrasonic sound waves were streaming out of it with such intensity that it trembled. She craned forward.

The pain hit her suddenly and without warning, stabbing through her head like the blow of a knife. She jerked back. Her fingers scrabbled at the deck plates. She dragged herself away from the container. Then her eyes rolled out of focus, and she began to fall through the air, down and down.

. . . . . .

In the pilots' cockpit Bill Cridland shifted uneasily. "She didn't look too good to me."

"No. Another five minutes," Keith said, "and I'll give her a call."

When the five minutes were up and he spoke into the intercom there was, of course, no reply.

He unbuckled his safety harness. "Keep at this height, Bill. I'll see what she's up to."

He walked quickly through to the passengers' cabin. Quickly, because of a quite irrational nagging fear, a hint of premonition. But nothing he had imagined was half as shocking as what he found.

She lay crumpled up on the floor midway between the plasma container and the door that led to his cockpit, and blood was running over her forehead and into her eyes. He dropped to his knees and began to wipe the blood away from her face and almost at once a wave of thankfulness swept over him.

For the blood came from nothing more serious than a surface cut on the temple. But although the bleeding soon stopped, she didn't open her eyes. As he looked at her he was reminded of Jago, slumped unconscious over the Star-raker controls. And his fear returned.

Then he ran to the galley for first-aid kit and water. On the way back, as he passed Fiona's discarded earphones, he heard a jumble of sound and knew that Cridland was trying to call him. He picked up the microphone.

"Bill?"

"What's going on, Keith?"

"She has fainted" — more memories of Jago. "Now listen. I'll stay with her. You take us down fast. O.K.?"

"Right."

As he knelt beside Fiona he felt the plane tip into a glide. Another ten minutes, he thought, and we'll have you safely in sick-bay. He fixed sticking plaster over the cut in her temple. He dipped his handkerchief into the jug of water he'd brought from the galley and started to sponge her forehead. It was several minutes before her eyes flickered open.

"Fiona?" he said.

She blinked slowly, several times, and her eyes gradually lost their

Continuing . . . STAR-RAKER

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stare. At last, with obvious difficulty, they focused on his face.

"You're all right, Fiona," he said.

She squeezed his hand.

"I've got it," she whispered.

"Fine. Can you hear me all right?"

"I've got it," she whispered again. Her eyes closed, her head rolled to one side and she was asleep. Just like that.

As he looked at Fiona his lips tightened. One thing at least he was sure of. She wouldn't fly again; not the next day or any other day; at least not in the Star-raker.

He heard the hiss of air in the hydraulics and knew that Cridland was in the landing circuit.

"Got an ambulance lined up for us, Bill?"

"Sure. They'll be at the end of the runway. Are you going with Fiona?"

He was tempted. He wanted to stay with her. But there was something else he wanted even more: to put an end once and for all to the business of flying the Star-raker. He'd had enough of it. First Jago, then Somerville, and now Fiona. He had seen them broken one by one, sacrificed to the cold uncaring god of progress. In the past he had stood by and watched. But never again.

"Drop me at the admin block," he said. "I'm going to see Sir Iain."

Sir Iain McIver had heard the whine of the Star-raker's jets as she came in to land.

About five minutes after he'd heard the noise of the jets Kirstin McDiamid knocked on his door. "Mr. Hamilton's outside. Askin' tae see 'ee."

For a moment hope welled up in him, but as soon as Keith Hamilton came into the room it died. For his senior pilot was obviously far from elated.

"Sit down, Hamilton."

"If you don't mind I'd prefer to stand."

Sir Iain stared at him. "Very well. Now what's up?"

"Fiona passed out in the Star-raker."

"What!"

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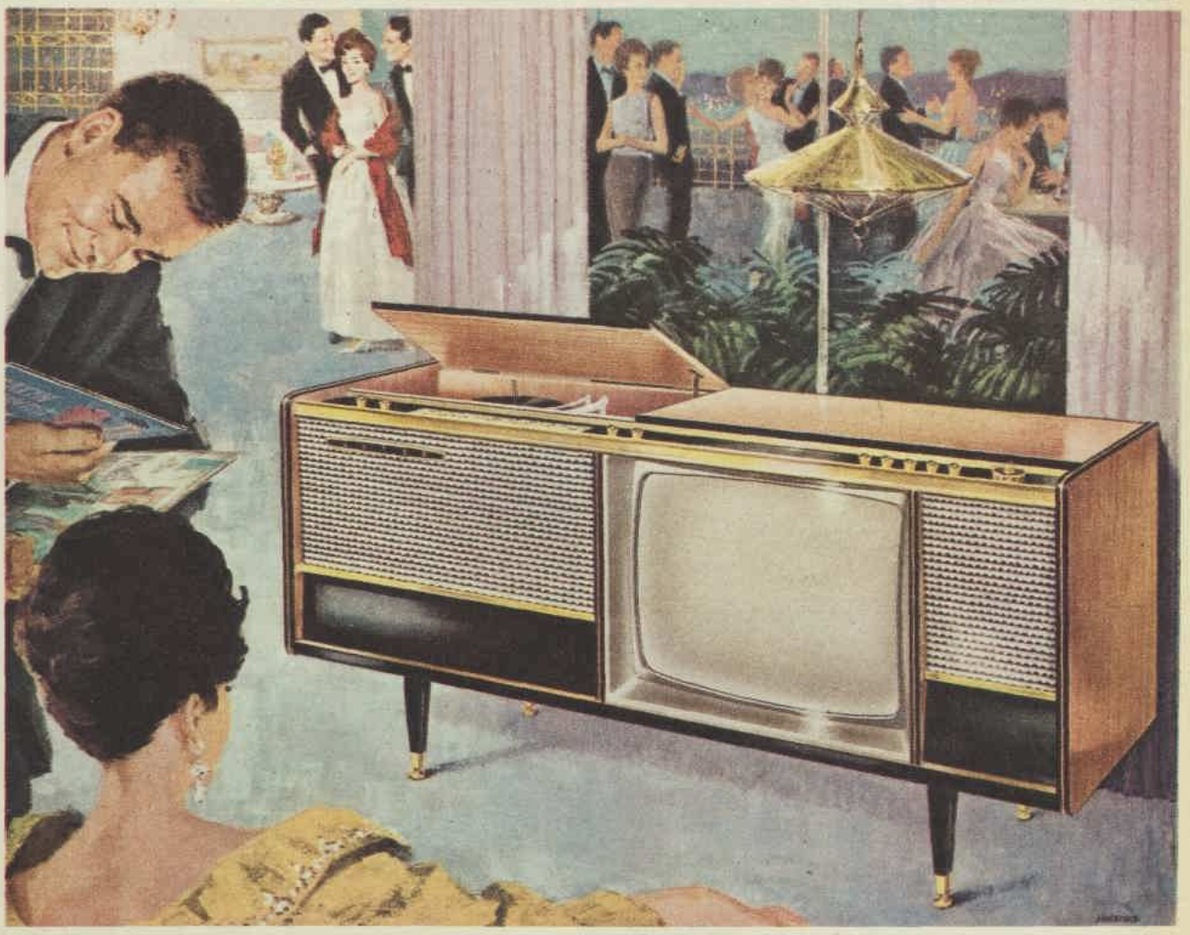

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from page 61

"You heard. Fiona passed out. Just like Jago and Somerville."

Sir Iain reached for the telephone. "Get Scott-Atkinson. Tell him to ring me the moment he has any news of my daughter." He passed a hand over his eyes.

"Is that all you're going to do?" Keith Hamilton's voice was harsh.

"What else?"

"I'll tell you what else, Sir Iain. You can toss that blasted plane of yours on to the scrap heap, before it kills anyone else."

He had wondered if that was coming. "I can understand," he said, "how you feel. But you go too far."

"Too far! I go too far!" Keith's temper flared out. "It's you who go too far. You've killed two of your pilots. You've very likely given your daughter cancer. And you still won't give up your blasted plane."

"Now listen to me, young man, you say I've killed two of my pilots. That isn't fair. Every test pilot risks being killed every time he goes up in a plane—I shouldn't have to tell you that. You wouldn't have blamed me, would you, if the Star-raker had shed a wing or had a compression failure? So why blame me over the cancer? I'm more sorry than I can say that Jago and Somerville died. But I can't feel personally guilty every time one of my planes has a technical fault.

"As for Fiona. She chose to take a risk and I admire her for it. If it's any consolation to you I've been in touch with the hospital all along the line. I know she's going deaf in one ear—and again I admire her for trying to cover it up. But, believe me, there's never been any trace of cancer. And I don't believe there's any now." He paused. "No victory is bloodless, you know. If only we can get the plane launched it'll all have been worth while."

Keith stared at him, incredulous. "And if Fiona gets cancer? Will it all have been worth while then?"

"Of course it won't."

"What about if she goes deaf?"

A pause, then, "I'm not prepared to answer a question like that."

"You have answered it . . . and I'm sorry, Sir Iain, but the price is just too high. Say I'm a coward if you like. Say I've no sense of values. But I've had enough. I'm getting out."

Sir Iain had seen it coming. "You mean you'll not go on flying the Star-raker?"

"No."

"Not even for another six days? Till the end of the year?"

"No."

"You aren't my only pilot, you know."

Keith Hamilton was at the end of his anger now. His voice was quiet, matter of fact. "The others will follow my lead, Sir Iain. And you know it. I wish you'd given up the Star-raker yourself. But as you haven't, I'm going to force your hand.

"I'll not stand by and see other people go the same way as Jago and Somerville. I resign."

He walked to the door and didn't look back.

The taste of defeat was bitter in Sir Iain's mouth. He sat staring out of the window. So this was the end of his dreams. He who had risen from tool bench to the head of the board was a stranger to defeat. Even now he could hardly believe what had happened. But at last he had to admit it. He was defeated.

He threw open the window and looked out at the darkening airfield. Softly over the snow came the sound of church bells. For a moment he couldn't think why church bells should be ringing at three o'clock in the afternoon. Then he remembered. It was Christmas Eve.

He tried to think of the children clustered round the crib of the village church, of the manger and Christ child. But the peace he longed for was denied him. The bells were nothing but a mockery, tolling the knell of his dreams.

. . . . . .

Keith sat in the foyer of the sick-bay, waiting. He wasn't very good at waiting. Never had been. The longer he sat in the clinically cheerful foyer the more certain he

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Continuing . . . STAR-RAKER

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...at Fiona had cancer. Why were they taking so long to examine her?

The door opened and a bored-looking nurse gave him a brief, impersonal smile. "Mr. Scott-Atkinson is free now," she said.

Scott-Atkinson had a careful, weighty manner, like a very discreet Harley Street specialist. Keith hoped he wouldn't wrap up the truth so discreetly that it looked like something else.

"Well, how is she?" he asked.

"She's lucky," the doctor said at last. "Very lucky indeed."

"She hasn't got cancer?"

"Not even the slightest trace."

"What about her hearing?"

"As I said, she has been lucky. Her hearing's no worse now than it was a week ago—in spite of what happened this morning. But I've told her one thing, and I'll repeat it to you. No more flying. If she flew in the Star-raker again I'll not answer for the consequences. Is that clear?"

"She won't fly in it again. Nor will anyone else. I've seen to that."

"I'm glad to hear it." Scott-Atkinson got to his feet. "Well, I think that's about all I can tell you."

"Can I see her?"

"See her, my dear fellow? You can take her away with you! She's waiting in the foyer."

She looked pale, but radiantly happy. As he took her in his arms he thought she had never looked so beautiful.

"Fiona! Thank heaven you're all right."

She pushed him away—gently. "First things first, darling. I've got it!"

"Got what?"

"The gen on the noise."

Keith's eyes went suddenly hard. "Whatever you've discovered, Fiona, you're not going up in that damned plane again."

She wasn't in the least put out. "I don't need to fly in your silly old plane. Never, no more. I've got all the answers. Let's go and see Miles."

As they drove to the Research Department he said slowly, "It'll be a bit awkward if you really have got the answer."

"Why?"

"I've just had a row with your Dad. I told him what to do with his Star-raker and resigned."

She was far too happy to let a little thing like that upset her. "Now we've got his plane in the clear," she said, "I don't doubt he'll have you back—if you want to stay."

Eddlestone was in his office brewing himself a cup of tea. Fiona refused to say anthing until the tea had been made; then very matter-of-factly, as they were sitting round Eddlestone's desk, she told them about the guinea pigs, the tracking down of the noise, and the discovery of the air compressor.

"I know," she said, "that's where the sound waves come from. There's a dirty great dome thing under the floor that's almost crawling with noise. If you want proof, stick a tape recorder on it."

It wasn't the solution they had expected, but it was the right one; they could see that.

The Star-raker's pressure system was complicated. There were two systems, strictly speaking, one for the lower altitudes and one for the higher. The former was of the standard type used by Comets and 707s. The latter contained all sorts of extra devices for filtering off ozone and radiation; it also contained the one central extra powerful compressor through which the conditioned air was driven at a fantastic speed. And it was the revolutions of the fans in this compressor which caused the trouble.

It was as simple as that.

No wonder there hadn't been a trace of trouble below 36,000 feet. For below this height the compressor didn't operate.

And the slight difference of three or four hundred feet on different days? That, of course, was due to weather conditions—for the compressor switched on automatically not at a set height but at a set pressure.

No wonder the cancer-resisting cells had died so quickly on the way to Moose Lake. They had stored them slap above the compressor, within inches of the source of the noise. No wonder the people operating the plasma controls had got headaches; they, too, had been sitting almost on top of the sound waves. And no wonder Jago and Somerville had been able to fly as many as 370 hours before they became affected; for the pilot's cabin was some way from the compressor, and the amount of noise to get through there was comparatively small.

It all added up. It was a great discovery. Keith wondered then why he felt no surge of joy; only a weary dismay that they hadn't, after all, seen the last of the Star-raker. She was proving, it seemed, to be a hydra; she had been scotched not killed; and the whole terrifying business of test after test with his hours spiralling up to the danger mark was threatening to begin all over again. He noticed that Fiona was watching him curiously.

"What's up, Keith? Not convinced?"

"Oh, I'm convinced all right."

"But you're not exactly jumping for joy!"

Precisely how he felt he couldn't explain to himself, let alone to her. It was partly that things seemed to be turning out a shade too conveniently—the last-minute discovery that made everything suddenly all right. But it was partly something else. He had to admit it, the fact that the thought of going on flying the Star-raker scared him stiff. He was losing his nerve.

"It's all too like a fairytale," he said slowly. "You know, 'And so Sir Iain's dream came true. Keith and Fiona married and lived happily ever after, and the Star-raker climbed up and up into the bright blue sky.'"

"Keith!" Fiona's eyes were shining. "Let's make the fairytale come true. On Christmas Eve. There'll be no peace for any of us until we're sure. Take up the Star-raker, Keith. Just for half an hour. Just for one last test."

"You seem to forget," he said slowly, "that I've resigned."

She stared at him until his eyes dropped. "Ho, ho!" she said scornfully. "So that's how it is!"

His face went very white. His voice was bitter. "You're like your father, aren't you? You don't care a damn for anyone as long as you

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FROM THE BIBLE

● ***"For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee."*** ***—Isaiah 41.13.***

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RICE-A-RISO MEAT LOAF
(use Chicken-flavour Rice-A-Riso)

Illustrated above: 1 pkt. Rice-A-Riso (Chicken flavour), 1 lb. minced steak, 1 teaspoon salt and a pinch of pepper, 1 small chopped onion, 1 egg, 1½ pts. water. Combine all ingredients, mixing well. Grease a loaf tin, lining the bottom with greased paper. Spoon the meat mixture into the tin and bake in a moderate oven (350°) 1¼ hrs. Delicious hot or cold, served for lunch or dinner.

CURRY TROPICANA
Sprinkle 2 teaspoons Holbrooks' Soy Sauce over 1½ lbs. veal cut into 1" cubes, fry quickly with rings of 2 onions. Add 16-oz. can pineapple pieces and syrup, cook until veal is tender. Add 1 tablespoon cornflour blended with water, season to taste. Serve over curry-flavour Rice-A-Riso with chopped apple.

RICE-A-RISO CANTONESE
Fry 1 lb. pork or lamb, cut into 1" strips, with ½ cup celery pieces, 8 chopped shallots, and rice mixture only from pack of mushroom-flavour Rice-A-Riso. Add contents of flavour sachet and 1½ pints boiling water. Cook over low heat 15-20 minutes until rice is cooked. Serve with Holbrooks' Soy Sauce.

QUICK COUNTRY CASSEROLE
Prepare packet of beef-flavour Rice-A-Riso as directed on pack. Using ⅔ of prepared food, line bottom and sides of ovenware casserole, fill with 1½ cups cooked diced meat, 1 pint white sauce, 1 cup cooked or canned mixed vegetables. Place remainder of rice around edges, heat, sprinkle with parsley.

JUST YOU, YOUR IMAGINATION AND RICE-A-RISO CAN PROVIDE COUNTLESS MEALS

Rice-A-Riso and meat ... or fish ... or vegetables ... or mixed with tasty leftovers — any way you think of it, Rice-A-Riso provides a nourishing and delicious family meal. There's literally no end to the changes you can ring with Rice-A-Riso — especially now there are five great flavours. Always remember: Rice-A-Riso is a meal in itself (with or without your own additional ingredients) or a perfect side-dish to any main course.

HOLBROOKS RICE-A-RISO FOR DINNERS, PARTIES, SNACKS AT ANY TIME

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Continuing . . . STAR-RAKER

from page 63

get what you want. All right then, Fiona, I'll do your test. One more flight. And if the blasted plane piles up, don't bother to come to the funeral."

Three angry plunging strides and the door slammed-to behind him.

She wanted to cry; but she wasn't going to. She wanted to rush after him and beg him not to go, but she wasn't going to do that either. She was, after all (as Keith had said), her father's daughter.

Keith was far too level-headed to think of flying the Star-raker in the sort of mood he was in at the moment. That would be asking for trouble. He got on the phone to Cridland.

"I'm doing another Star-raker test."

"At this time of night!"

"Now stop binding, Bill. You don't have to come, too. But I want you to get things lined up. Take off"—he glanced at his watch—"at 6.30. And I want a tape recorder lashed down in the passengers' cabin. Exactly on top of the air compressor. Got it?"

"I got it. Who are you taking with you?"

"I'm not."

"Can't I come?"

He was more touched than he cared to admit.

"On Christmas Eve, Bill!"

"Sure. I'd like to."

Like hell you'd like to, he thought, with a wife and two kids waiting back home. Yet he knew how glad he'd be of him.

"Well," he said, "if I find you sitting in the plane I shan't throw you out."

He rang off. He walked slowly across to the crew room. He collected his gear slowly and methodically. Then he walked out to the waiting plane.

Cridland was in the co-pilot's seat. "She's checked and all ready to go."

The Star-raker was idling her jets. She looked like a great white moth splayed out on the hard standing, her pale anti-radiation paint faintly aglow in the reflected light from the control tower.

"Thanks, Bill."

He taxied slowly round the perimeter. During the day the snow had melted here and there in the warmth of the sun; and now with the coming of night it had frozen to ice. Nothing, he told himself, to worry about; as long as he took it easy. The Star-raker slewed to a halt some hundred yards from the end of the runway.

He lined her up carefully, till he was dead central with the double corridor of lights; the mile-and-a-half long springboard beckoning him into the night. As he opened up the jets against his brakes he felt the plane slide uneasily on the hard-packed snow. Then they were moving. Slowly at first, then faster, then faster still until the yellow blobs of the runway lights were flashing past them like flak. The nose wheel trembled briefly. He eased back on the stick, and they rose sweetly into the night.

They climbed steadily, at three thousand feet a minute. It was a lovely night for flying.

"Forty thousand, Keith. Shall we level off?"

He nodded. He throttled back, waited for the needle of the altimeter to steady, then switched in the automatic pilot.

"Nip back to the passengers' cabin, Bill. See the recorder's all right."

He could have very well gone himself. And he knew it. But he wanted nothing to do with what went on in the passengers' cabin. Ever since he had knelt by Fiona's side and sponged the blood out of her eyes he had wanted only to break free from the whole terrifying set-up, had wanted nothing more than that he and Fiona should live out the rest of their lives free from the fear that had been hanging over them for the last six months.

Cridland's voice came anxiously over the intercom: "Keith! Someone'll have to keep an eye on things back here. The tape recorder's hot."

"Hot!"

"Yes. The tapes are just about glowing."

Keith Hamilton shut his eyes. A great anger began to well up inside him. This wasn't a plane he was flying. It was an airborne laboratory, full of terrifying instruments that measured even more terrifying hazards. And he wasn't a pilot any more. He was a cross between a guinea pig and a scientist—and a scientist who was dabbling with materials beyond his understanding.

"Stay right there, Bill. Get a foamite spray. Stand over the recorder, and if it catches fire give it the whole darn drumful. O.K.?"

"O.K."

"I'll keep going for another ten minutes. That'll be long enough to get the noise taped. Then I'll let down."

"Right."

For the whole of the next ten minutes he was on edge. But nothing happened. At the end of ten minutes he started to let down. The needle of the altimeter unwound steadily.

"Keith!"

"Yes?"

"The tapes are O.K. now. They've cooled off."

"Thank heaven for that. But you'd better stay with them—just in case."

"Right."

Another five minutes and he could see the lights of Long Ashwood far below him. He could hardly believe that the test was over, that his premonition of disaster had been unfulfilled.

He flew the landing circuit with extra care. He lined up for the final approach with extra precision. The lights came closer. Much closer. He pulled back the throttles, held the stick level and waited. The lights flattened out either side of him. Then—softly—the brush of tyres on tarmac, and they were down. A slight skid as they hit a patch of ice—but he was ready for that, and corrected it quickly and easily. Then the lights were sliding past more and more slowly, and the familiar silhouettes of hangars and assembly sheds were dogtoothing the horizon.

So it was over. The last hurdle had been cleared. And they were home.

. . . .

Eight o'clock on Christmas Eve and the airfield under the stars.

No sound save the intermittent moan of wind through the radar grids, no light save from the analysing room on the second floor of the Research Department—and even this was soon blacked out as Eddlestone let down the blinds.

He checked the analyser and screen, he repositioned the guinea pigs and checked their injection tabs. When Sir Iain and Tim Sheppard arrived (together with two other men he didn't know) he showed them to their seats with a sort of anxious enthusiasm.

There were about a dozen people in the room. The four V.I.P.s, Eddlestone and Fiona, Keith and Bill Cridland, young Wait working the analyser, and a couple of scientists from the Research Department. When everyone was settled down, Eddlestone rose to his feet.

"This young lady here"—he smiled at Fiona—"has made a very remarkable discovery. Her discovery put briefly is this: that the cancer in the Star-raker is caused by intense ultrasonic sound waves stemming from an air compressor carried inside the plane. Now to prove this we have a tape recording—made less than an hour ago—of the noise coming out of this air compressor.

"On the wall opposite you is a graph. We shall throw two bars of light on it, one representing the pitch of the noise and one representing the volume. As pitch and volume increase, so the bars of light will move up the graph. Now about halfway up you'll see there's a heavy line. That's the 20 kc/s line

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — By RUD

Romance has faded right out of my life!

STOP BAD BREATH with COLGATE WHILE YOU Fight Tooth Decay All Day!

Use Colgate Dental Cream to stop bad breath and fight tooth decay. Colgate's active, penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth, removing decaying food particles, the cause of much bad breath and tooth decay. Protect your teeth the Colgate way. To stop bad breath, to fight tooth decay, to keep your teeth sparkling white, brush your teeth with Colgate.

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the critical sound level above which cancer-resisting cells are likely to be destroyed. When the bars of light are below it, everything's all right; when they go above it, cancer is liable to develop.

"Now as well as the graph we've got, over there, a number of guinea pigs. Those on the right have been injected with cancer-resisting cells, those in the centre are normal, and those on the left have been injected with cancer-malignant cells. You won't, of course, be able to see what effect the noise has on them right away; but our scientists will be able to tell us how they've reacted within the hour.

"And now we'll put on the tapes. First," he said, "I'm going to play a tape recorded at 30,000 feet from the back of the plane."

The lights were switched off. Except for a faint glow from the analyser the room was in darkness. Then two bars of light flickered on to the screen. Low down. Registering neither pitch nor volume.

Eddlestone's voice came out of the darkness, "No trace, you see, of ultrasonic sound at all . . . Next tape."

A pause while one reel was wound off and the next slotted into place. Then Eddlestone's voice: "The next tape was recorded at 40,000 feet, also from the back of the plane."

TWIN bars of light stabbed across the screen. One, only a few inches above the bottom, but the other right at the very top. And out of the amplifier a muted high-pitched scream, sharp as a scalpel, thin as the cry of a bat.

"Volume!" Eddlestone's voice was sharp.

Young Wait thumbed sound the control, and the noise sank to a whisper. But the bars of light kept their place on the screen.

"The top bar," Eddlestone explained, "represents pitch: 46 kc/s: well above the danger line, you'll note. The bottom bar represents volume, less than 15 decibels; not enough to be dangerous for very, very long time . . . Now for the last tape. This was recorded at 40,000 feet right above the compressor . . . Be ready to turn down the volume, Wait."

"Right sir."

They heard a faint metallic click as the reel fell into place. Then once again the bars of light were stabbing across the screen. And both of them this time were close to the top. And again the room was filled with a bat-like shriek. But a shriek this time of unendurable intensity. Wave after great wave of tortured ultrasonic sound torn screaming off the rotating tape.

Everyone clapped hands over ears. Sir Iain was on his feet. "Eureka!" His shout of triumph rose even above the hubbub.

Then young Wait spun round the volume control, and everyone was left talking at once, and very loudly, staring at the twin bars of light flicker across the very top of the screen.

Sir Iain turned to his daughter. "Well done, Fiona," he said.

It sounded inadequate. A small enough word of praise after all she had done and gone through. But it made her happier than anything she had ever heard in her life. In the darkness Keith felt for her hand, and her happiness was complete.

All round them scientists and designers were talking excitedly.

Sir Iain raised a hand.

Continuing . . . STAR-RAKER

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"No post-mortems," he said. "Yet. We've work to do. How do we put this to rights?"

They all started talking at once, confidently, eager to reassure him.

Sir Iain felt suddenly paid out. So much had happened in the last few hours that he felt he was no longer master of the situation, that things had got beyond his control. When someone asked if they could replay the tape he seized the suggestion gratefully. It would give him a breathing space; a chance to reorientate his ideas. He turned to young Wait.

"Run through that last tape again."

The lights were switched off.

As he stared at the bars of light flickering across the screen, his tiredness receded a little. It was still there It blocked off everything, in fact, except this wonderful God-sent last-minute discovery. He must be certain he understood it, that there was no mistake about it, no possible ambiguity.

And as he watched the light and listened to the thin cat-like shriek—muted now because the volume control had been turned down — it suddenly seemed important to him that they should hear, just for a moment, the noise as it really was.

"Turn up the volume," he said. "Turn it up to normal."

Beside him he heard Fiona catch her breath. Why she should catch her breath he was too preoccupied to worry over.

The volume control was thumbed round. And the high-pitched shriek swelled up like the crest of a great wave, a tumult of sound, irresistible, beyond control. For a second Sir Iain gloried in it. Gloried in the thrill of discovery. Then the thrill turned suddenly to fear. For the menace locked up in the noise broke free.

In one of the windows the glass split with a ring like the peal of a collapsing ice wall. Out of the darkness came a scamper of feet as the guinea pigs blundered in terror about their cages. And the tapes in the analyser started to glow, red hot. Suddenly they burst into flame. Keith Hamilton was screaming "Turn it off! Turn it off": his voice broken and shrill as a schoolboy's. And through everyone's head knifed the same sharp shaft of pain, as ear-drums were seared by the unendurable noise.

Then, as quickly as they had built up, the sound waves faded and died. Somebody switched on the lights. Young Wait and the scientists were throwing sand over the burning tape. Eddlestone was staring at one of the guinea-pigs; it was on its back, stiff-legged; even before he picked it up he knew it was dead. And in the centre of the room Fiona was sitting quite still. Her hand was squeezing Keith's so tightly that he almost cried out. Her eyes were very wide and very frightened.

"I think," she said, "I've gone deaf."

. . . . . .

January: the sun rising out of the mist like a disc of blood and the snow on the hills of the Cranborne Chase blushed pink as the cheeks of a child.

Eight o'clock: and Jasper Mowlem swinging off his bike and wheeling it up through the trees of the Dawn Wood.

He leaned his bike against the timber frame of the porch at Five Oaks Farm. He opened his bag and pulled out the morning's mail: two letters.

One, addressed to Miss Fiona, was from the Grand Hotel Italia, Lake Maggiore—wherever that was. There'd been many such letters lately. Maybe she and the old boy were planning a holiday together—to help her get over her accident. All very interesting. His attention shifted to the second letter.

This one wasn't so easy. Plain envelope, neat, nondescript handwriting, postmark London W.1: it was discreetly anonymous.

Its anonymity rang a bell. Jasper Mowlem pursed his lips. Hadn't he delivered a similar letter a long time ago, way back in the summer?

He pushed the letter through the wrought-iron slit in the door. It couldn't, he told himself, be very important—else it would surely have been addressed to Sir Iain's office and not his home.

The letter spun down, like an aircraft with shot-off ailerons. It fell to the carpet—alongside the brochure from the Grand Hotel Italia. It lay face down. The grandfather clock stared at it blankly. So, when she picked it up ten minutes later, did Sir Iain's housekeeper. Shrugging, she carried both letters into the breakfast-room and laid them one either side of the refectory table.

Fiona was down first. She had finished her porridge and read her brochure before, looking up, she saw her father was in the room.

"'Morning, Daddy."

"'Morning, Fiona."

Their relationship had changed since she had gone deaf. The restraint between them had taken on a new slant. Before, it was she who had been uncertain and ill at ease in his company; now the boot was on the other foot.

He peered at the neat, nondescript writing. His hands, as he tore open the envelope, were trembling.

"as from Parkhouse Lodge,
Chislehurst,
Kent.
January 4th, 1962.

"My dear Iain (he read),

"Once again a letter of mine is the harbinger of good news. Yesterday afternoon the Star-raker production contract was signed, and this morning it will be awaiting your arrival at Long Ashwood Airfield.

"I thought I must drop you a personal line about this, if only to say how very delighted I am that the contract has gone to McIver-Ducann. Throughout all the vicissitudes of the Star-raker's trials I kept my fingers crossed for you. I never doubted you'd win through in the end. And now our patience has been rewarded . . ."

On and on they went; the lies, the platitudes, the insincerities. Sir Iain smiled.

He handed the letter to Fiona. He pushed back his chair and walked out through the french windows.

He threw back his head. How peaceful the sky looked; innocent, traitorous, like the azure sea that kisses the rocks so tenderly in days of calm that one would never suspect the wrath of storms to come. He hadn't conquered it, of course. He knew that. No one would ever conquer it. But he had made his contribution, his own little voyage of discovery. He was at peace.

After a while Fiona joined him.

"Happy?" she said.

"Yes. Thanks to you, Fiona."

She was pleased. He could see that. But what she was thinking deep down remained an enigma.

"Fiona, I'll be sixty-six this week. I shan't be able to carry on with the firm much longer. I'll need a successor."

"So?"

"If you come on to the board now, Fiona, you could take over in a couple of years."

She said nothing. Just stared at the snow-covered fields.

"Shall I write it down?"

"No thank you," she said. "I understood. And believe me, Daddy, I'm very flattered. And very grateful."

"Good. So that's settled."

"No," she said. "It's not settled."

"But"—he was puzzled—"it's quite an empire I'm offering you. Don't you want it?"

"No thank you," she said.

HE didn't believe it. He thought she must have misunderstood. "Let me write it down for you, Fiona. Then we'll get it straight."

"I have got it straight," she said. "You've offered me McIver-Ducann. And I told you I'm flattered and grateful. But the answer's no."

"But why?"

"I hate the air," she said. "You never have understood. It's true I've always wanted to do something for you—for Jamie's sake. To give you a helping hand—as he would have. But I'm not a dedicated soul like you. I don't want to be married to the air. I've less exalted tastes." She smiled. "Well, I have done something for you. I have given you a helping hand. And now I'm free, now I've no more debts to pay. I never want to see another aeroplane as long as I live."

He had an inkling of why she was talking like this. But no more than an inkling. He was so wrapped up in the world of aviation himself that he couldn't conceive that a daughter of his wouldn't share at least a part of his enthusiasm. But he did see, very clearly, that he'd get nowhere by arguing with her now.

"Anyhow," he said, "come to the airfield with me. Let's sign the contract together."

"I'll come to the airfield with you," she said. "I'm meeting Keith at ten."

"Good. And to tell you the truth there's something else I want you to see there, as well as the contract."

When they arrived they found Sinclair waiting for them.

"'Morning, sir. 'Morning, Miss Fiona."

"'Morning, Sinclair. Everything laid on?"

The P.A. nodded.

"Good. Come on, Fiona."

"I think," she said, "I'll go across to flying control. Keith's expecting me."

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting July 4

ARIES MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, grey, navy. Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.
★ Use every atom of caution. Beware of accidents, fires, and quarrels. Home, family, property, personal relations could be disrupted. A bad time for new ventures, but things improve.

TAURUS APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky day, Thurs., Tuesday.
★ If you are planning a trip, it would be wise to postpone it for a while. Walk warily. Start no new project until later, when you are due for a sudden and romantic change.

GEMINI MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, grey, navy. Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.
★ Pleasure in buying novel and unusual things could lead to extravagant loss. Avoid depression and muddle. Original ideas bear fruit later and make a period of exciting and romantic change.

CANCER JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, white, purple. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ This is your ascendant cycle—the time to push energetically ahead. Wonderful influences for good will inspire and protect you, guaranteeing success in just about every sphere.

LEO JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, gold. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ The stars give you a welcome and pleasurable boost this week, yet you must avoid risk, of accidents. Go all out for your objectives and anything could happen—for the best.

VIRGO AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, checks, t'tan. Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.
★ You may be thrilled to see long-cherished hopes brilliantly realised. You may receive some generous gift or form a propitious partnership. An edgy period ends happily.

LIBRA SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.
★ Stars this week are mainly propitious for you, emphasis being on matters affecting your career. There could be promotion; you may make an unusual friend.

SCORPIO OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, red, grey. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ That feeling of being hemmed in will dramatically lift this week. Now is the time to get rid of mental and emotional lumber and litter and forge ahead to better times.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23-DEC. 20.
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, green, mauve. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ Of late, things have frustratingly not fulfilled their promise. You will be thrilled this week, for it is the lucky break you have been awaiting. Good luck in all things—a time of renewal.

CAPRICORN DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, gold. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ This is the time to control your tendency to travel alone—to form a profitable partnership. The period favors romance, new schemes. Nothing is perfect; don't be fooled by looks.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, green, black. Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.
★ An eventful week for love and romance, but watch out for love quarrels. Old ties may be broken and new and romantic attachments made. Finances and pleasures are stimulated.

PISCES FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, mauve, rose. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ Buy lottery tickets this week—the stars are most propitious for you. A fortunate period for love, romance, and courtship, but protect health. A good cycle with the accent on pleasure.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

IS YOUR BABY WORTH 4/10

Yes, that's all it costs for a month's supply of Curlypet. Read Mrs. K. Mitchell's glowing tribute to Curlypet . . .

Enclosed is photo of Glenda whose curly hair is the result of Curlypet. I want to express my thanks for Curlypet, as Glenda owes all those beautiful curls to Curlypet.

To soothe scalp irritations, to promote healthy hair growth and to give your baby a head of curls everyone will love, start using Curlypet TO-DAY!

Makes baby's hair grow curly.

Curlypet

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Continuing . . . STAR-RAKER

from page 65

"Won't hurt to keep him waiting. There's something I want to show you upstairs."

She stood uncertainly in the middle of the entrance hall. Her father was excited about something. He had spoken quickly. And she hadn't understood what he said. She sensed that he wanted her to follow him, but she didn't know why. She felt suddenly very helpless and very close to tears. It embarrassed her in public to have to ask him to say things over again, slowly.

He had set off for the lift. Then, finding she wasn't beside him, had turned and seen her. He guessed what had happened. He went back to her. He spoke very gently.

"My dear. Will you come with me? Please. I want to show you something."

The words were commonplace enough. It was the way they were said that moved her, that told her he was suffering, too. She followed him into the lift.

"Sinclair. Ring Mr. Hamilton. Ask him to join Fiona and me in my office." They left the P.A. in the ante-room, and went into Sir Iain's inner office alone.

The contract was laid out awaiting signature. All very impressive. But it wasn't the contract they looked at. It was the portrait.

On the wall opposite Sir Iain's desk there had formerly hung one portrait. Now there hung two. They were the same size; they had the same frames, and they were painted by the same artist. One portrait of Jamie and one of Fiona.

He looked at her anxiously. "You like it?"

She was more moved than she cared to admit. She went up to it and ran a finger over the signature.

"So that's who the old boy with the beard was! Who came to dinner. And I thought he must be an aircraft designer!"

"But do you like it?"

"Oh, Daddy, what do you think? Of course I like it."

He was pleased. But even as they spoke of the portrait, she noticed his eyes kept sliding toward the desk, to where the contract was laid out awaiting his signature.

"I expect you're busy," she said. "I'll go."

"No, no, Fiona. I want you to stay." He pulled up a chair. "You sit there. And I'll look through the contract while we wait for Keith."

By the time Keith Hamilton joined them he had assured himself it was all in order.

"Fiona. Keith. Come over here."

They came and stood behind his chair smiling at each other, showing none of the solemnity he thought the occasion called for. He turned to the last page of the contract.

"This is quite an historic occasion," he said. "And I want you to witness my signature."

He signed his name neatly and clearly, without any sort of flourish. Then he handed his pen to Fiona.

"I specially wanted you two as witnesses," he said. "If it wasn't for you two there'd be no contract to sign. I want you to know I realise that."

"Oh, go on, Daddy!" she said. "You'll make me make a blotch!"

She was deliberately playing it down. Was it, he wondered, because like himself she fought shy of showing any sort of emotion? Or was there a much simpler explanation?—that the signing of the contract didn't really mean all that much to her? She was handing his pen to Keith Hamilton now, and the wretched fellow was making some feeble joke about a husband not being able to witness his wife's signature—as if it was her signature he was witnessing! Or even, for that matter, as if the pair of them were married yet.

He blotted the three signatures carefully.

They smiled at each other.

"It's all over now, Fiona," Keith said as Sir Iain took the contract into Kirstin.

She nodded.

"There's nothing more for us to do here."

"No."

"Then let's go."

But as they were moving toward the door he pulled up short, listening. From the tarmac below them came a faint whistling roar: the sound of jets.

"It's the Star-raker," he said. "Let's wave goodbye."

He swung open the window, and the cold of the snow and the roar of the jets came spilling into the room.

KEITH watched her, noticing how Cridland swung her this way and that with engines rather than brakes so that she glided over the slippery surface with the easy grace of a skater.

"Keith! Are you sure you want to give all this up?"

He hesitated. When he'd stalked out of Sir Iain's office he had never wanted to see another aircraft as long as he lived. But since then he had been having second thoughts. The habits and skills of twenty-five years are not shed lightly or overnight; and this instinct warned him that in days to come every throb of a jet's engines and every vapor trail would bring their touch of nostalgia. Yet Fiona, he knew, wanted a clean break. And no wonder, after all she had been through.

"A month ago," he said quietly, "I wouldn't have been sure at all. But I'm sure now. Very sure." He paused. "But what about you?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "I'm very, very sure. Take me somewhere where there's no more planes. No more fear."

He heard the closing of a door and looking round saw Sir Iain watching them.

"Don't get cold you two with the window open."

"We're watching the Star-raker, sir. She's taking off."

"The Star-raker! Ah! Come over here. And we'll see her better."

He opened a glass-fronted door and they followed him on to the small balcony which looked out over the airfield. They ranged themselves either side of him.

The Star-raker was lined up with the runway now. The roar of her jets rose to a crescendo. Then she began to move. Slowly at first; then faster, then faster still, until in a flurry of snow she leapt away from her shadow. As she reached up for the distant wisps of cloud the sun caught her, bathing her in its fire, turning her vapor trail into a streaming banner of blood.

Sir Iain had eyes for only the plane. He leaned forward, shoulders hunched, lips parted, watching the vapor trail on its way to the stars.

Over his head their eyes met. They didn't speak. They didn't need to. Moving very quietly they left him.

They walked out of the admin block and away over the snow toward the executives' car park.

Fiona looked back once. "Poor Daddy," she said.

"No. He's all right. He has got what he wanted most."

She took his hand. She smiled at him. "So," she said, "have we all."

(Copyright)

(The novel "Star-raker," published by Hodder and Stoughton, is available in Australian bookshops.)

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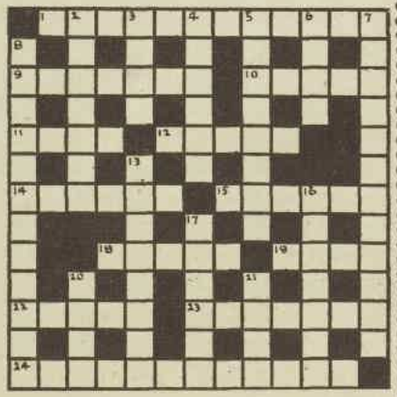
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

THE invisible art thief is still at large. A strange, bird-like footprint is found in the powder sprinkled on the museum floor. Guards follow the prints and corner the thief. NOW READ ON.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. He must be clever, but not necessarily a man who shows off (12).
9. Coming into being, mostly with an upward movement (7).
10. A flat when deadly (5).
11. State of supreme happiness in need (4).
12. Incites the inside measuring 5½ yards (5).
14. Pertaining to the ribs (6).
15. Spheres with part of an ear inside (6).
18. Thickly populated Asian country in aid of something (5).
19. Air a song for one voice (4).
22. A small, mean dwelling-house with a hole outside (5).
23. Giant semi-men (7).
24. Young man, very likely in the racing game (9, 3).

DOWN

2. Sounds like female relatives, but only instruments for scraping bones (7).
3. Separate article not bigger than a mite (4).
4. Buries (6).
5. Unbelievers, mostly in a well-known man from Cuba (8).
6. North Atlantic Treaty Organisation (4).
7. They were never intended to cut much ice (6, 6).
8. They are never worn out (12).
13. This brings the money to the sheep farmer (4, 4).
16. Sweet-smelling flower in a boor (7).
17. It is very short, but women find it sufficient for a bath (6).
20. Declare to be true being included in a verity (4).
21. Affectedly smart (4).

Solution of last week's crossword.

Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F7631.—Party or day frock in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: full skirt and three-quarter sleeves, 2¾yds. 54in. material, short sleeves, 4yds. 36in.; straight skirt and three-quarter sleeves, 2½yds. 54in. material, short sleeves, 3½yds. 36in.; both styles, ⅜yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.

F7008.—Blouse and skirt for girl 8 to 14 years. Blouse requires 2¼ to 2⅜yds. 36in. material; skirt, 2 to 3¼yds. 36in., 6⅝yds. rick-rack braid. Price 4/-.

F7632.—Simple maternity frock, sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9.

F7095. — Jacket and pants for boy 2 to 8 years. Requires ⅞ to 1½yds. 54in. striped material, ⅝yd. 54in. plain, ⅝ to 1½yds. 36in. lining. Price 4/-.

F7634. — Useful between-seasons frock and jacket, sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material, ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/-.

F7633.—Frock with unusual sleeves and smart skirt, sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: three-quarter sleeves, 3¼yds. 54in. material; short sleeves, 4½yds. 36in. Price 3/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 669.—MATRON'S FROCK
Chic style cut out ready to sew in navy and white houndstooth polished cotton. Sizes 36 and 40in. bust, £1/13/6; 42 and 44in. bust, £1/15/6. Postage 4/- extra on all sizes.

No. 670.—TABLECLOTH AND SERVIETTES
Luncheon set traced to embroider in rose design on cream or white Irish linen. Cloth measures 36in. square, price 18/6, plus 2/3 postage; serviettes 11in. square, price 1/11 each, plus 5d postage each. Set of 1 cloth and 4 serviettes, price 26/2, plus 2/6 postage.

No. 671.—GINGHAM APRON
Cover-up apron cut out to sew in gingham with white rick-rack braid trim. Colors are white with green, pink, blue, lemon, or tan check. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 12/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 13/11. Postage 2/3 extra on all sizes.

• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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Night-long Relief from Coughing

Nyal 'Decongestant' stops coughing three ways

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NYAL 'Decongestant' so effectively breaks stubborn, deep-seated coughs because it contains ten *medically proven*, active ingredients. Night or day, whenever you want relief from coughing, you can depend on the three-way expectorant, sedative, 'decongestive' action of NYAL 'Decongestant.'

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Child: (For children 6 to 12 years) 6 fl. oz. **6/9**, 12 fl. oz. **11/3**.
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Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR

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SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

Breathe Freely in 2 Minutes

Get wonderful relief from "stuffy" head colds—anytime, anywhere. You'll breathe freely in just 2 minutes after using the NYAL 'Decongestant' NASAL SPRAY. Squeeze the self-atomising plastic pack and a fine mist of relief-bringing medication penetrates high into hard-to-reach areas of the nose and sinuses. Relief is so thorough, it lasts for 4 hours. Soothing and gentle to delicate nasal tissue. Convenient, unbreakable squeeze pack . . . **6/6.**

Nyal 'Decongestant' NASAL SPRAY

Clear Head Colds with a Tablet!

Take Coldrex and discover for yourself how this new unique *two*-layer tablet relieves head cold symptoms 3 WAYS!

COLDREX combines, in the one tablet, a powerful decongestive, a pain reliever, *and* Vitamin C. COLDREX acts immediately to reduce nasal and sinus congestion to restore normal breathing; ease pain and reduce fever; build resistance to infection and help speed recovery. 12 tablets, **4/6**; 24 tablets, **8/-**.

COLDREX

Build Resistance to Winter Ills

Build resistance to colds and 'flu by ensuring a regular intake of *all the vitamins and minerals your body needs daily.* Build resistance with NYAL PLURAVIT Multi-Vitamin Capsules. Just one capsule daily supplies 21 essential vitamins and minerals to keep you right "on top" this winter. 30 days, **22/6**; 90 days, **52/6.**

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No longer need you put up with pain because you can't take ordinary pain-relievers. You can get wonderful relief with DOLAMIN *without* stomach upset. DOLAMIN gets to the centre of pain faster; gives rapid, long-lasting relief from headache, nerve pains, muscular aches, migraine and the feverishness of colds and 'flu. 24 tablets, **3/9**; 36 tablets, **4/9**; 100 tablets, **11/3.**

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